

The Chatelaine

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A Magazine for Women

July
1930



10¢

In This Issue:

« « Do Women Bring Too Much Sex Into Business? » » By F. E. Bailly

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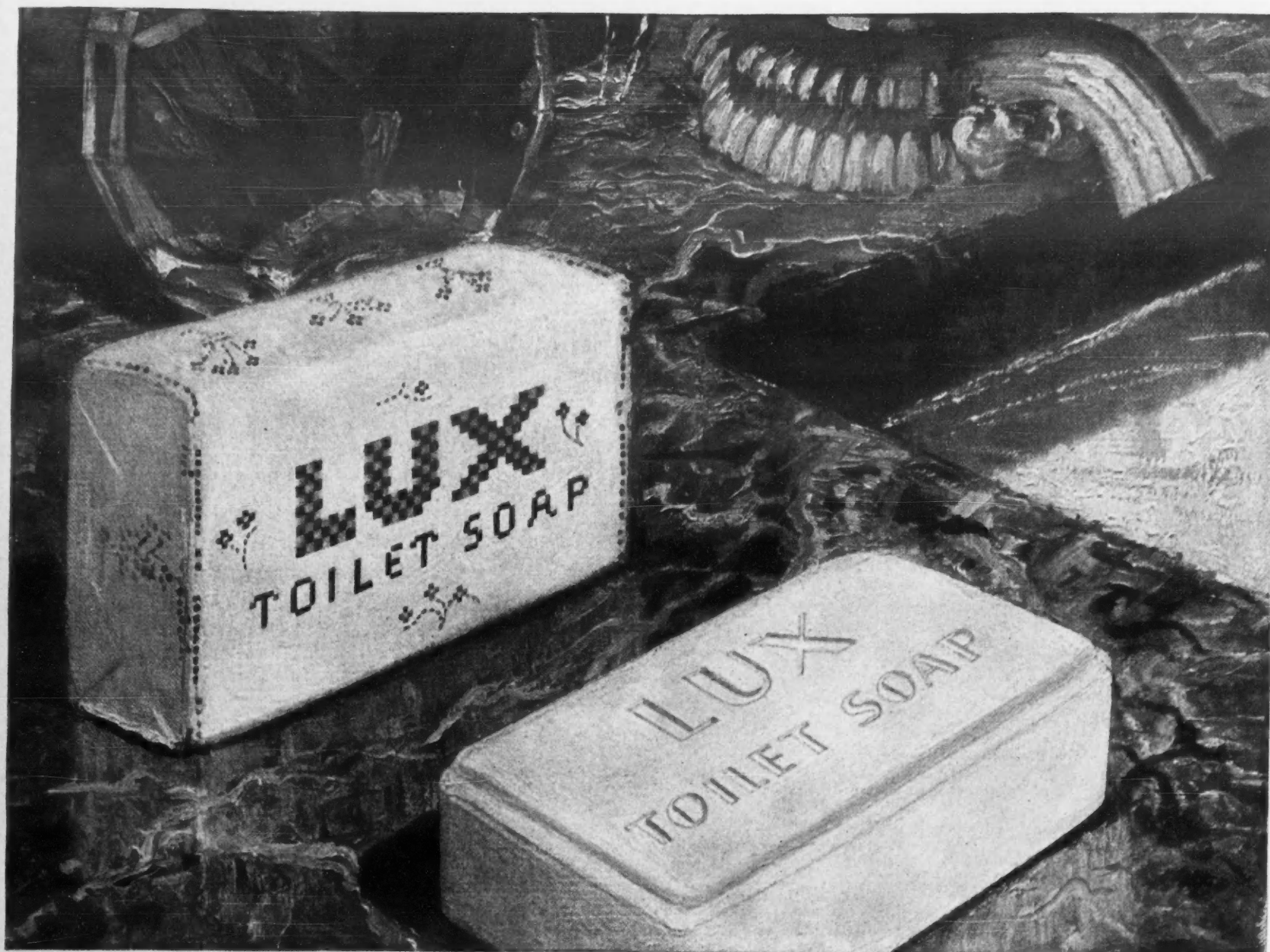
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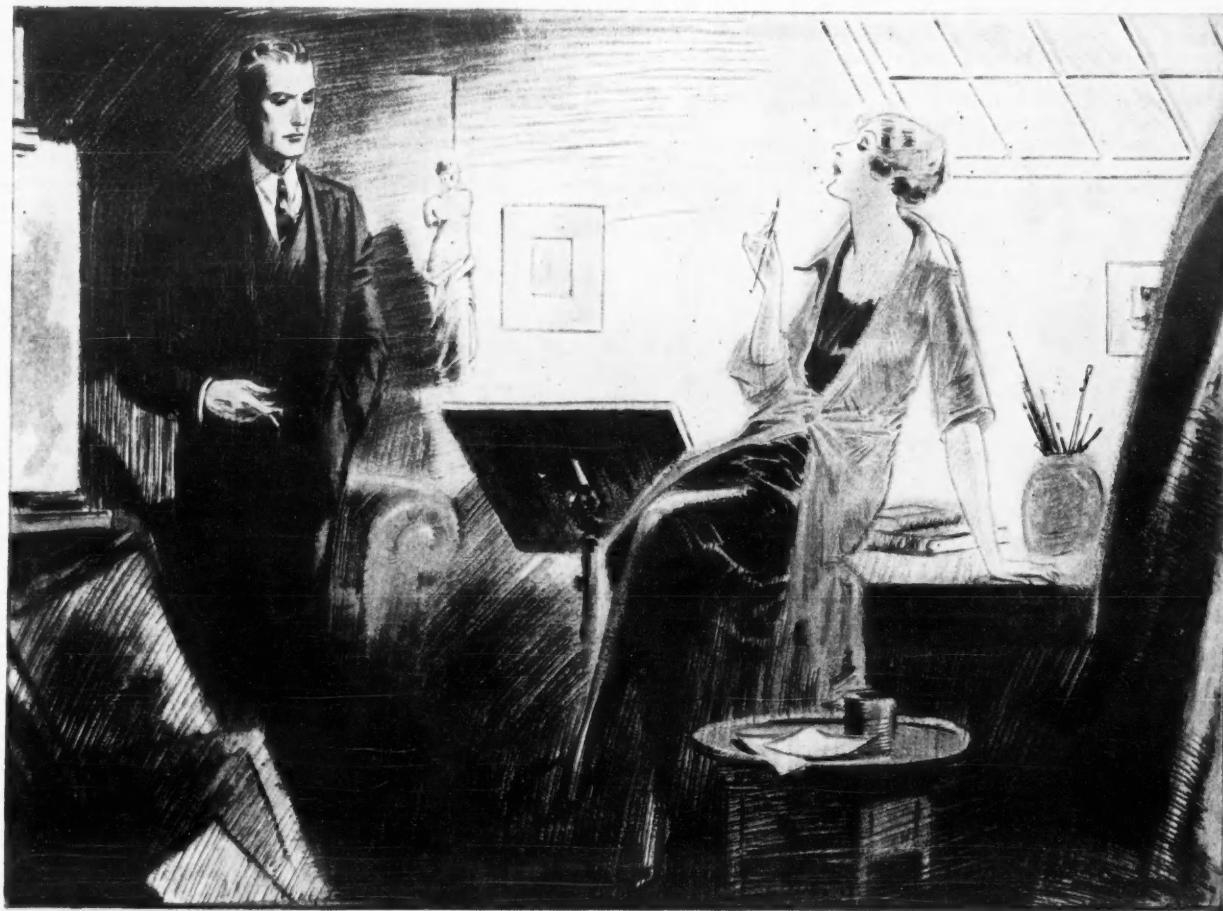
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Volume III.

Toronto, JULY, 1930

Number 7



"What's happened, Lou?" she asked, "Do you propose that I should wander, too, or just wait?"

The Deeper Vision

by Edward Woodward

Illustrated by Harold W. McCrea

THE oculist snapped off the reflectors, jerked up the blinds, and turning, regarded Louis Casbury in silence.

"Well?" said Casbury, icy fingers suddenly stroking his heart. "Shoot quick. What is it?"

Being young, Dr. Edward Cross believed in bluntness. "Blindness within a month or six weeks," he said. "And, so far as I know, there is no chance of sidetracking."

Louis Casbury had not got a captaincy and two bars to his M.C. in the war without possessing a pretty stout nerve in moments of crisis. He caught his lower lip with his teeth, paused for a heartbeat, and then smiled. "How awfully ironic for a sculptor to be struck that way," was all he said.

"Futile to say I'm sorry," remarked Cross, "but, of course, I am. It's the result of that fiendish mustard gas . . . Been lying dormant in your optic nerves for years, and some little overstrain, in your work perhaps, has set it working. Double outline, mistiness and then—"

"Then the business of growing another pair of 'peepers' on your fingertips," finished Casbury. "Well, I'll hop along and make arrangements for the future."

But descending the steps from the house, as Casbury glimpsed the brightness of the summer day, his nerve and pluck trembled. He was going to say good-by to color and form. Now he would have to lay aside his chisels, and take up a stick with which to learn the contours of kerb and dwelling-place.

The thought made him shiver. Blindness was so final. He felt he now understood the tragedy of the placid acceptance he had observed on the faces of the sightless. If only there was some operation . . . he'd be willing to accept death as an alternative to cure.

"A man is often blind even when he has eyes; but a woman has the deeper vision" ~ ~ ~

He turned into the park, and sat down to wrestle with his mental turmoil. One thing was clear, Pipeta Avon must have her freedom at once, and she must not guess the true reason of his apostasy. She had no idea his sight had been troubling him; and if he were to tell her he was condemned to blindness, and that soon his comings and goings would be marked by stick-tapping and finger-groping, she would feel obliged to carry on with their engagement and, should marriage follow, resign herself to a life of servitude.

Louis Casbury was not the type to accept such sacrifice; and for an hour he sat trying to find a plan for the darkness of the future. Presently he came to a decision. He would go and hide himself in Paris, the city where it is always easier to laugh at one's ache than elsewhere. He smiled grimly as he recalled a hunchback he had seen at the *Fête des Loges*: the poor devil had put a camel's head over his own sad face and was making jest of his hump for coppers.

"Maybe I could do something like that for a living," he murmured, and rising, turned down Queen's Gate and made his way to Chelsea and Pipeta Avon's studio.

Pipeta was at work on one of her burlesque drawings of hysterical emotion, a creation of straight lines, acute angles and disproportion. She was a vivid girl with dark bobbed hair and grey eyes. French on her mother's side, there was something of the rapier thrust in her attitude toward life.

"Hallo, Lou!" she said, as Casbury entered the room. "Come and kiss me . . . I'm busy."

"Morning, Pip," said Casbury, and laying down his hat and stick went over to her; but he didn't kiss her. He just stood quite still and looked down at her vivid face.

"Well?" challenged Pipeta, her mouth waiting.

"I've come to say good-by, old thing," said Casbury slowly. "I'm going to Paris tonight."

"Going to Paris!" Pipeta twisted quickly from her stool and stood up slim and straight. "What on earth for? I thought you were busy with that Academy statuette . . ."

In the acting of the part he had set himself, Casbury shrugged his shoulders languidly and fished out a cigarette.

"I've gone on strike," he smiled. "Fact is I'm fed up. I've decided to cut the whole thing and go wandering . . ."

Pipeta perched herself on the table edge. She knew Louis Casbury too well to accept that statement on its face value.

"What's happened, Lou?" she asked. "Do you propose that I should wander, too, or just wait?"

"Neither, Pip," answered Casbury. "I said I had come to say good-by."

His tone was casual and calm, but he would not have wished his worst enemy to suffer the hell he did on seeing the swift pain and affront fly into Pipeta's eyes. For an instant she gazed at him incredulously, then she rose and strolled over to the window.

"Like that, is it, Lou?" she said presently. "But surely you needn't bolt . . . I mean it seems such a pity for you to inconvenience yourself because you've grown tired of me."

The bitterness in Pipeta's tone nearly shook Casbury from his purpose, but he set his teeth.

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COLMAN-KEEN (CANADA) LIMITED
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WOMEN BRING TOO MUCH SEX INTO BUSINESS



Jane and a scratch feminine staff evolved brain-waves in the afternoon of press day and tore the magazine to pieces.

Another article for discussion by readers of this magazine by the noted English writer who says, "Some business girls find the cultivation of sex appeal much less trouble than acquiring a deep and wide professional knowledge—men to some extent have themselves to thank for this state of affairs" . . .

by F. E. BAILY

BY THIS I do not mean what my college-girl readers—bless them one and all—would call necking: a tendency to let oneself be kissed by the boss in order to attain an increase in salary, instead of mailing that coupon and making a right use of the hours after supper. The word sex implies more than this, little as college seniors may think it, and differs again according to which side of the Atlantic we inhabit.

This geographical difference has been well perceived by Mr. Woolworth, who staffs his Fifth Avenue establishment largely with business-minded grandmothers of ripe years, whereas he staffs his establishment in High Street, Kensington, London, W. 8, where I buy my razor blades, with pretty girls apparently under the age of twenty, who smile as they register the purchase before wrapping the goods.

The reason is quite clear to Mr. Woolworth and myself. In America, sex in business is based on the theory of the divine right of woman, just as in Europe government used to be based on the theory of the divine right of kings. This latter got so tiresome to the great mass of the electorate several centuries ago that they cut off the head of King Charles the First in order to disprove it, an act mourned annually in Trafalgar Square, London, England, by certain old ladies of both sexes. But the divine right of woman is still acknowledged on the continent of North America, as Tennyson said, broad-based upon the people's will.

Therefore, in the judgment of Mr. Woolworth and myself, sex in business on your continent is a sort of strong arm tactics, and women merely have to say: "Let there be so-and-so," and there is so-and-so, and a grandmother does just as well as a cutie. In England, women not being accorded any divine right, they need to work for their results and adopt the tactics of Delilah. Hence it is clear

to Mr. Woolworth and me that grandmothers find a difficulty in making the grade.

I attribute this difference in the technique of sex in business to the fact that in the North American continent there is co-education, and in England there is not, save among infants below primary school age, and in the primary schools of remote rural districts where the child population is not large enough for two schools. The Canadian male learns throughout his schooldays that he hasn't a dog's chance against the Canadian female. Very early in life he attempts for the first and only time to use his one weapon against her, namely, superior strength, and beat up some little girl who has played him a mean trick. His teacher and his mother, and all the little girls in the school fall on him as one woman and tell him that no real man would hit a girl.

Of course, the majority of the world's male population is busily engaged all day and every day in hitting the majority of the world's female population to keep them in their places, the Anglo-Saxon races accepted. But the Anglo-Saxon

racess only acknowledge the existence of themselves, so the Canadian little boy's mother, teacher, and girl friends are nominally correct in what they tell him. For some time his name is mud in his community, and then his dreadful lapse is forgotten; yet the knowledge has been branded on his youthful brain that women can do what they like to him, but he must never hit back in the only way he can. He has subscribed to the theory of the divine right of woman.

THE little English boy is also taught in the nursery that he mustn't hit a girl, but then he looks upon girls as such a low form of life that he hardly wants to. At the age of eight or so, he usually goes away to his first boarding-school and after that he only sees girls during the school holidays. Even then he ignores their existence, unless he wants a bit of sewing or cooking done, until at eighteen he reaches the age of romance. By that time his superiority complex is firmly established.

If his parents' income will not permit of his going away to a boarding-school, his life at a day school is still purely male, and all he thinks of outside the class room is athletics, into which girls do not intrude.

Thus we can well believe that to bring sex into business is a much simpler matter for the Canadian girl than for her English sister. Your business man has been tamed from babyhood; the English business man enters on his business career with all the arrogance of a sheik from the desert as far as women are concerned. Besides, there are two million more women than men in Great Britain, so that the law of supply and demand also operates in his favor.

Nevertheless, women on both sides of the Atlantic bring too much sex into business.



Very early in life he attempts for the first and only time to use his one weapon of superior strength and beat up some little girl who has played him a mean trick. But everyone falls on him to tell him that no real man would hit a girl.

IN THE year 1906 when I first became a magazine editor, that having been my occupation till recently, when the years brought wisdom and I gave over, business suffered comparatively little from sex appeal on [Continued on page 41]

"It would be painful to stay," he said. "I'm clearing out of your life, because—I know—I'll never make you a useful husband; but I—er—"

"Spare the splashing, Lou," cut in Pipeta, swinging round, her eyes glittering. "It's dashed undignified. Who is she?"

Casbury flinched. "Who do you mean?"

"The other girl. The girl you are going to Paris for; with whom you propose to wander for a few years?"

Casbury hesitated, and felt his inclinations tug at their leash; but this business had to be gone through with; and to make it final he might as well let Pip think there was another girl. "Daisy is a very faithful friend, Pip," he said, with a grim smile. "Better able to rough it than you. Daisy and I will wander together with never an argument between us."

Anger snapped into Pipeta's expression. There was nothing she had not been ready to endure for Lou; no creed she had not been prepared to embrace for his sake. For six months she had lived in a heaven looking forward to the day when she and he would be married. She had loved every thought of him; but now that depth of feeling was turned to hate.

"Daisy?" she jibed. "An adroit-minded model, I suppose?"

"A model of fidelity."

"Then perhaps she'll be able to give you a few lessons in an old-fashioned virtue. Good-by."

Casbury went and gathered up his hat and stick. "Good-by, Pip," he said, and for a second there was a blank silence while desire tempted him to weakness, and while Pipeta met his eyes with defiant scorn; then he turned and left the studio.

Pipeta listened to him descend the stairs, then her dark head bowed down toward the drawing which jeered at human emotion, and her tears smudged the harsh colors into softer tints.

CASBURY walked to his flat with savage strides. He had always believed Fate his friend; but now he knew the jade had been sniggering at his hopes, nursing the furtive weapon with which she meant to stab him on the portals of Elysium.

"Let the cat snigger," he growled, as he entered his workroom and sat down on a bench.

The tools of his trade lay scattered about, and ramming tobacco into his pipe Casbury glared at them sullenly. They could go on to the scrap heap now. They might be worth a few shillings, but badly as all money would be needed, he had no time for barter. He must get out of this galley quick, before his friends discovered the truth and came round to unman him with their sympathy. Presently he chuckled. "Daisy!" he called.

There was a movement in the flat behind the studio, and a minute later Lou Casbury's "scout" stood in the doorway. He was six feet one and broad of shoulder. From nineteen-sixteen to nineteen-nineteen he had been Casbury's batman; then he had been demobbed, and Casbury had lost sight of him until nineteen twenty-six, when he had found him workless and starving. So he took him as his civilian servant, and because his name was George Marigold, christened him "Daisy" for short. He had never told Pipeta of that nickname; and now he smiled grimly as he gazed at the "adroit-minded model" to whom Pip had referred.

"I'm striking camp, Daisy," he said. "Get my things packed."

"Very good, sir," said Marigold. "And where might we be off to now?"

Casbury lit his pipe and spun the spent match into a red clay-pot. "I'm going to Paris tonight. You'll stay here and get what you can for yourself out of the sale of this gear. I'm giving up sculpting."

Marigold, who knew of his master's intended visit to the oculist that morning, bent forward quickly, his rugged features wrinkled up in concern.

"Is it your eyes, sir?" he asked.

Casbury blew a cloud of smoke and nodded. "I shall be a blind man inside six weeks," he said in the voice he had used in saying: "Surprise raid at sundown." "There is no hope, and I'll have no money to pay you wages."

Marigold's face went blank. "Why need it 'ave bin you?"

he gasped. "What do you think you are going to do, sir?"

"Paris is a good spot to bury oneself in," said Casbury. "And there is always the Seine if things get too difficult."

There was a moment's silence, and in that space George Marigold ceased to be a servant, and became again a tin-hatted Tommy with a badly hit chum at his side.

"Lor' luvus!" he gritted fiercely. "You don't think I'm going to let you go like that! Me 'as went out on black-faced raids with you! Not likely . . . If you goes to Paris I goes as well . . . I'll pack your bag, but I'll pack mine, too, and you and me'll go off to war again; but a war of a different kind. We'll need passports this time."

"Thanks, Daisy," said Casbury; and Marigold turned and left the workroom.

Presently from the living quarters came the sound of bags being bumped and cupboard doors slammed; and rising to his feet Casbury flung off his jacket, tied a handkerchief round his eyes and taking up a lump of clay set to work on it, his lips moving in time with his squeezing fingers. Slowly the lump of shapeless clay took the form of a crouching leopard, ears flat to broad scalp, muscles tensed for springing on the unsuspecting prey. It was beautiful and horrible, with menace in every line of it, cruelty in eyes and naked fangs. Even when it looked perfect Casbury continued to work on it with nail and fingertip; and then at last

for making the little plaster casts of his modelled animals was set up, and during the next fortnight while the light slowly left his eyes, Casbury strove to deaden his mental and physical anguish by ceaselessly practising the creation of these toys.

At length he got them perfect, and one morning in late May, when objects were but the dimmest blur to him, he was guided by Marigold to a pitch in the Place Walhubert so that he could catch visitors leaving the Zoological Gardens.

Casbury needed no printed advertisement of his disability. It was written large for all to see, in the fixity of his eyes and the listening set of his head. He was an object of pity to all; but although many people paused before the tall Englishman on the kerb, some halted by shrill-voiced children, others attracted by the delicate perfection of the models, few bought; and night after night Casbury was guided home by Marigold, with a heavy heart and light pockets.

"Things aren't so good, Daisy," he said one evening. "If they don't buck up, I'll not be able to pay my share of the housekeeping and rent."

"Don't you fret, sir," chuckled Marigold. "Trade is good in the market, and as I've gone off beer and 'baccy, all as I make is for the common use. I've brought in an overseas newspaper to read to you, so sit quiet and 'ear the news."

Casbury sat quiet; frankly he would have found it a bit difficult to speak at that moment. He guessed just why George Marigold had gone off beer and tobacco; and while Daisy spelled out the words, the blind man sat and wondered how it was all going to end. His adventure was proving a failure; but he was thankful he had hidden himself from Pipeta's pitying sacrifice.

And then one evening Marigold came with exciting news. He had told a mate at the market about Casbury's blindness, and the cause, and the man had waxed enthusiastic about the skill of a certain surgeon named André Patois.

"Accordin' to this bloke Jules," explained Marigold. "Patois gives sight back to a lot of Frenchies as copped a dose of mustard gas at Verdun . . . He reckons he could cure you."

Hope sprang, almost painfully, into Louis's heart, and he bent forward eagerly. "Where does Patois live?" he asked. "Here, in Paris?"

"Rue Cambon is where he sees people," answered Marigold. "But he has a Home out somewhere . . . Gets folk from all over France, and can get just what fees he asks . . ."

"Yes," sighed Casbury. "That's the catch . . . I've nothing for fees . . ."

"We might scrape it up somehow, sir," said Marigold. "Anyway he's away on holiday at present, but when he comes back we'll go and see what he would have a shot at you for . . ."

"If only the folk would buy my models," said Casbury, "I might be able to scrape a bit together."

"Maybe they'll warm up in time," cheered Marigold.

But during the following week, trade grew slackier than ever, and Casbury was beginning to feel it was futile to stand there in the gutter all day, when one afternoon just before Marigold was due to fetch him home, a girl whose shrill, staccato French told Casbury that she belonged to the midinette class, halted in front of his tray with a little exclamation of glee.

"Oh, là, là, m'sieur! The little pieces! Combien, m'sieur?"

Her enthusiasm amused and heartened Casbury, and eager to sell, he mentioned a low price.

"A bon marché! Then I will take le léopard, le chameau, and the—how do you call it?—the little laughing god. He is droll, m'sieur!"

Casbury laughed, three models at one sale! If only other passers-by would be as enthusiastic he might soon be able to pay for the operation.

Handing her the models, he felt the girl's cool fingers on his. "Thank you, mademoiselle," he said, taking the money she pressed into his hand.

"Tell me, m'sieur," she said, her voice now a little pitying.

"Are you quite blind?"

"Quite," Casbury told her. "I see only with my fingers, scent and hearing . . ."

He heard the girl catch her breath. [Continued on page 57]



He was beginning to feel that it was futile to stand there all day, when one afternoon a girl whose shrill, staccato French told Casbury that she belonged to the midinette class halted in front of his tray with a sharp little exclamation of glee.

he stood back, pulled the handkerchief from his eyes, and regarded his work.

"Fate, the cat!" he laughed. "Not so bad! Not so bad at all! With a bit of practice I'll be able to do these things pretty quickly, and by the time the balloon goes up I'll be ready to sell 'em from a tray in the Champs Elysées."

CASBURY knew Paris, the Paris of the poor and hard working; and in two days he and Marigold were inhabiting two rooms in the Rue des Martyrs near the Marché de la Madeline, at which market Marigold had snatched a porter's job.

In one corner of the living room the necessary apparatus



Illustrated by
Henry Davis

Joy knew a nervous exhilaration, but the brilliant velvet and the proud fur gave her confidence. If Michael could only see her now . . . no, heaven keep him from seeing her!

like exotic orchids, were kept in a hushed and rarified atmosphere.

"I'd like to try on some evening wraps," she said with a debonnaire smile.

"Will madame be seated, please? What color does madame want?" Madame's heart was beating wildly, and for a moment she could think of no color to name.

"I haven't decided," she said vaguely.

"What color is the gown madame wishes to wear with the wrap?"

Joy wasn't sure what to call the pale, flushed rose of Michael's dyeing.

"I might wear it with any of several," she said daringly. The saleswoman nodded pleasantly, and disappeared into ivory recesses. She emerged, bearing several shimmering wraps, just as Joy was about to leap up and run away, aghast at her own absurdity. There was one that looked like the bud of an American Beauty, with a collar of white fur, fan-shaped and luxurious. Resolutely Joy stood up and shook off her shabby street coat. With a sigh through her whole little body, she slipped into the embrace of the wrap. She caught it close around her hips, as she had seen the mannequins holding theirs, and looked into the mirror.

"If madame takes off the hat . . . perhaps?"

Her eyes were dark and shy and lovely, her little witch face vivid and beautiful above the great collar, and even the scarred brown shoes below the velvet couldn't detract from its plausibility.

"That's a very reasonably priced wrap, madame—only ninety-five dollars." Ninety-five dollars! And the rent was but forty for a whole month! Joy gazed at herself and could not tear enamored eyes away.

"I'll take it," she said in a whisper. "And please charge it. I have my shopping slip in my bag." She turned and looked over her shoulder, like a duchess greeting a twin duchess. "It's very reasonable," she said graciously.

"What address shall I send this to?" the saleswoman

asked, after she'd inspected the slip and telephoned the credit office to verify the account.

"I'll take it," Joy said, and then went on glibly, her hands cold in their gloves. "I want to wear it tomorrow night, but I must be certain my husband likes it. If he doesn't, may I return it tomorrow morning?" The saleswoman assured her that she might, but felt sure madame's husband would think it quite charming.

"What have I done?" she asked herself numbly, as she hurried home on the trolley, the enormous box sitting on her knees. She felt all trembling and nervous, half determined to go back to the store without opening the box. But after her luncheon she dressed her hair, slipped off her frock, changed into her evening slippers, and deliberately lifted off the box lid. The inimitable, subtle smell of rich velvet and fur seduced her senses, and with a little half-sob she slipped the wrap on, and gazed again at her lovely self.

"I'd be so careful of it," she promised. "I wouldn't hurt it a bit, the sweet rose thing!"

Suddenly she felt better, and daring and reckless, as she had not felt since she and Michael had had the audacity to marry on thirty dollars a week. She telephoned to his office, loving him and praying that this bold thing she was doing for his sake might end happily for them all.

"Darling, will you mind?" she said. "I wondered if you could get your dinner in town or some place? I'd like to go over to the Spears for dinner, and then go from there with them. Do you care, precious?" Of course he didn't. Would she spend the night? She could hear him hoping she wouldn't.

"It will be late when I come home. If you promise me you'll go to bed, and not let me wake you up, I'll come home. I can sleep on the davenport," she said, vowing to herself that she'd make up to him a hundred times for this one deception. He promised, obviously relieved.

Next she telephoned Stephen's club, leaving the Spears' address and asking that he call there for her. Guiltily and

his plans for the evening, naming places that were mere myths of extravagance to her, and she lay against the cushions of the cab, clutching the envelope of Michael's work to which this evening was dedicated.

"Did you mean to mail that letter?" Stephen asked, seeing it.

"No, it's something to show you—a treat," she smiled up at him.

"Good lord, something that dodo of her's has written," Stephen said to himself gloomily.

"Can't look at it, honey—I didn't bring my glasses, and I'm an old man now," he said, grinning again.

"Never mind. I was going to read it to you anyway."

"Didn't bring my ear trumpet—can't listen," he said, stubbornly determining that he'd not waste much time listening to some drivel from this adorable child's tiresome husband.

They sat there smiling fondly at each other, their wills clenching fists confidently, each against the other.

"You'll listen and like it," she said to him silently.

"You'll see, young lady," he wordlessly replied.

"I'd better tuck it in my pocket until later," he said aloud with sly intent, taking the envelope from her.

At the Plaza, other beautiful women in costly wraps, and other correct escorts in deferentially severe black and white, were strolling across the lounge toward the dining room, from which music radiated as softly as light. Joy knew a nervous exhilaration, but the brilliant velvet and the proud fur gave her confidence, and she arched her small feet prettily as she stepped along, murmuring something or other, and smiling up at the tall man beside her. If Michael could only see her now . . . no, heaven keep him from seeing her!

"Hadn't we better check this lovely thing?" Stephen suggested, touching the velvet with reverence mirrored from her eyes.

"This?" she said casually, trying [Continued on page 19]

yet happily she planned each detail, transferring the wrap into her bag, so that its own box would be here waiting when she came home; laying out her rain-coat to wear to the Spears, so her street coat would be in the apartment ready for her hasty trip in the morning to return the borrowed luxury.

There is a celerity about sin, she thought, for everything worked out smoothly, and at eight, when Stephen called, the sparkling girl who met him, with hair as smooth and glistening as a bee's back, and a frock and wrap as petal-pink as the bud into which a bee might burrow, seemed surely not the drab wife of a mediocre little ad-writer, but the inspiration of a genius.

"Well, really, you have improved," Stephen said frankly.

"Well, really, you haven't," she laughed. "You never could remember your compliments, could you, Stephen? Don't tell a woman she's improved—say she's as lovely as ever."

"Scamp!" he responded with a grin, as he helped her into the cab at the curb. She sat cautiously in the sheath of her wrap, picturing the catastrophe of a taxi accident.

"I'd better be killed outright," she said grimly to herself, "and then they couldn't possibly expect to collect for this previous beauty."

Her arms slumbered in the silken stupor of the lining, rich and persuasive as only sophisticated satin can be, frost-colored like spun sugar—a silver lining. Stephen was suggesting

The Wrap with the Silver Lining—

by MARGARET LEE RUNBECK

*For her husband's sake she flirted with
danger, financial ruin and an old
sweetheart — with startling results*

EVEN murder, in Mrs. Dryen's code, was justifiable . . . provided its motive was to help your own husband. So the deception she contemplated was a mere nothing. It took no time at all to decide to do it, but a great deal of scheming to plan how.

What made it difficult was that Stephen had become a highly gilded legend in the Dryen house. Amusements being expensive, and the Dryens being economical of necessity, Joy had diverted herself and her husband many times by relating anecdotes of Stephen's devotion. Of course he had been fond of her, but not in the desperate, romantic way she led her innocent Michael to believe. But there were so few days they could amuse themselves, and imagination costs no money.

It wasn't at all difficult for Michael to imagine Stephen mad about Joy, since he himself was so frankly entranced by her dark elishness, the tea-colored shadows around her mirthful eyes, her brave little voice, and the whole small rightness of her.

"He had such beautiful taste, and so much money, dear . . . but I don't know," she used to sigh, reminiscently, on their more bored evenings, and the "I don't know" was a subtle compliment to Michael, making him mutter determination to duplicate and shame that mythical Stephen's taste and money, since he had the prize and the other man was left roaming the world empty-hearted.

Under these circumstances, Joy simply couldn't tell him that Stephen was coming to town, and that he'd written asking her to dine and dance with him for an old-time evening. She tried to tell him, dutifully enough.

"Good news, honey," she called when he came in that evening looking like a dreamy-eyed cherub, a little round and with a rumor of baldness above his forehead. He towered with bundles, with manuscripts bulging from his pockets, and his topcoat slung untidily over his arm.

"A thin envelope from an editor," he gasped, dropping the celery.

"No, darling, two fat ones. But that's not the news. Stephen is coming and wants to see me."

"What's good about that?" Michael said sulkily.

"Why, silly, he's the president of a big corporation that spends a million dollars a year in advertising . . . and you've got a million dollars' worth of ideas, haven't you?" she said gaily, but under her words was forming the determination not to bother poor, proud Michael with this negotiation, but to manage it herself without his knowing.

"When's he coming? And what a nerve he's got to want to see you, knowing you're married and everything. Awful bad taste I call it."

"Oh, never mind about him, dear. Open the fat envelopes and see if the editors said anything," she cried. Already she was planning her campaign to sell the talented young man to the moneyed older one. Later, of course, it would all come out, but by that time Michael would be too overjoyed about whatever good fortune resulted from her stolen evening to scold her.

Although justifiable, this manoeuvre, like all deceit, presented a great many complications. In the first place, what on earth would she wear, assuming, of course, that she managed to fib herself into a free evening?

Joy and Michael were jaunty and indifferent about clothes, as about all luxuries which Michael's pitiful salary couldn't embrace.

"All geniuses look shabby, darling," Joy used to comfort him. Michael's topcoat illus-

trated their attitude; he carried it rakishly slung over his arm because the sleeves were frayed, and walked rather briskly to keep warm, telling himself that most people dress too heavily, weakening and softening themselves.

No, clothes weren't important, they assured each other. What did matter was that Michael had an advertising-writing job. True, it was the smallest job in the smallest advertising agency in the city, but of course they didn't mention that to each other.

"Listen to this, baby," he'd cry with pride, reading Joy some wonderful advertisement he'd written "just for practice." His own writing consisted of drab three-inch technicalities extolling machine belts. These ads. appeared only in trade papers circulated among tailors and shoemakers. Besides these he wrote brief appeals for donations for a somewhat erratic organization devoted to abolishing steel traps for catching animals. But in the evenings, his imagination unfettered, he composed spirited improvements for popular advertising campaigns already running in big magazines. Sometimes he sent these suggestions to noted companies, but he and Joy felt sadly that they were all seized and suppressed by jealous advertising managers afraid of their jobs. Just as they knew the splendid stories he sent magazines never reached the editors' desks.

They seldom rebelled about their enforced economy, because to them it was just a brief period preliminary to the prosperity they knew Michael's writing ability must bring them some day. Joy had kept Stephen, like an extra ace, up her sleeve; now was the time to take a trick with him in the game of Michael's advancement.

"Don't suppose you'd care to go to the Spear girls' musicale on Wednesday night, would you?" she asked tentatively.

"Sure I would, if you want me to," Michael said unexpectedly, throwing her into a panic.

"No need to, honey; you'd be bored to death. You remember last time." He certainly did remember.



At the Plaza, other beautiful women in costly wraps, and other correct escorts in deferentially severe black and white, were strolling across the lounge.

"You wouldn't want to go alone," he said doubtfully. But she hastily assured him she could manage quite well. So that left only clothes to worry about.

"Now about those clothes," she kept reminding herself during the week before Stephen came. "My evening dress will do, if I dye it again, but what on earth shall I wear for a wrap?"

The wrap was the rub; no doubt about that. She simply couldn't go wearing her daytime coat if she was to impress her old friend with Michael, for men, unlike wives, do judge ability by success and success by prosperity.

ON SATURDAY afternoon, with Michael's help, she dyed the perennial evening frock again. Michael, tousle-haired and noisy, enjoyed dyeing, although he splashed rather dangerously and always ended by wanting to dip everything in sight—Joy's nightgowns, the luncheon cloths, and even his own pyjamas. As he dyed, he composed limericks, prancing about to their rhythm:

"A lusty ink-slinger named Dryen
Turned his talents at time to the dyen';
For the Joy of his eye
He would both do and dye . . .
Now try an' make Dryen a lion!"

As late as Wednesday morning she still hadn't solved the problem of the wrap. With only six dollars in her bag, and those six destined inevitably for Thursday's, Friday's and Saturday's food, she went shopping. Desperate and depressed, she gazed into windows that made owning evening clothes a matter of course. Mannequins, smirking and supercilious, snuggled pale chins into luxurious fur and draped glowing velvet around slim hips. If only she could borrow a wrap—any wrap! Hardly acknowledging her sudden intention, she went boldly into a store and straight to the softly lit, heavily carpeted salon where the wraps,

Miss Henry the Eighth

Seven times in three years Fleur had been stampeded into a promise of matrimony, that in all honesty she had to break later

by M. and C. CUNNINGHAM

HAVE you ever been engaged seven times? Fleur Henry had, and suddenly—just all at once—she wondered why.

She untangled herself from the threads of conversation around Marian's bridge tables, where the game had long since been replaced by chatter, and drifted out to the terrace. Fleur liked the Higgins' terrace and she hoped she would have it alone. But she didn't—Gord was there, stretching his long length on the sunny tiles at the far end.

Gordon Higgins wasn't one of the seven—he was just one of her two best friends. It was his terrace—his and his sister Marian's—but Fleur went and stood over him, ordering peremptorily, "Get up off this terrace and go 'way. I want it to myself. You're tanned enough anyway."

Gord Higgins sat up and looked at her lazily. "Flower, my rude, go right back to the party you just deserted. Eleven girls can't play three tables of bridge, haven't you found out?"

"Oh, they've quit playing," Fleur informed him, and sat down in the nearest chair. Then, finding him looking at her solemnly, she grinned at him and teased, "Oh-h, what big eyes you have, grandma."

"The better to see you with, my dear," he supplied in the same tone. "You're ornamental, of course, but I'm trying to figure why you came out here alone with a gazelle-ready-to-be-off-look."

"Well, if you want the truth, the talk was just getting around to engagements and I guess about everybody had noticed that I wasn't wearing Bill's ring today, so I thought I'd just as soon let Marian answer the questions for me." She turned her lovely dark eyes to him shyly, almost shamefully. "Oh Gord, whatever is the matter with me? He's the seventh one I've broken with in three years."

The man at her feet looked up thoughtfully. "Well, I never did think you'd marry Bill. He's too young, for one thing. But what happened to make you break it off this time?"

"Too young?" Fleur answered. "Why no, it wasn't that. He's twenty-three and that's three years older than I am. Just because you're twenty-eight doesn't mean that twenty-three—or twenty—is so young. Gord, I feel old. No, that wasn't the reason. It happened just like all the other six. At first I thought I was quite sure that he was the right one—that each of them was the right one—and then something would happen, and while I still liked him, I knew it wasn't love. So I gave back the ring."

"And Bill, how does he feel about it?" Gord asked slowly.

Fleur lowered her lashes along her cheek, and bit her lip. "That's the worst part. He thinks he still loves me. But—but he thinks I'm a flirt. That's what he called me, yesterday, when we had it out." She bit her lip harder to keep it from trembling. "Gordon," she said suddenly, throwing up her head, "I need to think it all out and you're the best friend I've got, except Marian, and you can see it from a man's point of view. You've got to be frank and help me get it all straight. I can't go on getting engaged and unengaged all my life."

"No, you can't, and I'll do all I can to help you get to the bottom," Gord agreed practically—and the under-

standing in his strong, fine face made Fleur not care that his next words hurt a little. "All right, Bill thinks you are fickle, and so did Ned and Bob and Chris and Raymond. I was abroad while the other two were your fiancés, but I'll bet they felt the same way."

"Oh," Fleur said with a little cry, "they didn't think—that I was just playing—that I wasn't ever sincere? I couldn't deserve that."

"Oh no," Gord assured her. "Being fickle just means that your affections don't stay put. That's true, isn't it?"

"Well, yes. But you see, Gord, the funny thing is, my affections didn't change until after the man already thought they had, and accused me of it. And it was the accusation that made me realize I didn't love him." Then, seeing Gordon's puzzled expression, she went on to explain. "Well, take Bill's case, for example. Everything was fine between us until Millie's dance Saturday. And then June came in with that specialty dancer from the Orpheum—Wally Twain, you know. And I saw him and called out, 'Oh, I can do your dance, you know.' So he said, 'Show me,' and I did; and then we did it together. If you hadn't gone home so early to play your old piano you'd have seen us."

"And after a while Wally Twain backed me off in the corner to chat and told me I ought to go on the stage and even offered to take me into his act. I had a hard time explaining to him that I didn't need the money and that my stage appetite was satisfied doing a little amateur stuff now and then. I danced a couple of dances with him, and that's all. But Gord, Bill was furious with jealousy and rushed me right out. He lectured and raved and pleaded.

I didn't talk to him much because my heart was sinking lower and lower with every word he said. Something inside me was saying, 'It's happening again, Fleur—the same old story.' And the next day I had to tell him I couldn't marry him because I didn't love him."

"And has such ill-founded jealousy always been the reason for your finding out you didn't love a man?" Gordon asked. "Be quite honest, Fleur."

"All right, cross my heart. Jealousy has always been the cause, but twice there was a real reason for that jealousy. While I was engaged to Chris, Raymond did sweep me off my feet, so Chris had a reason to accuse me and be hurt. And Ralph, too, had a real basis for his jealousy—I lost interest in him for Rex. But on my word of honor, with the others it was just like it was with Bill—the jealousy sprang up over somebody who wasn't a bit important to me."

Gord said kindly, "Well, never mind, Fleur, you'll find the right man some day."

"But Gord," she cried, "don't you see? What man would ever risk loving a girl who made so many mistakes? It sounds awfully—well, cheap—seven broken engagements, but I was sincere with every one, and thought he would be the last." She fought to keep the big lumps in her throat from developing into tears.

"Yes, Fleur, I know," Gord told her grimly. "It's not such a gay business as some of the other girls seem to think, this being so attractive and sweet that one man after another rushes you into a promise of matrimony that you have to, in all honesty, break later. I'd like to do violence to some of these fresh kids who [Continued on page 44]



"Fleur, you little idiot," he said, "you aren't wondering, are you, whether I'm in love with you?"—"I know you aren't," said Fleur.

Is the Church Deserting Youth?

From all parts of the Dominion come forceful discussions of the presentation of this question by a young woman in the June issue



YOUR article, "Is the Church Deserting Youth?" like most protests, has a large measure of truth in it, but also much error. The Church is not abandoning youth, but in many instances is simply at a loss how to deal with the problem. It is so baffling and complex that the Church is confused and impotent. Nor is it true of all youth that they are turning away from the Church to find their satisfaction in pleasure, as the illustration at the head of your article implies. Modern youth is of finer stuff than that. There are, of course, certain types that seem to make a fetish of golf, but they are by no means confined to youth. As a matter of fact, I hold that the present-day youth is the best and most hopeful class we have. They are more serious than the older folk, less conventional, more impatient of shams, and underneath their apparent carelessness there is a deep undertone. What they want is "reality"—and they do not find it in many churches. They are not anti-religious or irreligious—they are seeking more religion than many churches are giving or representing. Wherever there is a spiritual note or more genuine appeal they are swift to respond. I could name churches where youth is present in large numbers but they are not the conventional type; nor are the ministers of the class that your correspondent rightly lampoons. The gist of the matter is that modern youth is tired of forms and ceremonies—they are more concerned with the spirit, and if the Church will wake up and put the emphasis where the Master put it, on spirit and life, she will find a full and worthy response from the young people of today.—Canon Shatford, Church of St. James the Apostle, Montreal.

A Mother's Viewpoint

I AM so interested in one of the articles in your June issue, that I feel I must "write and say so." I refer to the article entitled, "Is the Church Deserting Youth?" I wonder why the writer chose to word the question in just that way. Has the Church ever held the youth of the

world? Is it not rather, that with our modern frankness, we are now facing facts, where our fathers buried their heads in the sand?

Apart from this, however, I am glad to see this matter frankly and ably discussed in your interesting publication. My husband and I, as parents of a large family, have often talked on similar lines, and I have no doubt other fathers and mothers have done the same thing.

I do believe that in a large measure we have outgrown our need of the Church (may I here state very clearly that when I say "The Church" I do not mean Christian teaching!)

The Church at one time was the only channel through which art, learning, such rudimentary medical knowledge as then existed, and any spiritual teaching could reach the people. She was also the sole dispenser of charity. The clergy were the only people who could read or write. We have made great strides since the days when the great Alfred took the monopoly of education from the hands of the clergy by opening schools for the sons of the nobles.

We must remember, however, that we do owe a debt to the Church. Our finest art, our most beautiful music have been by her preserved for humanity; and she has also handed down to us the record of the life of the Christ, from whose teaching has come all we know of love, forbearance and true charity.

The Church has been the founder of our hospitals, rescue homes, and all such institutions. Granted, that our various governments, societies and institutions all do this work today much more effectively and there is not the same need of the Church's efforts; it was still the Church that took the first step in this direction.

Perhaps she is inclined to be a little jealous of her own authority, like some parents who can never realize that their children are now grown up, and able to think for themselves.

Perhaps also, now we are "out of leading strings," we do not need the Church as such. Education has advanced.

We no longer have the same need to have our Bible explained to us, we have read treatises dealing with its composition and authorship; we are even familiar with arguments regarding the Pentateuch and the Psalms of David! All this does not destroy our faith in and love for the Great Central Figure of the Faith; but it does eliminate much of the need for the Church, as such. Christ himself told the woman at the well "The hour cometh and now is, when ye shall neither in this mountain nor yet at Jerusalem worship the Father—God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in Spirit and in truth."

There may not be the same need for the Church that there used to be. She has done much good. She has been guilty of much wrong, even cruelty—so have all men been through the ages. Many still feel their need of her, and I suppose, so long as there is the need, she will supply it.—L. Winnifred Johnson, St. Lambert, Quebec.

Emphatically No!

IS THE Church deserting Youth? Emphatically, no! There is a modicum of truth in the question, however. It would be more correct to ask: Is Youth deserting the Church? Some youth are, but many are not. The Church was never doing as much to interest and guide youth as she is doing today. The claims of Christ and religion were never more clearly or forcibly presented. The opportunities for youthful service and leadership were never so numerous, nor has there been a more heroic, courageous and human ministry than now.

On the other hand,

there never were so many disintegrating, devitalizing forces and counteracting influences, alluring and appealing to young life, as in the present age. The craze for speed, for power, for sensation, for excitement; the impatience of youth at all restraint, and the newly-found freedom which too often runs into license—these things, without doubt, are holding a major place in the lives of thousands of young people. The radio, the movie, the jazz, and the automobile are all making life much faster for the boys and girls. Dr. Dunlap Smith, head of one of the large colleges on this continent, says: "It is easy now to 'go to hell' over a radius of sixty miles, and both boys and girls are risking their college careers by going off for bouts together."

Then there are groups of young people growing up in country and in city who, it is feared, are not religious; who, unlike the writer in the June issue of *The Chatelaine*, do not want religion and do not realize the need of it in their own lives. They are not lawless nor anti-social, but they appear to be unconcerned as to whether God exists or not. In so far as this is true, says one, "it is the master tragedy of our generation," and the fault lies more with the home than with the Church. It is said that nine out of ten people who are materialistic are so, because in the critical period of adolescence one doorway of the spirit after another was allowed to close through neglect.

Another difficulty is in bridging the gap, or in preserving a balance, between the old and the new, between those who are trying to persuade young people to receive the accepted formula of the fathers without amendment, and those who encourage young people to embark upon the adventure of life with no guidance but their own fragmentary experience.

The only foundation for a new world is a new acknowledgment and a new apprehension of God; a static God in a dynamic universe is an anachronism. We are suffering from paganistic conceptions of Deity, and from a religious terminology which has lost its meaning for the modern mind.

There is no healing for the nation, as one has said, in the thought of "an angry God." There is no inspiration for our common life in a God who is pleased with "burnt offerings and bloody sacrifices." There is no secret joy in the thought of a God who is "remote and removed." We need a Christ-like conception of God, and we have it, if we will but see it and use it.—Dr. George W. Kerby, Principal, Mount Royal College, Calgary, Alta.

Duplication of Interests

TO AGREE with the position of the writer of the article would be conceding too much, inasmuch as a complete analysis of the conditions which have produced the temper of mind of modern youth is not given. Nevertheless, there is a large element of truth in what is said. Paradoxical as it may seem, while the Church is doing its utmost to meet the needs of youth, it is in reality deserting youth. The Church is emphasizing ethics; youth finds that such teaching is not peculiar to the Church. The Church emphasizes service; youth finds avenues for service in other organizations. The Church provides for recreation; more varied forms of play are found outside it. The Church seeks to develop music; youth can enjoy the finest music at home by radio. The Church would develop the dramatic instinct; youth can join a dramatic society in most communities. Wherever, then, this duplication is found, the common result is that youth does not feel the need of belonging to the Church.

"We want religion. We realize the need of it in our lives" is quite true of the average youth of today. Ah, but what is meant? Are religion and the Church synonymous? Hardly. It is an experience of communion with God, a vital living contact with Deity. Machinery will not produce that; neither will organization nor ritual. Programmes of worship with musical "attractions" will not produce that, either. Indeed the word "programme" as applied to worship signifies an external arrangement which can never beget vitality. No—the true atmosphere of worship cannot be produced artificially; it comes only in the assembly of consecrated people, whose personalities are in actual living relationship with God. Let me emphasize: wherever this kind of assembly is found, in some degree, at least, there youth wends its way

[Continued on page 28]



"You'll get a note in the morning," Félice said. "Well, that's that, then. I hope I don't seem mercenary and unsympathetic, but I've seen too much of love in a cottage to believe in it, especially for my own daughter."

"No," the daughter admitted, "you don't seem mercenary and unsympathetic. You've taken the view of your generation and I've taken the view of mine, and they contradict one another, that's all. It isn't anyone's fault."

"Good night then," Félice ended, kissed her, and went out. Joy sat down at her dressing table and stared at the sealed envelope addressed to Peter. Suddenly she felt very lonely and tears gathered in her eyes. Then she set her lips firmly.

"Why should I tell Peter anything about Charles Darrell?" she murmured. "It'll only unsettle him and make him think he's nothing but a handicap to me. I'll just post Peter's letter as it is, and get through this business with Darrell by myself."

WHEN Charles Darrell called for Joy, he found her alone in the sitting room of Félice's little flat. She looked up and smiled her welcome. She saw a tall, good-looking man of fifty, with a clean-cut face and a straight mouth under a cropped mustache, not an ounce over his proper weight, perfectly self-possessed in spite of an inward nervousness. Throughout the business of dressing he had begged himself not to feel so absurdly self-conscious. "It's because I had to tell Félice I wanted to marry Joy, and no doubt Félice passed on the information," he thought impatiently. "Now Joy will feel she's being taken out on approval and I shall feel she's waiting for me to ask the great question, and how can one make a party go with all these undercurrents getting in the way?"

But Joy, having made up her mind in advance, remained supremely calm.

"It's ever so nice of you to ask me to dine with you," she said when the daily maid had announced him. "Please, will there be dancing, because I love dancing."

"Certainly there'll be dancing. I'm taking you to the Embassy Club unless there's anywhere else you'd prefer. It's about the most satisfactory place I think, don't you?"

"I should think it's heavenly, but I've never dined out in London so far. We've lived mostly in France, you know.

Wherever you take me I shall be like Cinderella going to the ball."

She looked so slender and appealing in her dance frock of palest pink that she made his heart miss a beat. Félice had given her the frock and its accompanying cloak, shoes and stockings, that very day. "Whatever happens," Félice had said, "it'll comfort you to look your best. A new frock is one of a woman's finest consolations."

He held the cloak for her and led her down to the waiting car. Joy sank in her corner and gave herself up to the sheer luxury of floating imperceptibly through the darkening streets.

"This," she said, "is the most wonderful car I've ever ridden in. I shall always remember you because by the time we get home you'll have given me two of my first great thrills, riding in this car and dining at the Embassy Club. You don't know how very like a country mouse I am."

"You always seem to me incredibly calm and composed," he told her. "That's one of the things I find so attractive about you. I can't get on with most of the girls one meets. P'raps it's because I've lived all my life in India. The girls I remember as a young man were more like you. They didn't screech and gibber as they do now. They had a certain amount of dignity."

Instantly he regretted those words, "I remember as a young man." After all at fifty a man was in the prime of life. Apparently she had not noticed them, for she answered:

"All girls are alike really. You only think I'm different because I've lived abroad and spent a lot of time alone, and hardly ever been to a party. I'd have gone to dozens if I'd had the chance."

The car drew up gently in Bond Street, the commissionaire opened the door, and Joy stepped out into the soft darkness. Darrell spoke to the chauffeur, turned, and guided her through the entrance. She thought:

"Now I'm going simply to wallow in sensations, because it's the one and only time I shall ever do this sort of thing. Peter and I will never have a penny to spare for years, and anyhow I don't suppose there are such things as dance clubs in the Peace River district. Besides, this is mummy's world and I'm curious to find out why it attracts her so."

Her tall escort interested her. Every member of the staff

and a good many of the guests seemed to know him. He had a most excellent table and, because she asked him to, chose her a perfect dinner.

"You see," she explained, "I housekeep at the flat, and it will be too wonderful for once in a way not to know what I'm going to eat." When he suggested champagne she acquiesced. Cinderella had arrived at the ball. Why not enjoy all the good things of life once in a century?

"Tell me about your life in India," she asked him, and in his grave, detached manner he gave her an outline of it—hard work, hard play, a determination to make a job of things. She listened eagerly, but it was not Charles Darrell in India that she saw but Peter Fane in the Peace River district. It would be like that for Peter, only he would have her to help and encourage him and Charles Darrell had stood alone.

She realized that he was asking her to dance to wonderful music, this quiet, reserved, yet somehow resolute man, an entire stranger who meant to marry her, a rich man with cars and clubs and food and wine at his command. Laughter welled up in her heart because she belonged to Peter who had nothing at all except her, and she rose and stepped on to the dance floor with Charles.

Directly his arm went round her and his hand touched hers, she knew in a flash that under all his reserve, passion lurked ready to flare up, and that it was she who had kindled the flame. Her mother might know every art and precept of the world she and Charles understood, but Joy had youth and vitality to fling away with both hands if she chose. She realized with faint surprise that except for having fallen in love with Peter, she might very well have given herself to Charles. Somehow or other he commanded her respect.

Except that he held her more closely than at first, and danced more faultlessly, he showed no sign that he wanted her rather more than all the rest of the world put together. She felt herself guided over the crowded floor with a kind of ruthless precision that attracted her.

When they were back at their table he said a little desperately: "You dance like the wind rippling over the grass," just as men had said to her mother, "and begged her to dance again and again; and she did because the rhythms had got into her blood, and she [Continued on page 36]



"Love doesn't last, my dear girl, but poverty does, and you won't be very happy in the backwoods of Canada when Peter's tired of you and you don't know where to turn for a shilling."

THERE WAS A LITTLE CITY

by F. E. BAILY

FELISE, the enchanting young widow, is planning to marry Charles Darrell, who has been in India for a number of years. Her daughter, Joy, has spent her twenty-four years in waiting on her beautiful mother, and one evening in Monte Carlo meets Peter Fane who is making some easy money as a gigolo, or dancing partner, at one of the smart restaurants. It is a case of love at first sight with both Peter and Joy, but Félise is furious when Joy tells her, and insists on taking Joy back to London, where Charles Darrell is planning to meet her. Darrell is captured by Joy's youth and charm, and frankly tells Félise that he wants to marry her daughter. Félise, realizing that nothing can be done, tells Joy what Charles has said. "Charles wanted my permission to ask you to marry him, and, of course, I gave it. He's very nice and frightfully well off. Honestly, you're a lucky girl!"

PART II.

HAVING broken the great news, Félise paused and indulged in the luxury of feeling a little sorry for herself. Gone was her prospect of a comfortable middle age as the wife of a rich and attractive man, for which she had schemed tactfully during two years. It seemed a little hard that Joy at the age of twenty-four could anticipate a dozen opportunities of marriage, and "Charles, in my case," Félise reflected, "represents probably my last chance of ending my days peacefully. I may find somebody else to marry but never anyone so desirable as Charles. He's not only rich but he has a brain and I do loathe fools. However, one may as well bite on the bullet and keep a bright face. At least he'll look after Joy in the grand manner, and all my five hundred a year will be my own. It provides an escape if ever I were to marry someone who turned out impossible."

Then she perceived that Joy had got up from her chair to stand, white-faced and breathless, like a young Joan of Arc defying the invader.

"How could you be so cruel as to give him permission to ask me to marry him?" she demanded passionately. "You know perfectly well I'm in love with Peter Fane. I told you so at Monte Carlo. If you thought you'd persuaded me to forget him, you were wrong. I came back with you to England to help you marry Mr. Darrell. I'm twenty-four and I could have stayed behind if I'd liked. Directly you were married I was going to find a job near Peter and wait till we'd saved enough to go to Canada. And now you've got me into the most horrible mess and I shall have to be beastly to Mr. Darrell, whom I like quite well because he's always behaved very decently to me."

"You might," said Félise rather wistfully, "at least give me credit for yielding Charles up to you without a murmur. He means a good deal to me even if he means nothing to you."

"But I don't want him, mummy. Can't you understand what it is to be in love with someone? You must have been in love before now. You can't have forgotten."

"Unfortunately I remember very well."

"Then why didn't you tell Mr. Darrell about Peter and me?"

Félise's mouth curled scornfully and her eyes went very hard. If one thing seemed more tragic than giving up Charles it was this imbecile love affair of Joy's with a Riviera gigolo whom she would never see again, and who had probably forgotten her.

"You talk like a fool," she exclaimed. "You're young and soft and stupid and romantic, and you dream an absurd fairy story and then abuse me because it can't possibly come



Instantly he regretted those words, "I remember as a young man." After all at fifty a man was in the prime of life.

true. Granted that you and Peter, if that's his name, adore one another, neither of you has a farthing, and love's got to be paid for like any other luxury. If you can't finance it you can't have it. You should know something about money difficulties—you've lived with me for the last five years. Love doesn't last, my dear girl, but poverty does, and you won't be very happy in the backwoods of Canada when Peter's tired of you and you don't know where to turn for a shilling and you're probably going to have a baby."

"Peter won't get tired of me," Joy declared with a calm certainty that exasperated Félise. "I shan't let him. It's always a woman's fault if she loses a man's love. Besides, mummy, you've got it into your head that Peter's one of those awful dance-lizards with skin-tight dinner-jackets and oily manners. As a matter of fact, he and Mr. Darrell are exactly the same type, though they belong to different generations. Peter went to Harrow, like Mr. Darrell, and he's going overseas to make his fortune, like Mr. Darrell; only, Mr. Darrell or his people had money and influence and Peter's got neither. He became a gigolo simply because it's a quick way of making money."

All the weary years of living largely by her wits, skimping for Joy and herself, scheming unwearingly to have enough money left over for a little fun, rose up and confronted Félise. In the light of their warning she thrust aside Joy's arguments impatiently.

"Neither you nor anybody else knows whether Peter will make a fortune, but Charles Darrell has made one and it's yours for the asking. You can't possibly be such a fool as to refuse it. Just picture to yourself the kind of life I've led

to keep, I should look for a job and earn more money. I wouldn't bother to make myself pleasant to all sorts of men for the sake of dinners and lunches and motoring and stock exchange tips. It's no good your arguing with me, mummy. Whether you realize it or not, we don't live in the same world."

"You've changed very much in the last few weeks, Joy. I used to think you even less sophisticated than I was at your age."

"I've been just a girl living at home until a few weeks ago. Today I'm a woman fighting for a man. Love teaches one quicker than anything."

"No, my dear, you may think so, but it's life that teaches a woman, and my instruction has been longer than yours. Still, your life's your own and you can mess it up as you please, I suppose. But I must tell you this: if you throw over Charles Darrell and go to Peter Fane, I'm through. I'd give up Charles to you willingly, though you may say he gave me up, but otherwise I won't do more than pay your fare back to Monte Carlo and buy you a frock or so. If you want to commit social suicide you'd better do it on your own. I don't believe in that kind of thing."

"Very well, mummy."

"Oh, and just one other point. I gave Charles permission to propose to you and he wants to take you out to dinner tomorrow. I think you owe it to me to accept the invitation and do your own explaining. I can't very well propose to you on his behalf and take back a refusal."

Joy remained silent for a moment and replied at last: "I think that's fair. I'll dine with him if he asks me."

Illustrated by
Hubert Mathieu

Concluding the love
story of the young
widow Félise and her
pretty daughter, Joy

Fashion sponsors cotton fabrics for summer dresses—Voile, flowered, striped or spotted, organdie, and brightly colored shantung are worn



An evening dress from Drecoll-Beer is lovely in pale green crêpe de chine. The slashed hip effect is very new.



An attractive tuckered and pleated tennis dress in white "micromaille." From Jean Patou.



Drecoll-Beer has designed this graceful afternoon dress, fashioned of black and white mousseline.

White is still the most popular color for evening dresses when printed materials are not used, satin or chiffon being the choice of fabrics used. Evening hems still encircle the ankles, but ease for walking is now produced by a "double skirt" innovation. There is an underskirt which comes a little below the knee, and over it an ankle-length overskirt slashed into two or four large petal-shaped panels. This gives a delightful freedom of movement.

SOME lace is being used for afternoon dresses but is only really fashionable for race gatherings or smart summer weddings which are so often held out-of-doors. Lace is rarely seen in the evenings. It is a pity that such graceful material cannot be more readily adapted to appear really chic, but it has a tendency to look extremely dowdy unless combined with lots of satin to relieve the monotony of

a heavy-looking lace pattern.

As a conclusion for the summer styles, day and afternoon dresses should fall comfortably below the knees; that is, for the morning these latter should be decently covered, while an afternoon dress should be a good six to eight inches below the knee if the dress in question is to be worn on really smart occasions. Hats are large brimmed and usually trimmed with flowers or bright gros grain. Gloves are gauntlet length for daytime wear and come above the elbow when worn with an evening dress. Beige-pink is still a popular shade for stockings, but smoke-grey and black are becoming the fashionable wear with dark tailor-mades or black chiffon afternoon dresses—and very attractive they look, too.

Accessories are, of course, all-important. No costume of chic is complete without its imitation jewellery, its cluster of flowers or its gay, flaring scarf. Some of the jewellery is very lovely and some is—well, amusing—beads of printed crêpe to match the gown of the moment; balls of metal enamelled in vivid colors; slave collars of white enamel; strings and bracelets of colored glass discs in pastel shades to match one's dress. Pyjama jewellery has come into vogue, and I hear from those so fortunate friends who are sunning themselves on the sands of Cannes that the gayer and more colorful the jewellery, the more popular it is. No longer is it necessary to disguise the sham of one's synthetic jewellery. Beads and bracelets are flagrantly "unreal"—and glory in it.

The reign of the scarf has given way somewhat to the altogether feminine flower. But it is still found wherever it completes a set of accessories or is part of the costume itself.



The Paris Letter



An afternoon dress in black, yellow and red printed crêpe de chine. From Drecoll-Beer.

by EINNA

A smart Patou ensemble of matching scarf, bag and hat trimming. The hat is of navy blue Bakou straw.

A pale blue shantung ensemble from Jean Patou bears witness to a revival of the mode for button-hole flowers.



Mes Chères Chatelaines: Paris, ce mois de Juin, 1930

Paris is all aglow with summer splendor: never were the boulevards so beautiful! The long threatened revolution in the mode is an established fact, and the leading dress-makers have made very sure that this summer season will go down in history as one of the smartest and most brilliant since the war.

As I think I wrote you in my last letter but to refresh your memories I'll repeat it again here—1930 sees a complete revival of graceful feminine lines and of everything that adds charm and distinction to our so-called weaker sex. At every smart gathering in Paris at the present time this is to be noticed. At the races large flower-trimmed hats are to be seen; shoulder posies appear on afternoon dresses; while an evening dress invariably has a flower on it somewhere. Even the morning tailor-made is never without its floral decoration in the shape of a white camelia or leather and felt flower in the buttonhole.

But what I really want to talk to you about are summer materials. Amazing and really beautiful dresses are being made in brightly colored shantungs and tussore, while all manner of cotton materials have completely come into their own during the last two months. "Limon de fil," a delightfully soft material resembling organdie but not nearly so crushable, is being much used for sleeveless afternoon dresses for seaside and country. Cotton voiles in delightful patterns, sometimes flowered, striped or spotted, are being made up into tiered ensembles, usually sleeveless but with a bolero, a small shoulder cape, or a three-quarter length coat to complete a really good-looking and quite inexpensive toilette.

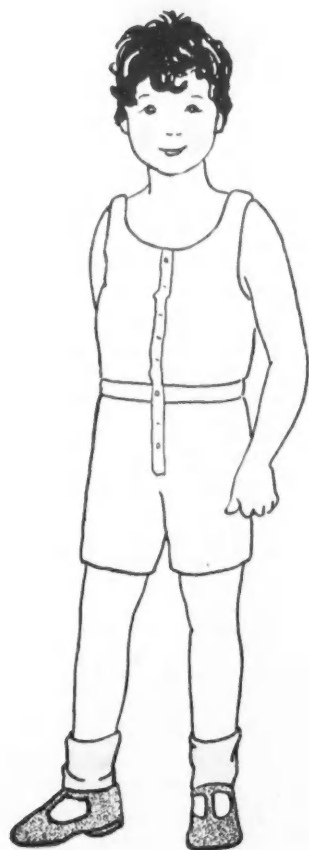
Simple little morning dresses are made in shantung.

Some appear as tailored suits with sleeveless, tuck-in, muslin blouses to match. Others are sleeveless frocks of simple line with four or more box pleats in the skirt, a narrow belt at an almost normal waistline, and invariably a small bolero or cape to give a trifle more dressy appearance to the frock when it is worn on the street for the morning.

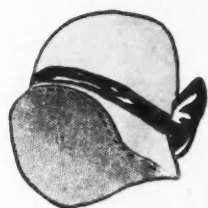
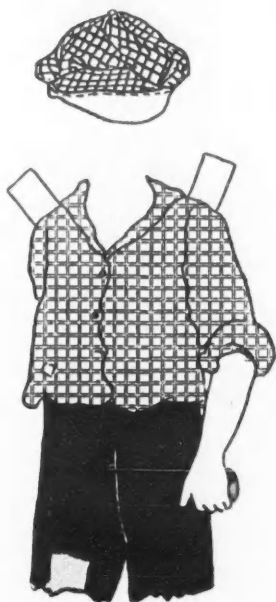
FELT hats have practically vanished—yes, can you imagine Paris without felt hats? But when I say vanished, I mean that a soft natural or biscuit-colored straw, trimmed with a few flowers or a bright band of gros grain, looks so much more suitable to accompany any of the dresses I have described than a hot, close-fitting felt would. And, indeed, with the present vogue of trying to be truly feminine again, straw hats are the only smart completion to the simple lines of the summer morning dresses, or the more elaborate ones worn for afternoon.

Fashionable Paris has adopted the mode for *piqué* on all types of dresses and even as a trimming in band or bow on a smart little cloche hat. I have seen *piqué* on large Medici-shaped collars which flare out well away from the neck behind, and then fall in a graceful, flat collar effect as far as the waistline. With this type of collar, jabot-like insertions are fitted into the sleeves from the cuff to the elbow. Lingerie fronts and muslin collars and cuffs are still as popular as ever for trimming on simple morning dresses.

Lovely summer evening dresses in printed mousseline have little coatees in similar material to match them. Sometimes these appear as pleated capes which hang as low as the knees; others are mere cocktail jackets carried out along the lines of the popular bolero model; while I have seen lovely ankle-length coats in printed mousseline lined with bright shimmering silks.



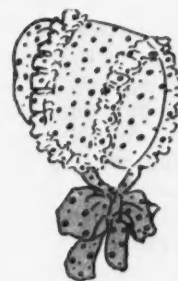
Jimmie Greenaway



Miss Barbara Long



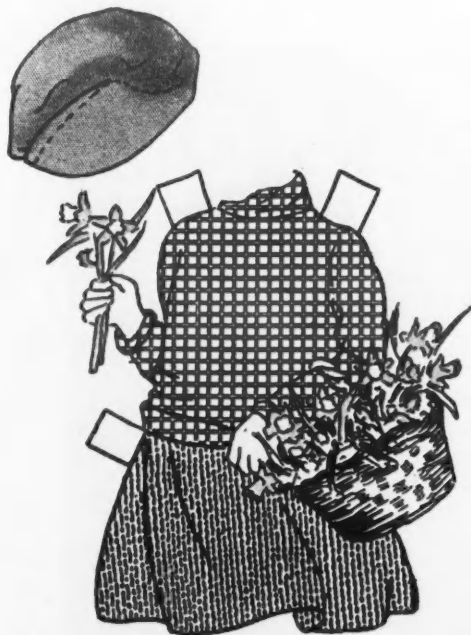
Betty Greenaway



The Fairy and the Little Flower Girl



Little
Rose



A Story and Cut-out for the Children

by JEAN WYLIE

THERE are some places with which it seems quite natural to associate fairies—for instance, in the deep glades of the forest or by a dark pool where lacy ferns and water-lilies grow, or in a field dense with wild roses and daisies. Somehow those are the kind of places one would expect to find a fairy, particularly a fairy princess.

Princess Joy however left such playgrounds to her brothers and sisters and busied herself in much less pleasant places. She had taken it upon herself to look after the little motherless children of the world, and particularly the little boys and girls who shouldered the cares of the household and mothered their younger brothers and sisters. In fact Princess Joy called herself the "Little Mothers' Good Fairy."

At the time when the story of which I am going to tell you took place, you would, if you had had fairy eyes, have found her in a very shabby room perched on a gas wall-bracket, swinging her tiny legs, and watching with great interest the movements of a little girl called Rose Greenaway.

At the top of the page is a picture of Rose Greenaway. Rose, her little brother Jimmy and small sister Betty lived with their widower father who was a gardener, in two small rooms of a crowded tenement house, and they were very poor indeed.

When Mr. Greenaway was out during the day, looking after other people's gardens, Rose was "Little Mother" at home. She washed and dressed her brother and sister, took them out with her when she did the marketing and prepared the meals. She was only nine years old, but sometimes little girls of nine can be very grown-up indeed.

One day Mr. Greenaway was brought home from work with an injured foot, and had to go to bed. Then Rose had to be nurse as well as mother. With no money coming in, the small amount saved soon disappeared, and presently there was nothing left with which to buy food.

Then it was that Princess Joy arrived on the scene. She always came when her friends were in difficulty, and today she had flown up on to the gas wall-bracket to get a better view of the situation.

Rose with her chin clasped in her small hands, was looking out of their smutty window on to the roofs that stretched

below. With puckered brow she was trying to think of some way out of their trouble. She knew that it was she who must be the bread-winner now, but just how she did not know. Princess Joy, however, had seen her troubled look, and flew down on to her shoulder. "Why not be a flower girl?" she whispered. The thought suddenly came into her head though she had no idea from where it came. She knew of a greenhouse nearby where her father often bought plants. She would go there and get some flowers to sell. The owner of the greenhouse was a very kind man and readily consented to pay Rose for all the flowers she could sell for him—Princess Joy had been sitting on his shoulder too!

Rose filled her basket with blooms, and in great excitement took up her stand upon the crowded street corner.

It was such an unusual sight to see a little girl selling flowers, and Rose looked so pretty with her flushed cheeks and shining eyes and arms filled with blossoms, that many passers-by stopped to purchase. By noon she had sold half her stock and was just turning to go home to get her father's lunch, when a great big school boy came running down the street and bumped in to her. Over tumbled Rose, away flew the basket, and the flowers spilled out on to the road only to be trodden on by the careless passers-by.

You may be certain that at such a time, Princess Joy could not be very far away. At that very moment she flew on to the shoulder of a tall young lady who was standing on the opposite corner. "Don't you see that little flower girl over there crying as if her heart would break?" she whispered, although the lady did not know that she was there at all, "Go and see if you can help her."

Rose suddenly felt the touch of a gentle hand on her

shoulder and heard a soft voice say, "There, there little girl, never you mind."

"Get her some fresh flowers," whispered the fairy.

The lady thought she had thought of the idea herself and said, "Don't you cry any more. Come along with me and we will find some pretty fresh flowers to put in your basket." Rose dried her eyes, and looking up, saw bending over her the most beautiful lady she had ever seen in her life.

Her kind friend took Rose to a florist's close by, and ordered her basket to be filled with the prettiest flowers there were. She was just about to say good-by when the good fairy lighted on her shoulder again and whispered, "Ask the little girl her name and where she lives—you might be able to help the poor child." So imagining that she had thought of it herself the beautiful lady did as the fairy told her. When she heard that this little bit of a girl was not only the breadwinner but also took care of her small brother and sister and sick father, she was greatly moved. A big tear, in fact two or three big tears came into her eyes, and she bent down and kissed the smiling child. Then she slipped two big shining silver coins into her hand, and promised that she would come and buy some flowers from her the next day.

Rose could hardly run home fast enough to tell her father the good news and show him the big coins.

After that, Miss Barbara Long, for that was the beautiful lady's name, came every day to buy flowers from Rose, and she and the little flower girl became very good friends indeed. Sometimes she would take Rose home to her little flat, and give her a glass of milk and a big piece of cake with thick icing on it. Those were indeed very red-letter days for the little flower-girl.

THEN one day a wonderful thing happened. You may be sure that Princess Joy had been doing a good deal of whispering! Miss Barbara Long came to call on the Greenaways, and brought such exciting news that the whole Greenaway family behaved in the most extraordinary manner. Little Jimmy who from shyness had been in hiding, came out from behind the washstand [Continued on page 48]



HERBERT S. PALMER, A.R.C.A., O.S.A.

ON THE HILLSIDE

Permanently Lent by the Canadian National Exhibition to the Art Gallery of Toronto

Herbert S. Palmer's pastoral paintings are justly famous, since they express with native intensity the rugged charm of the Canadian countryside.

Two Canadian canvases that have won distinction.

—By the courtesy of the Art Gallery of Toronto.

Robert Ford Gagen was born in London, England, but completed his studies in Canada. His "marines" have won for him international commendation.



R. F. GAGEN, R.C.A., O.S.A.

AT THE FOOT OF THE CLIFFS

Presented to the Art Gallery of Toronto by Members of the O.S.A.

The Making of a Magazine

And Your Responsibility in Sharing Ideas

ONE of the most interesting parts in this interesting job of putting a magazine together, is watching the response from you who read it.

Every issue is really very much like the first night presentation of a new play—or rather review, since we have gathered so many “turns” between the covers. We have the various actors presenting their stories and ideas. We have the scenic painters who decorate the stage setting on every page and give you “eye entertainment” to accompany the ideas of the writers. Every issue is a definite presentation of entertainment sent out to you with all the suspense associated with an author at the first night of his play. How will you like it? How will you respond? Will the articles be vivid enough to inspire correspondence?

For that is one of the big tests. When a busy woman will take the time, to sit down and write about the opinions expressed in an article—then it has really interested her.

Letters are really the applause; and letters add so much to the interest of any argument. For it is all very well to present a viewpoint, with the feeling “This is my idea—and I think I’m right.” But the interest lies in the reaction of men and women—in the new angles they bring to the single question. Realizing this, we hope to start very soon a special department devoted to readers’ ideas—for a magazine instantly becomes a personal medium when one can express personal ideas in it. It’s helpful perhaps, to write to the editor and pour forth one’s opinions, but when those opinions can be presented to thousands of other women, then there is a very definite feeling of the responsibility in sharing ideas.

I did not feel, for instance, that the presentation of a young woman’s ideas about youth and the church, had really “got across” until we read the letters which appear in this issue from noted divines, who see one aspect of the situation, from young men who are well-known leaders in young people’s work, and from the mothers of families all with a totally different slant. That is where the value in such an article lies—in the reader response which reflects the ideas of thinking men and women in all parts of Canada. That is where a magazine can be a definite factor in nation-building—in encouraging national thought on national problems. For instance in this very question of youth and the church, the ideas as presented by the young woman were most certainly only a very small part of the whole. The viewpoint of the clergy, could give another slant—while the reactions from our readers will

give a third. Thus by time we have completed the discussion, *The Chatelaine* will have presented an all-round reflection of ideas—and that is, after all, what we want to do.

Undoubtedly one of the most popular “turns” we have presented in *The Chatelaine* as judged by correspondence, has been F. E. Baily’s “Do Wives Give More Than Husbands?” Yet applause is hardly the word, since every letter, we have received, and there have been many which unfortunately we could not publish, has attacked Mr. Baily with gusto. Yet the very fact that his article so stirred the interest of the wives who read it, that they wanted to seize vitriolic pens and slash into the writer, is, in a sense, applause. For it showed interest.

If as your magazine, we always presented thoughts and ideas which you could placidly accept with a nodding head, and a—“Yes, that’s true. That’s quite right,” there would not be

much entertainment, do you think? How boring is the person who always says the obvious and indisputable truth?

Mr. Baily will arouse argument again with his belief that “Women Bring Too Much Sex into Business.” If during the coming weeks, you should see a gaily frocked business girl on holidays, scribbling furiously in a canoe you will know that she is probably letting Mr. Baily know just exactly what she thinks of him in plain business language. I wonder if anyone will feel that there is some truth in the article?

NEXT month we launch quite the most thrilling serial that we have come across in many moons. “The Cats-Paw” by J. Messer. This is one of those glamorous and romantic stories of mystery laid in southern Europe, and will eventually appear in book form.

NEXT month comes the announcement of the winners in *The Chatelaine’s* snapshot contest. Over five thousand snapshots were received from every nook and cranny in Canada. Undoubtedly they form the most interesting collection of child snapshots which have been gathered together in many years. It is going to be a sad, sad, task sending back the thousands which cannot win a prize, since when so many really good photographs are grouped for judging, only the super-fine points can be considered between them. We are going to select as many as we possibly can to publish in future issues of the magazines since they will delight every child-lover.

I have been looking at the snapshots, and have been struck with the hundreds of very lovely babies snapped in bath-tubs—such beaming babies! But it really looks as if readers of *The Chatelaine* from coast to coast have been plumping babies in bath-tubs on the back lawn, and snapping the grin of satisfaction that instantly comes from a bath in the sunshine. These are so delightful, that we are going to plan an entire page of babies in their bath-tubs, just to let you see how differently the various babies can handle such a situation!

Remember—prize-winners in the August issue.

Byrne Hops Sanders.



Ragged Sailors

by John Hanlon

Blue ragged sailors; walks of white-washed seashells;
White-washed jawbone of a whale, trellising a vine,
Belfries of pink mallows; tubs of gay nasturtiums
And a cool wind blowing in, vigorous with brine.

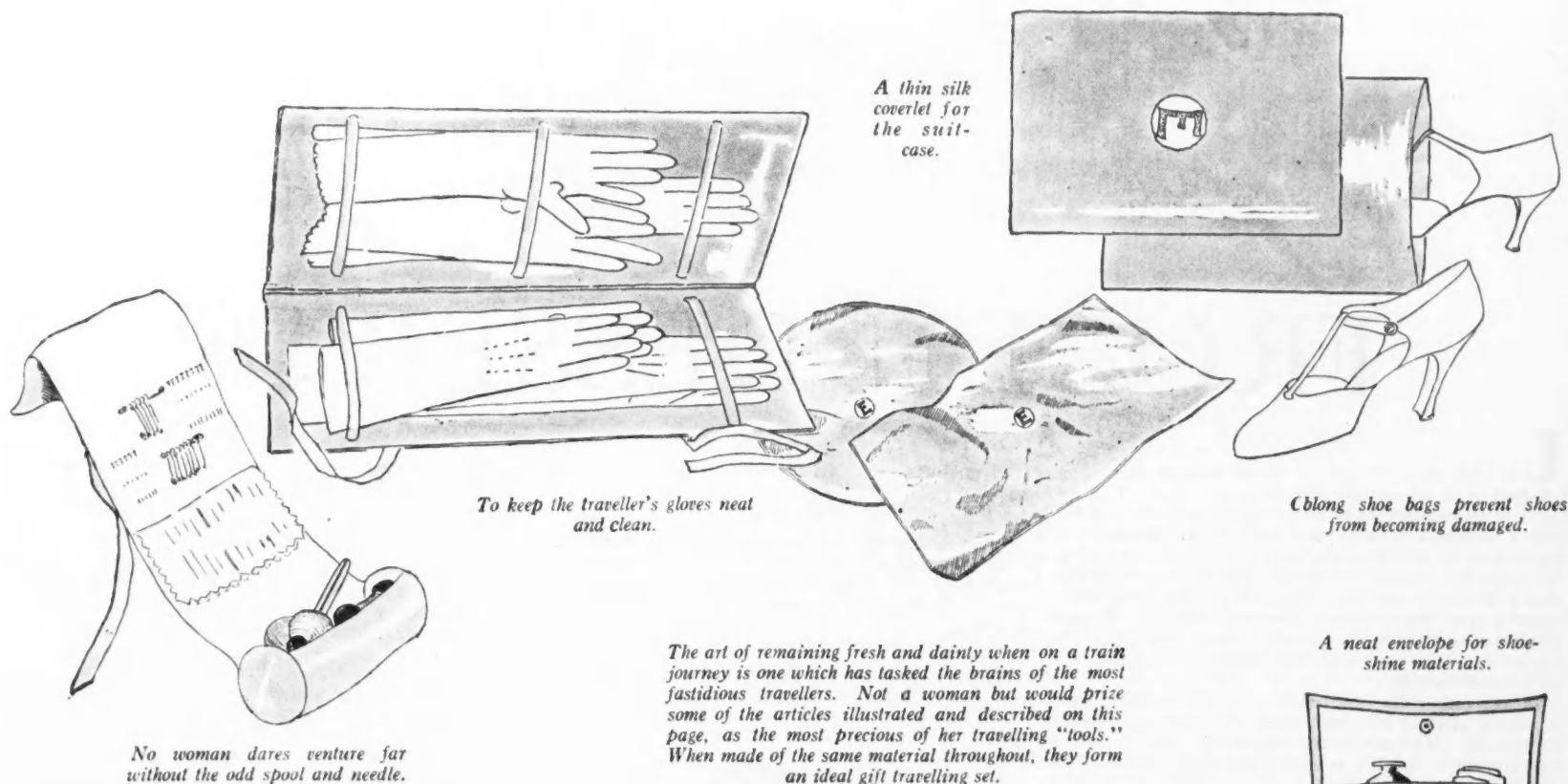
Blue ragged sailors, dancing in the sea-wind—
Seven sons, sea-born sons, but ne’er a son at home,
Three in some sea-graveyard, and three who have forgotten,
One, a weakly little lad, who never lived to roam.

Blue ragged sailors! Tears can’t last forever,
Peace in sleeping solid though angry winds may stir;
Give an old sea-wife a cottage and a garden
And she’ll be contented till God’s ship calls for her.



TRAVELLING?

Suggestions for the Honeymoon or Vacation Journey



by HELEN WEBSTER

WHAT member of the fair sex is there who does not delight to have her travelling outfit shipshape? It is so difficult to keep one's things from becoming creased and crumpled looking, when they are crowded into a suit case. Gloves and handkerchiefs, for instance, which are in constant use, are the first to suffer. Then what a luxury it is to carry a complete shoe-shine outfit with you—neatly encased in a silk and rubber bag; or a coat hanger holder to keep all those rather unwieldy accessories together.

For the friend who is planning a trip this summer, or for the June bride upon her honeymoon, no gift could be more appropriate or acceptable than a travelling set such as the one illustrated and described below.

Taffeta, faille, or satin in pure or artificial silk are the best materials to choose, and the colors should be selected with a watchful eye on the smoke and dust of trains. A delicate lavender or rose certainly looks most charming wrapped in its gift-folds of tissue paper, but it would soon lose any semblance of freshness after it had been exposed to the rigors of a journey. So it is wisest to restrain the impulse toward boudoir-like colors in favor of such serviceable shades as navy blue, brown, purple or dark shot silks. And these, as a matter of fact, can look very rich and striking.

The set includes suit case covers, wash bag, sewing kit, coat hanger holders, shoe-shine outfit, glove case, laundry bag, shoe bags and whisk holder—all essentials of travelling.

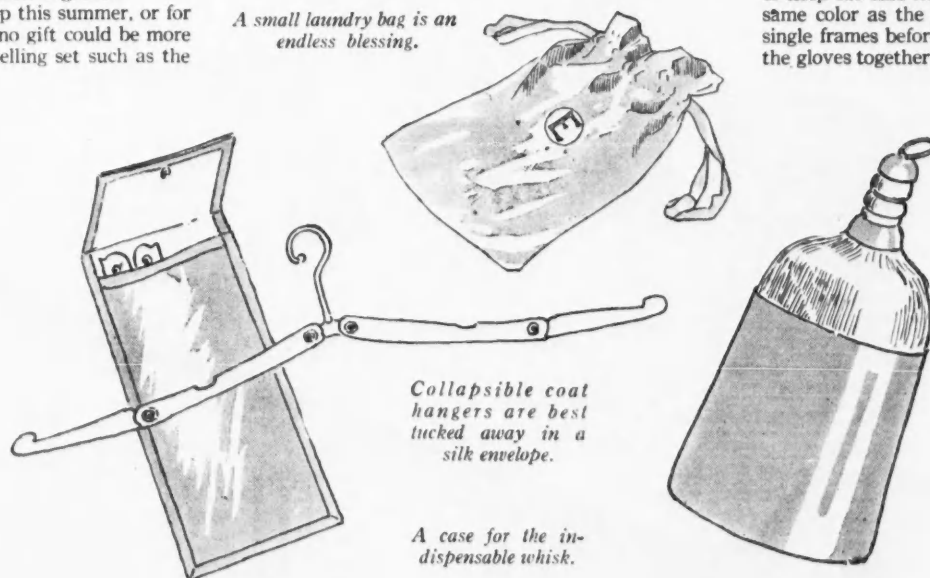
The Coverlets—A coverlet of thin silk will prevent the dust from filtering in, and completely cover the contents of the suit case when the lid is open. These are cut about 1½

inches larger all the way around than the size of the lid of the suit case or hat box, and bound with ribbon.

The Shoe Bags—They are very easily made. When finished they should be about 8 inches wide and at least 16 inches long. The open end is finished with a deep hem or a ribbon binding. If desired a draw-string may be run through the hem.

The Wash Bag—A larger and roomier article than the usual wash bag. It should be made 12 by 13 inches. It is lined with a rubber lining to which have been attached large rubber cloth pockets. The bag may be opened and

A small laundry bag is an endless blessing.



closed with drawing ribbons, as illustrated, or have a zipper fastener inserted.

The Glove Case—Procure four pieces of cardboard 12 by 6 inches. Pad them lightly with cotton wool and cover with

silk on one side. Sew two of these frames together to form one covered with silk on both sides. Join the other frames in the same manner, and bind each frame with cord. Sew the two frames together along one side to form a hinge. Finish with two ribbons inserted at the outer edges to keep the case closed. If desired, silk elastic bands of the same color as the silk case, may be inserted between the single frames before the braid is sewn on. These will keep the gloves together and in their places.

The Sewing Kit—Line a piece of silk, 5 inches wide and 15 inches long with white flannel. Place a smaller extra piece or two of flannel on the lining for needles and pins. Attach by sewing down the centre (see illustration). Cover two small cardboard discs with silk and attach to one end of the lined strip to form a pocket. This will hold the spools, scissors, and so forth. A ribbon attached to the centre back holds the case closed when rolled.

The Laundry Bag—This is made in the usual way of laundry bags—quite simply. It is 12 by 14 inches and is drawn together at one end with ribbons.

The Handkerchief Case—Contrasting colors would be most attractive for the handkerchief case. Take two pieces of silk of different shades, in size 12 by 4¾ inches. Stitch them together

and pad lightly with cotton batting. Sprinkle too, with a little sachet powder. Turn right side out, sew together the open end and fold in half. Turn inside out and stitch the two sides together. Turn again to [Continued on page 40]

THE CHATELAIN INSTITUTE

Stains on Summer Silks

by MARJORIE L. HULL

Illustrated by
Ruth Radford

A little home cleaning knowledge will keep your dresses as fresh and dainty as the day they were bought

SUMMER fashions call for gay silk prints as beautiful as they are perishable, and soft chiffons made into frocks of ruffles and flounces and floating ends. These dresses are becoming to almost everyone,—but one little spot, and the daintiness of the gown and the effectiveness of the entire costume are ruined.

"Another trip to the cleaners, another two dollars gone," you wail. Or perhaps you daub at it ineffectually and leave a ring almost as bad as the original stain. A few simple preparations on hand, and a little knowledge of stain removal, however, will help reduce the cleaning bill, add to the life of your filmiest frock and keep it fresh and immaculate at all times.

Of course, the amateur cleaner cannot hope to work miracles, or do the difficult work that professional cleaners can accomplish with their elaborate equipment, but she can do much toward eliminating the results of the many little accidents which even the least awkward are bound to have occasionally.

Prompt treatment is one of the most important rules to remember. Changes in the character of the stain, brought about by drying, pressing, or exposure, often make it necessary to use strong chemicals in removing old stains, or the stain will become so deeply embedded in the fabric that it cannot be removed without destroying the fibre. The only sure method of removing old stains is with bleaches, and these are often injurious to delicate silk materials.

The only alkalis that should be used in laundering or removing stains from silk are the milder ones such as borax or dilute solution of ammonia. Silk fibre is dissolved by alkalis, and even washing soda or strongly alkaline soap often weakens the material if it does not destroy it completely. Dilute acids, with the exception of nitric which weakens and turns fibres yellow, do not attack silk readily. The use of very hot water must also be avoided, even on washable silks, since it turns the fibres yellow and injures the finish of the fabric. Great care must also be taken in the removal of stains from silk, as the mineral salts that are often used to weight such fabrics tend to weaken them.

Colored fabrics must be handled, of course, with more care than white ones, as chemicals strong enough to remove stains will usually attack dyestuffs. If the color changes shade when treated with an acid the original color can often be restored by a weak alkali, such as ammonia solution or ammonia fumes.

As a usual thing, the increasingly popular art silk fabrics may be treated much the same as silk, but because art silk is now manufactured by a number of different processes it is safer to try any cleaning method on a small sample or inside seam to be sure that the liquid will not be injurious.

Authorities on cleaning divide the materials in general use for stain removal into three classes: solvents, which are the most commonly used; absorbents, which are especially good for grease stains; and bleaches, which must be used with great care on silks.

Water and such liquids as wood and denatured alcohol, ether, gasoline, chloroform, and carbon tetrachloride are the best known stain solvents. Many stains are removable with water, and unless the stain is known to be insoluble in water and the fabric water spots or the colors run, it is best to try water first, rubbing gently with a damp cloth. Test by placing a little water on a seam of the garment if you are unable to tell if it might be injured by such treatment.

THE other solvents mentioned are particularly good for removing stains of a fatty or greasy nature. Being mostly inflammable in character, these solvent liquids must be used with great care. Carbon tetrachloride is the one exception. Many of the highly advertised non-inflammable cleaners sold on the market under trade names are almost pure carbon tetrachloride. This solvent may be purchased at any drug store and is a very valuable aid in removing grease spots. None of the solvents mentioned here, with the exception of water, will harm any silk fabric.

Corn meal is an absorbent which is found in every home, and chalk, magnesium carbonate and fuller's earth are also well known in this group. They are most effective if the stain is light or freshly made, but they cannot be relied upon when it is set or very extensive. They are harmless to all fibres. Lay the stained fabric on a flat table and spread a layer of the absorbent over the stain. Work it around gently so as not to strain the silk. As soon as the powder becomes gummy, brush it off, and repeat the process until the bulk of the stain is removed. Then apply another layer of the absorbent and allow it to remain overnight—or longer if necessary—to remove all traces of the stain. If it is not convenient to let the absorbent remain on overnight, place a layer of cloth over the absorbent and apply a warm—not hot—iron for several minutes. In the case of stains made by solid fats, which must be melted before they can be absorbed, the use of the warm iron is necessary.

Bleaches must be used with great care, as they not only take out the color but many of them are decidedly injurious to silk fibres. Potassium permanganate may be used on white silk and on some colored materials, but must be tested first on a sample to be sure it will not harm the dye. To use the permanganate, dissolve one teaspoonful of the crystals in a pint of water and apply a little of this to the stain with a medicine dropper or a glass rod and allow to

remain for about five minutes. Remove any pink or brown stain left by the permanganate with lemon juice. Peroxide, with a small amount of ammonia solution added, may also be used on silk if the fabric is carefully rinsed afterward. Peroxide, however, usually affects the color of a fabric.

A few general directions may be given for removing stains with the agents mentioned in the preceding paragraphs. Spread the article on a flat surface in a good light. Lay the stained material with the wrong side up and apply the liquid to the back, so that the stain can be removed from the fibre without having to pass through the material. A clean piece of blotting paper may be placed under the stain to absorb the superfluous liquid. Change the paper occasionally as it becomes soiled. Sponge with a soft clean cloth which has been dampened in the liquid. Do not have the cloth wet, and use a light brushing motion, spreading the moisture irregularly into the fabric in order to prevent unsightly rings.

Chemicals should not be used until after water has been tried, unless it is definitely known that water will not remove the stain or that the fabric is unsuitable for water treatment. There is always danger that chemicals will attack the fibre, but this danger is lessened by working rapidly so as to give the chemicals as little time as possible to act. Many brief applications with rinsing after each application are preferable to allowing them to remain on the stain for a long time.

THE chief difficulty encountered by the inexperienced cleaner is the ring which often forms around the place where the spot has been removed. These are made by the excess dressing in the finish of the material. After a spot is removed it is well to go over it lightly with a moist cloth, absorbing the surplus moisture and spreading the dressing into an irregular, indistinct line. Rapid drying is always good to overcome the tendency to ring formation. If it is impossible to prevent rings by these methods it may be necessary to wash the garment or dip it in gasoline.

Some of the successful methods of treating your silk dresses for stains most common in the summertime are listed below. All of these remedies will not work on all materials, and it is always best to try a sample of the material first rather than run the risk of doing irreparable damage.

Water—Dampen the material evenly and press while still damp. Scratching with the finger-nail or a stiff brush is sometimes effective.

Fruits, cooked—Sponge with warm water, follow with treatment of potassium permanganate.

Fruits, uncooked—Moisten with lemon juice and expose to bright sunlight; potassium permanganate.

Coffee—Fresh stains may be removed by soap and water if the material is washable. Fairly good results are obtained in removing stains from light silks by placing the stain between clean damp cloths and pressing with a hot iron. Another method is to sponge non-washable materials with a very little clear water and then use hydrogen peroxide solution.

Chocolate—Soak the stained portion of fabric in wood alcohol with a little ammonia solution added, or grease solvents will dissolve the fatty contents of the stain and the remainder can be removed by hydrogen peroxide.

Tea—Keep the stains moist with lemon juice and expose them to the sun for a day or two; potassium permanganate.

Perspiration—Colors changed by [Continued on page 49]

THE CHATELAINE INSTITUTE

Their cool deliciousness fits equally well into the simple home meal and party menu



by
Helen G. Campbell

Director of the
Chatelaine Institute

FROZEN DESSERTS

ICE CREAM is one answer to the oftentimes tantalizing question of an appropriate dessert. And it is well that ice cream is so generally liked by young and old, for it is not only a delicious dessert, but a nourishing one which is particularly acceptable at this season of the year. Too often, ice cream is regarded as merely a luxury, but it numbers among its merits high food value, delicacy of flavor, comparative ease of preparation and reasonable cost. Frozen desserts fit equally well in the simple home meal and in the party menu, and their cool deliciousness assures them an enthusiastic reception.

In the sick room, ice cream is of inestimable value, especially in cases of fever. Even when no solid food is permissible, ice cream can be included in the diet, as the nourishment it provides is in an easily digested form. Its attractive appearance and delicious flavor tempt the invalid, whose appetite is often capricious. Variety of flavors can be secured by using different fruits in season, crushed and frozen with the ice cream mixture or served as a garnish or sauce.

Nor is much time or labor required to make ice cream at home. Provided the housekeeper has at hand the few simple requisites, she can prepare a frozen dainty with very little trouble. The following classification is taken from the Dominion Department of Agriculture publication, *Home-made Frozen Desserts*. It illustrates the variety of dishes possible and gives an idea of the relative cost.

Plain Ice Creams

The plain ice creams are made from table cream—twelve to eighteen per cent butter fat—sugar and flavoring material. Vanilla is the most common flavoring, but other flavors such as chocolate, maple, coffee or caramel, are suitable and appetizing.

Fruit Ice Creams

The fruit ice creams consist of cream, sugar and fresh fruits. Almost any kind of fresh fruit such as strawberries, raspberries, cranberries, peaches, cherries, grapes or currants can be used. The fruit should be fresh and well ripened. Various canned fruits may also be used.

Nut Ice Creams

Nut ice creams consist of cream, sugar and nuts. Any of the common nuts—walnuts, filberts—can be used. Vanilla, chocolate or caramel are suitable flavorings for nut ice creams.

Bisque Ice Creams

Bisque ice creams are made of cream, sugar and

bread products such as macaroons, grapenuts or marshmallows.

Parfaits

Parfaits belong to the richer and fancier ice creams. They consist of cream of about twenty-five or thirty per cent butter fat, sugar, yolks of eggs, and flavoring material. Nuts or fresh fruit may be added.

Mousses

Mousse is probably the richest and fanciest of the ice creams, and consists of frozen whipped cream to which

sugar and natural flavoring have been added. Fresh fruits are necessary for mousse and a small amount of lemon juice should be added to bring out the fresh fruit flavor.

Puddings

Ice cream puddings are made from the parfait mixture with the addition of candied fruits and nuts. They are generally highly seasoned. These puddings are suitable for Thanksgiving, Christmas and other holiday festivities.

Ices

The most common ices are the water and milk sherbets which consist of milk, skim milk, or water, sugar, flavoring, and the whites of eggs, if desired. Sherbets are characterized by their tart flavor, as lemon juice is usually added in addition to any other flavoring used.

Frappés consist of the same materials as sherbets, but are frozen only to a soft, semi-frozen consistency.

Soufflés differ from sherbets in that they contain the whole egg.

PROPER utensils are necessary and ingredients should be well chosen and carefully blended. Cream twenty-four hours old will give a smoother texture than fresh cream. Fruits should be well ripened; nuts should be fresh and flavoring materials of good quality.

An ice cream freezer is a convenient addition to the kitchen equipment and is well worth the small expense it entails. Various freezers are on the market and it is well to select a size to suit your requirements. The one-quart size will make six servings; the two-quart size, twice that amount. Either of these is satisfactory for the average-sized family; larger sizes are, as a rule, unnecessary for home use and are heavier and more awkward to handle. Then, too, they require a larger quantity of ice, the chopping of which is the only laborious part of making ice cream at home. It is important that the ice should be finely broken in order to pack evenly around the freezer pan and to come in close contact with it. To accomplish this, place the ice in a coarse canvas bag and crush with a wooden mallet. Salt is also required. Crushed rock salt is preferable, but ordinary coarse salt will serve the purpose. One measure of salt to eight measures of ice will give an efficient freezing mixture, and this proportion is most satisfactory in producing the smooth and velvety texture which is so desirable.

When making ice cream, first assemble your ingredients and utensils. You will

[Continued on page 54]



Above: Ice cream and fresh fruit are an appropriate and popular combination.

Below: With wholesome ingredients and suitable utensils the making of delicious ice cream is a simple process for the housekeeper.

THE CHATELAINE INSTITUTE

If It's a House Wedding

Interesting ideas for the summer or autumn wedding that is to take place at home

by VERA E. WELCH

FORMALITY, which obtruded itself so insistently in the days of our Victorian grandmamas, has gone a-weeping down the corridors of time, and in its place originality is the little social god we moderns worship. There is not very much opportunity for expressing one's urge for individuality when the event is a wedding. Of course, the thing has been done. Couples have jazzed down the aisle to matrimony to the wails of a saxophone; they have plighted their troth in the company of birds and the necessary presence of an airplane pilot.

But they are the exception. The most of us still cling lovingly to the age-old traditions of the marriage service. There is a spiritual dignity and a solemnity which are very sacred and beautiful in the traditional wedding. And these qualities are quite irrespective of creed or religion. They are bound up with countless years of symbolic ritual.

It is since formality went out of fashion that the house wedding has come into its own; and it is certainly a charming way of overcoming many of the difficulties which hedge about a church ceremony. For one thing it costs much less. There are no sexton's fees, no choir and organist's fees, no church decoration fees. Besides which, it saves a great deal of trouble in transporting the wedding party to and from the church.

Yes, there is a great deal to be said for the house wedding, and it is obvious that every year more people are recognizing its virtues. Our high pressure living doesn't leave us much time for the months of patient preparation that the bride's family suffered of yore. While one may look back with sentimental eyes to the time when "every stitch was done by hand, and the church was a bower of flowers" in saner moments a family seldom yearns to tread again the nerve-jagged, bill-strewn road to matrimony.

Of course, even a house wedding is sometimes a very grand affair, with sweeping palms and exotic-scented flowers, orchestra *par excellence* and sumptuous breakfast but with such "goings on" this article has nothing whatever to do. Its function is simply to

tell how an attractive, dignified yet friendly wedding can be given with as little trouble as possible.

To begin with the invitations, these are usually printed for any sort of wedding. This is one of the unwritten laws which long usage has bequeathed us. But if the wedding is very small and very informal, it is no breach of etiquette if they are personally written by the bride's mother or in her name.

But there are degrees of informality. One may decide to have two or three bridesmaids and two or three groomsmen and still be as serenely correct as she who chooses to have no attendants whatever. The tendency, however, leans toward two supporting figures for the bride and the groom—the maid of honor and the best man. These two—and possibly a flower girl—most often comprise the up-to-date "wedding procession."

The best

man is really indispensable. He dates back to times prehistoric when young Lochinvar's muscular ancestor enlisted the aid of another primeval "he-man" to carry off his lady love. He is a symbol of conquest! And the maid of honor? She is the atten-

dant virgin, Portia's Nerissa, Rosalind's Celia, the bride's confidante. If she is not, there is no reason for her presence.

Little need be done to the home beyond the natural setting in order. There should be a room put aside for the use of the groom and his best man, and another for the guests. It is wisest to remove most of the furniture from the room in which the ceremony is to take place, for the very things that impart so cosy an atmosphere to the place at usual times, will result in a "cluttered" appearance on this day. Dignity and simplicity are the two main principles to bear in mind.



If you possess a hardwood or stained floor, you are fortunate, for then you can take up the carpet, which with its color and pattern might otherwise strike an incongruous note. The position of the altar should be chosen with an eye

both to the shape of the room and its relation to the entrance of the bridal party. The logical place for it would be in a recess between the windows, if there are two; or perhaps a corner of the room would lend itself for this purpose. The mantel, which is so often used as a background for the ceremony, is a particularly hard thing to camouflage. A mantel it was made and a mantel it will be, despite all efforts to transform it into a bower of flowers. It is, alas, impervious to enchantment.

The altar will be the focal point of the room, so that it should naturally strike the keynote of the ceremony. The rest of the room, as long as it is not "cosily cluttered," really matters very little, since it will in any event be well filled with people. Quite the loveliest way in which to arrange the altar is to have it against a background of hangings. It may be that your portières would form the hangings, or, more likely, a specially hung drape of black or deep blue velvet or tapestry might be arranged. The richly shadowed folds of velvet are an intensely dramatic background for an altar cloth of white satin. At the foot of the altar might be placed, if desired, a long white, satin-swathed kneeling pillow.

Atmosphere—that is what one should strive for, and it isn't found by way of brimming purses, either. As a matter of fact, some of the most elaborate schemes of decoration that have been planned for large house weddings, have defeated their purpose just because they have been too ornate. The traditional altar-piece of interwoven ferns and flowers has a knack of looking singularly staid and "wreathy" after the florist has finished twisting and wiring and pinning the flowers into position.

But velvet and shining satin are very easily procurable. They might even correspond to the "something borrowed" in the bride's own costume. For who isn't generous with their finest when a wedding is at stake? The foundation for the altar might be rigged up out of a wooden box or some such humble object. As long as it is the right shape and height it really doesn't matter.

Upon the altar one single silver vase filled with a spray of white flowers, with an open Bible or prayerbook beside it, is all that is needed.

Whether the rest of the room is radiant with flowers or echoes the bare loveliness of the altar, will depend upon the extent of your budget and your own individual taste. An abundance of flowers is certainly very beautiful, and tends to relieve the austerity of the altar. The choice of flowers will, of course, depend on the preference of the bride herself. Usually the trailing flowers are easier to arrange and are most effective when finished. Especially lovely is the yellow laburnum, and if your garden boasts a laburnum tree, then your problem is solved in a royal manner. Lilac, too, is lavish in its beauty, and its scent will [Continued on page 53]



THE CHATELAINE INSTITUTE



Lake shores and sea shores are prime favorites as picnic spots.

UNDER PICNIC TREES

Or on summer beaches the picnic that is well planned is the most successful

by HELEN G. CAMPBELL

Director of The Chatelaine Institute

HIGHWAYS are happy ways indeed to the true lover of the out-of-doors. They offer something of adventure and romance, of health and recreation, too, if the trail leads to some spot of beauty where we may "Keep house under picnic trees,"

"With paper plates and a little blue breeze."

Canada abounds in ideal sites for outdoor housekeeping—by the river's edge, the seashore or high among the hills. While those with motor cars may travel many miles to reach their favorite picnic resort or to search for new ones, a meal in some nearby park is a delight which even the humblest city dweller may enjoy.

The picnic menu, to be successful, should be adapted to the season, the age and number of the party, and the facilities for the serving of the meal. Careful attention to the choice of food, the assembling of equipment and the details of packing will add to the carefree pleasure of the outing. It is better to include only foods which carry well and so avoid the anxiety which may be caused by dishes which are spoiled by jarring or which are difficult to serve. Appetites are stimulated in the out-of-doors and even the simplest foods acquire unusual appeal. So let your picnic meal be simple but bountiful and attractively packed.

Sandwiches are the prime favorite and they offer the advantages of easy carriage and great variety. Fillings are as varied as the larder and the housekeeper's imagination will permit.

Thin slices of meat, beef, tongue, ham with mustard or chili sauce are always acceptable. If preferred, the meat may be minced and mixed with chopped pickle, diced celery or cooked vegetable and moistened with salad dressing or catsup. Fried bacon or ham makes delicious fillings which are substantial and satisfying. Egg sandwiches are very generally liked. The eggs may be fried, scrambled or hard cooked, and combined with a variety of other flavorful foods—olives, cucumbers, peppers or cress. Fish is often used; salmon is an old favorite, and sardines, tuna fish, lobster and shrimps are equally pleasant for out-of-door meals. Cheese is appropriate, either in thin slices or grated and mixed until creamy with salad dressing or cream. Nuts, olives, chopped celery, grated carrots may be added, or even cold left-over vegetable. A delicious cheese paste is made by combining grated cheese with tomato relish, chopped nuts, a little onion juice and seasoning. This can be kept in jars in your refrigerator ready for use. Cream cheese spreads evenly and combines well with many fruits and vegetables. Then, too, there are many prepared pastes and relishes suitable for sandwich spreads.

A sweet sandwich is made of fruit, marmalade, jam, jelly, chopped raisins and dates with nuts. A few of these are often enjoyed, though the savory sandwich is usually more popular in the picnic lunch.

Small whole tomatoes, hard cooked eggs and radishes are easily carried and served. Do not forget the salt; it may be taken in a shaker or packages—one for each person may be made by wrapping in small pieces of waxed paper.

Individual salads may be prepared and packed in paper cups, or a larger salad can be carried in a bowl or paper carton and served on paper plates. Fruits of all kinds can be included—peaches, grapes, oranges, apples, bananas and berries or dried fruit will be enthusiastically received. Cookies, doughnuts, and buttered rolls are also popular picnic requisites. The thermos bottle is excellent for hot beverages or it may be used for cold drinks such as fruit punch, lemonade or orangeade. Let the quantity of beverage be very generous, for one is thirsty on a hot summer afternoon and it is better to beware the lure of the wayside stream as the water is often unsafe for drinking. Ginger ale and grape juice are best carried in the container in which they are purchased. Take along straws for drinking these from the bottle. Straws can be bought in small packages and are convenient to have on hand if you are one of the vast number who go picnicking. Paper plates, spoons, cups in various sizes, paper table napkins, tablecloths, waxed paper in rolls or sheets are to be found at very low cost and have many uses.

Very elaborate picnic baskets are on the market. Some are cleverly fitted with all sorts of conveniences and have ample room for packing a most substantial meal. But if you do not like to incur this expense there is no necessity to go hungry, for you can carry a delicious lunch in a small tin bread-box or in firm cardboard boxes. If you have any distance to walk, pack your meal in small packages and distribute them among the members of the party. It is wise, though, to have these well arranged, sandwiches in one box, fruit in another, and cookies and cakes in one of suitable size. To avoid confusion label the boxes, and then you will save yourself the trouble to remember what is in each or to open all to find what they contain.

In packing sandwiches or other similar foods, do not be sparing of waxed paper. Wrap only a few sandwiches in each package and fasten the package with string or rubber bands. Eggs, tomatoes and many fruits are much nicer if each is wrapped in paper.

Many people find half the enjoyment of the picnic in preparing some of the food over a small camp fire. Bacon or sausages may be fried, corn cooked, pork and beans heated, coffee boiled or marshmallows toasted. In the fall, such a picnic meal is a particular delight; the fragrant odors and delicious flavors linger long in the memory. A word, though, about the fire; it should not be too hot, as it is difficult then to keep foods from burning. And it should be put out—completely.

Again, there is the shore picnic with baked clams or boiled lobster or shrimp, eaten while the lapping of the waves makes music. There is the roadside meal of the motorist or the extended picnic of the camper who lives as much as possible in the out-of-doors.

Plan your menu according to the nature of the outing and the season of the year. On a warm summer afternoon, take a hamper to some shady nook or sandy beach. On a crisp fall evening, have a corn roast or weiner roast in some clear, open space. But for any such meal, forethought is necessary in planning it and packing the picnic kit, if your pleasure is not to be lessened by some forgotten essential. Disappointment over a missing cup or some other utensil can be very keen. Remember, too, that your party will be more jolly with simple fare. And there will be more time for enjoyment if the meal is easily served.

If receptacles for waste are provided on your picnic ground, make use of them. If not, gather up your refuse and packages and bring them home to dispose of them there. Picnickers would be more popular if they follow the admonition which is posted in an Aberdeen resort:

"Oh, you who come here as a sitter,
We pray you to clear up your litter,
Your paper and scraps,
Your chocolate wraps,
Lest feelings against you be bitter."

The careless camper is not only a nuisance but also a menace, and no one who has any appreciation of his countryside will leave it littered or neglect any precautions which prevent the marring of its beauty. [Continued on page 49]

THE CHATELAINE INSTITUTE

Testing Recipes in The Chatelaine Institute

by HELEN G. CAMPBELL, *Director*

THE bride's first biscuits have been the theme of many a hoary joke. And small wonder! But as we glance through the pages of grandmother's cook book, we feel unbounded sympathy for the young housekeeper, who must have felt hopelessly addled as she read the directions for measuring and mixing.

Today's bride finds in her recipes definite amounts and clear, concise instructions as to methods of preparation. And her biscuits are better. Indeed, they rival those from the hand of the experienced cook. "Butter the size of an egg," or "Enough flour to make a stiff dough," never appears in the modern cook book. Vagueness has given way to accuracy and scientific technique has replaced haphazard methods.

True, the bride of the sixties frequently developed a "knack." Gradually, she gained familiarity with her batters and doughs, and through practice came to know the consistency which would yield the best result. Eventually she earned a reputation as a good cook, and looked with mingled pity and scorn on the first attempts of the succeeding generation.

But the school where she gained her experience had many hard knocks for her, which can now be avoided by the painstaking young woman who follows an up-to-date, tested and approved recipe.

The Chatelaine Institute articles are presented to assist housekeepers in securing satisfactory results in food preparation. Recipes must pass the critical test given them in our kitchens. Before publication they must conform to the high standards set by the Institute staff, who regard suitability, accuracy and clarity as essential virtues.

The first step is a careful reading of each recipe considered. Are the ingredients in season? Can they be combined with a fair amount of ease and is the whole reasonably moderate in cost? If it can be recommended on this score, the next procedure is the measuring and mixing of all foods required, following precisely the method stated, and noting any indefiniteness or inadequacy in the instructions.

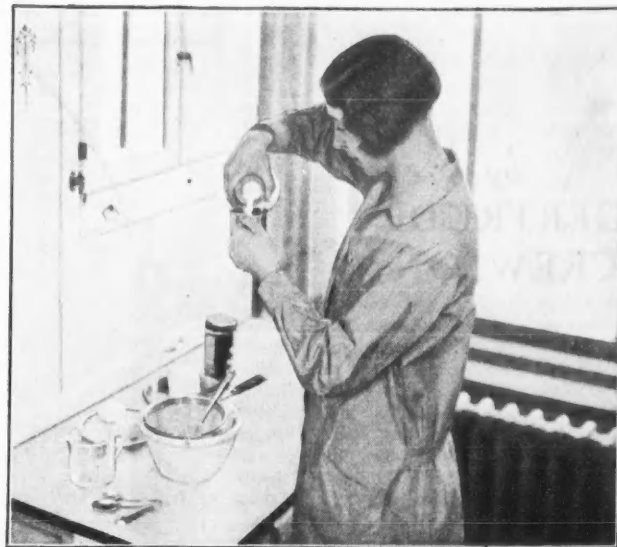
Uniformity is possible only by the use of standard measures, and a word of precaution in this connection is apropos. One cupful of flour means a level cupful of flour which has been previously sifted. Flour packs very closely in the container, and, if not sifted just before measuring, more than the recipe requires will be used, with detrimental results. Moreover, in measuring, the flour should be piled lightly in the cup, and shaken or packed down. Fill the cup with flour and level off the top with a knife or a spatula, and you will have exactly the amount stated in the recipe. Use a measuring cup divided in quarters and thirds. These may be had in tin, aluminum and glassware. In some cups, the rim extends about one-quarter of an inch beyond the line which marks one cupful. This is an advantage in measuring liquids, though for dry ingredients one with the graduation line at the top is preferable, as it is easier to obtain a level cupful.

The same precision is necessary in measuring butter or other fats. Two cupfuls of butter, lard and cooking fats of this sort weigh one pound. If fat is bought in one pound prints and one half cupful of fat is the amount in the recipe, it is easiest to mark your print in four, and cut off one-quarter of a pound. One cupful would mean half the pound, and one and one-half cupfuls, three-quarters of the pound. If only one tablespoonful is called for, take a full table-

spoonful of fat, and level it with a knife. To measure one-half tablespoonful, take a level tablespoon and divide it in half lengthwise; if one-quarter of a tablespoonful is needed, divide this again across the spoon. Standard size spoons should be used. A set of four—tablespoon, teaspoon, one-half teaspoon and one-quarter teaspoon—can be bought at very low cost and will be found useful, both for accuracy and time-saving.

When all ingredients are correctly measured, the combination of them is important. If the object is simply to mix the various food supplies, stirring will accomplish this. If it is desired to incorporate air in the mixture, beating is necessary. If air has already been introduced into an ingredient, such as whipped cream, or beaten egg white, it should be cut and folded into the other ingredients. To do this, place the whipped ingredient on top of the others. With a spoon cut down through the whole mixture bringing up the spoon at the outer edge of the dish and turning with a rolling motion until the two are thoroughly blended. As the method employed affects the texture of many finished products, the directions for combining should be followed exactly.

Success often depends on proper temperature and time of cooking. Many a custard is spoiled by too long cooking, or by too high heat, and poor results in other dishes are often due to this cause or to insufficient cooking. In beverages, best results can be secured only at a stated specific temperature and a time. In other things, greater leeway can be allowed. If, however, your recipe says "Bake in a slow oven," it means an oven of 250 to 325 degrees Fahren-



Precision in measuring ingredients and accuracy of measuring utensils, is essential to success.

it in your oven at a place where it can be easily and quickly read, or use it to check the heat indicator on your oven door, to be sure that it is accurate.

Flavorings and seasonings are, to a large extent, a matter of personal preference. In the Institute kitchens, every effort is made to determine the amount and kind which will produce the maximum of savor, delicious aroma, and appetizing appeal. Every woman, ambitious in perfecting her skill in cookery, must learn this art. She must overcome the tendency to allow one flavor to dominate too obviously. Strive instead by harmonious blending to achieve that subtlety of flavor which intrigues the appetite and which is the mark of cleverness and "finish" in food preparation.

Realizing that the "proof of the pudding is in the eating," tasting is a part of the business of testing. Nor is the opinion of one or two considered sufficient; a tasting committee passes critical judgment. Sometimes the dish is pronounced good; sometimes it meets with approval only after revision of the recipe—the changing of amounts or the development of a better method of preparation. Appearance and texture, too, count in appraising the dish, and only if it meets the standard of perfection set in the Institute is the recipe recommended to our readers.

Of course, we realize that only by practice and experience can a cook attain the highest skill. But The Chatelaine Institute suggests to you recipes which make use of varied products in season, which do not unreasonably tax your food budgets and which are worded with exactitude to enable even the inexperienced housekeeper to prepare, with economy of time and labor and with as few disappointments as possible, appetizing and wholesome dishes for her family.

The beginner is sometimes confused in adapting a recipe to suit a smaller number. It is, however, a simple matter to halve the ingredients, or if the recipe serves six, divide them by three to arrive at the proper amount for two persons. An average sized egg contains three tablespoonfuls. If the larger recipe needs only one egg, it is a good plan to beat the egg, and measure by tablespoon-

fuls the quantity required. This ensures accuracy.

She sometimes experiences difficulty, too, in arranging her work of meal preparation in such a way that worry and hurry may be avoided. Plan, if possible, to prepare at least one dish in advance; the dessert, for instance, may be made early, and set away until serving time. Experience will help in more correctly estimating the time required for the preparation of each course, and in planning routine.

Hot from the oven and ready for tasting, the final step in the testing of a dish.



THE CHATELAINE INSTITUTE

THE BABY'S DAILY PLAYTIME

Reverie

by Flora Westacott

*I lay flat on the grass-plot
And gazed up in the sky:
I felt so very, very small;
The blue thing looked so high.
The little clouds went floating
Far and far away
It's funny but I had to say:
"What is this tiny 'I'?"*



by CHARLOTTE WALLS

THE prophecies which were made at the close of the nineteenth century are being fulfilled. We are interested in better babies, healthier babies, brighter babies, babies who will grow up into men and women who will be strong mentally, morally, physically and socially to take their places in the complicated civilization which we will leave them to manage and improve. This is the "babies' century."

Physicians and psychologists are studying the infant and child as never before. They are leaving behind them the old idea that all babies should be allowed to grow as little animals until they are six years old.

More and more, physicians and psychologists are calling our attention to the fact that these first precious years are the formative years, the time to train the infant, and later the child, in the way he should go.

One group of psychologists would have us believe that the destiny of a baby's future life is decided early, even as early as his fourth year. Another group says that the general trend of the child's and the adult's reaction to the mental, moral, physical and social aspects of life are determined by the time he is two years old.

Child study workers and health workers realize the importance of these early years, and encourage mothers to begin as soon as baby is born, to train him in regular habits of eating and sleeping, to feed him the right foods, and to make every effort to keep him well.

Baby may be very clean and well fed, he may sleep regularly and live on a perfect schedule, but still be sluggish and indifferent and not happy. We once knew a little baby, the child of wealthy parents, who was not really wanted. The tiny baby was clean and well fed regularly. The remainder of the time she was left out of doors on the roof of her father's home, all alone. The little thing was not happy. A charming warm-hearted woman adopted the little girl, and through loving care the little one became happy and full of life, ready to laugh and do all of the delightful little plays which babies love and grow strong by doing.

Every baby needs play. His muscles develop through play. He should be allowed to play by himself while lying upon a bed or in his crib. If his clothes are pulled back from his feet he will entertain himself happily with his stockings and feet, crowing and kicking and having a marvellous time. It is this playfulness that we want to direct for one brief period each day. During this brief period we would like to have every mother enjoy with her baby little plays and exercises planned with the definite idea of helping baby to grow strong and straight.

The nervous, excitable baby may be steadied and calmed through gentle, quiet play. Such a baby needs his free playtime too, when he can play without someone exclaiming

over each new activity he tries. No baby should have to perform for admiring friends and relatives, who ask baby to do his little stunts over and over again.

The idea of baby's daily playtime grew out of the questions of young mothers. They asked what to play with their babies and how to play to the best advantage. All who have tried playing with their babies have found playtime the happiest time of the day, a time when baby and mother have relaxed and laughed and had a good time together.

Babies who have systematic play and little exercises seem to grow stronger. They creep on all fours before they even try to stand on their legs. This strengthens their legs and prepares them for weight-bearing later, without as much danger of becoming knock-kneed or bow-legged.

For years we have been interested in building up strong bodies for children, young people and adults. As we go about, we see so many in school and college and out in the world who could have been helped earlier in life. Again and again we wonder why this person or that wasn't given the right care at the right time, for, as we all know, it is so much easier to correct any malformity tendency when baby is young. It is so much easier to keep baby as well as we can by using every means in our power to keep him well, than it is to restore him to health and give back to him his hopes of a strong body later in life.

The little exercises and plays which we shall use for baby's play periods have been approved by noted doctors.

Even with all these precautions that baby's playtime shall contain only the best, we advise all mothers to consult with their family physicians previously, as to whether their babies should be permitted regular playtimes. If your babies are ill, by all means be sure to ask your physician before beginning.

FIRST, there are a few general instructions which will make the playtime more comfortable for both baby and mother.

Baby's playtime should come just before his morning bath. Have baby's bath all ready before beginning the playtime.

Push a table up against the wall. Put a blanket upon it as a pad. Cover the blanket with a sheet so that the rough surface will not annoy baby.

If you have the water a little too warm, it will cool to the right temperature during the play; but to make sure, have a pitcher of cool water at hand, or turn on the cold water when you are ready, and cool the water to the right temperature.



Test the water with your elbow. You should hardly feel it, so you see the bath should not be hot.

Try to have the room well ventilated, but absolutely without draughts blowing about. Keep the temperature of the room about sixty-nine or seventy degrees. Under these conditions baby does not need any clothes at all. He will have more real fun if he has all the freedom you can give him.

Have his clothes ready to put on him after his bath, and his food prepared and warmed, sitting in a pan of hot water, ready to give him when his bath is finished and he is dressed again. Even we adults dislike waiting at meal time.

If baby has just had a feeding time, do not let him play. If his last meal is an hour back, it is safe to let him play, for baby should enjoy his playtime thoroughly and naturally and without excitement.

Place him upon the table with his feet toward you. If for any reason whatsoever you have to leave the table, do not leave baby alone. Put his blanket around him and take him with you or lay him in his crib. It is not safe to leave him lying upon the table alone, for he may kick and roll upon the floor and injure himself quite severely.

1. The first play exercise is to open baby's arms wide out to his sides. This play is for any baby between the ages of five and eight months. In fact, we enjoy stretching our arms at any age whether we are old or young.

Baby's arms have been folded up most of the time. His curling-up muscles are much stronger than his reaching-out muscles; so we will help him to stretch his arms wide out to his sides, and then, to bring them back to the curled-up position.

Baby is lying flat upon his back with his feet toward you. If he is five or six months old, take hold of his little arms at his elbows, making your hands cover part of his upper arm and part of his forearm.

If your baby is six or eight months old, he will enjoy curling his fingers around your thumbs, and then you will grasp his wrists and his forearms with your fingers.

Be sure that you have a gentle, secure hold of him. Remember never to jerk or pull or hurry with baby's play.

Open baby's arms wide out to his sides and return his hands again to the centre.

Ready, begin:

Out—to his sides, slowly and firmly, and gently.

In—to—the—centre

Out—to—his—sides

In—to—the—centre and clap—clap—clap his hands together.

Rest a minute, for between two plays we must always remember to allow baby to rest a little bit. It is the same with him as with us. We do not like to be hurried along, before we have rested sufficiently after exertion.

2. We will carry baby's arms out to his sides, as in the first play, but we will bring his hands back to his ears.

Baby is still lying flat upon his back with his feet toward you. Try the grasp you found most helpful in the first play and be sure your grasp of baby's arms is secure and gentle.

Open his arms wide out to his sides, and bring his hands back to his ears.

Ready, begin:

Out—to—his—sides,

In—to—his—ears,

Out—to—his—sides,

In—to—his—ears and say, "Here are baby's ears."

Rest a moment.

3. This third play is for babies four and a half months old. It is a purely

[Continued on page 54]



What of Your Child?

Teaching children the use of money

by
FRANCES LILY JOHNSON

of the Parent Education Department,
St. George's School for Child Study,
University of Toronto

WHAT shall I do about my boy of ten who has no idea of the value of money?" a worried mother asked recently. And since the money question is one which is bound to crop up incessantly and persistently, try as we may to ignore it, a frank discussion many help all mothers to solve a problem which has been troublesome ever since money became the accepted medium of exchange.

The ability to spend money wisely so as to receive full value for the amount laid out is the direct result of training and involves teaching of responsibility and inculcating of standards of value so that the child will be able to compare values and make his own choices on the basis of his knowledge. The first step, then, in teaching the value of money, is to give the child an allowance and see that he has an opportunity to spend it. No one can be expected to learn what money means unless he has the money, freedom of choice in its outlay, and the chance to regret his own choice if it is not a good one.

So every child should have a definite allowance graded in amount to his need and his age. It should start at school age but may begin earlier, and should be so planned that it will not cover all his wants. He will then be forced to make a choice among his desires. Once the amount of the allowance has been decided parents should see that the child lives within his means and does not continually come to them and receive additional sums. If he can call on father every time he wants more money he will not learn to plan closely and will be robbed of the incentive for careful choice.

Neither should all his spending be planned for him. One mother, when asked if her eight year old boy received an allowance replied, "Oh, yes, he gets plenty. We give him fifty cents a week." This sounded like a generous amount of spending money for the age of the child until, when asked how he spent it she said, "He has to have twenty-five cents for car fare, ten cents for Sunday School collection, ten cents for the Penny Bank and five cents for his club fees." Well, obviously, this child really had no spending money. It was all spent for him before he received it. All he did was give it where it had to go. He should have been given a little extra to spend in his own way.

All children have their own ideas about money, depending on the attitudes of those around them, so it is most essential that

they be taught wisely. Some very amusing incidents come to my mind regarding children and money. One astute little fellow who has had an allowance since he was three arrived home from school one day with six cents in his pocket which he brought forth and showed his mother. On being asked where he found it, he replied, "I found it in a box at school." "Why, John!" said his mother; "Didn't you tell the teacher?" "Oh, yes." "What did she say?" "She said, 'All right', so I just kept it." "But it might have belonged to some of the other boys." "Yes, scornfully, 'but those kids don't know much about money.'"

Needless to say, John was made to return the cash next day but his remarks showed plainly that he had already grasped the fact that money is useful.

Some children have no money but that which they receive as gifts or request from their parents for special uses. Such doles preclude not only real experience in spending but also in planning, and saving. The best way is to give a definite amount, even though small, and gradually increase it till at adolescence it covers the clothing as well as the personal allowance of the child. Such a method involves close parental supervision in the early years so that the child will realize he must prepare to meet the demands on his purse. At first only small items such as handkerchiefs need be bought, later, socks, ties, collars with a gradual increase in allowance and responsibility till all personal items are included.



It's fun to own a rabbit—but much more fun when you have paid for it with money earned all by yourself.

SINCE the object of an allowance is training in the use of money it should not be subject to fines for misdemeanors. The following illustration taken from Mrs. S. M. Gruenberg's *Sons and Daughters* will aptly illustrate what is meant.

"When Agnes failed to return from a visit to a friend at a sufficiently early hour, her mother at the end of the week took off ten cents from the allowance. In this the mother was entirely at fault. In using the allowance this way the mother reduces the responsibilities of the child to a cash basis. Agnes can calculate the next time whether staying out late is worth the ten cents that it costs. This attitude also opens the whole field of the child's conduct to petty bickerings and bargainings about the number of cents to be paid for each 'good' deed or the number of cents to be deducted for each 'bad' deed. One can easily see how the average child would soon have his allowance deleted by such a system of fines and have nothing at all to spend, thus defeating the purpose of allowance giving.

The parent can train the child how to shop by taking him along on household shopping tours and talking over purchases with him. The modern grocer is a big help in this. A visit to the departmental stores during annual sales when merchandise is at a discount provides an example of the advantages of being able to buy staples not at first display, but when they are low in price.

When old enough, about ten or twelve, he

should be shown how to keep simple accounts of his expenditures so that he can see where the money goes.

So far we have discussed only training in spending but there are two other aspects to be considered in the use of money—training in saving and training in giving. Since money spent today is not available tomorrow, a certain definite amount should be set aside each pay day, and the remainder only used. This teaches the child to do without non-essentials and makes him consider the use of his old possessions before investing in new ones. Then, too, the possibility of saving for a definite purpose should be taught. In this care, should be taken that the objective is not too difficult or too far in the future to be appreciated by the child. To the young boy or girl, a week is a long period to wait for the fulfillment of a desire. It is, therefore, useless to expect the boy who can only save fifty cents a week and wants a bicycle, to persist until he attains it.

Then, too, every child should be afforded opportunity to give either in money or service as this develops a helpful spirit, and co-operation. It is not wise to pay a child for services in the home unless they are of such a nature that outside help would ordinarily be engaged to perform them. Then, if the boy or girl does them they should receive fair remuneration. Children who often receive money for small services at home come to feel that they should be paid and a wrong attitude develops. In the family where the home is a common interest members should realize that all have their work to do and all receive something from the home in support, comfort and companionship, so that when one member shirks his duty he should not expect to receive the same privileges as the others. Roberta M. Seashore in her pamphlet *How to Teach Children the Use of Money*, tells how one mother found her boys usually came to time if she suggested that tramps did not like to work and could not expect anything but a "hand-out," and if the boys did not care to work they were probably not entitled to dessert and would have to make their meal on plain substantial instead of on what the rest of the family had.

Often neighbors ask children to go on errands and they should not be encouraged to accept pay for these. Where they are merely a courtesy which one would be glad to extend to another, they should be undertaken in a neighborly way. Where, however, the errand involves a large expenditure of time and energy, pay may be accepted if offered.

It is best to let children begin to earn as soon as they show the inclination, and encourage their ambition to do for themselves. There are many more ways for boys to earn than for girls, of which a paper route is one of the best, since it involves regular work, keeping accounts and collecting. For vacation time the job of office boy is good training or delivery of parcels for a store. Girls can earn by minding babies or doing errands. When the earning is regular the allowance can be decreased as the earnings grow and definite plans ought to be made, in consultation with the child, for the outlay of the increased amount either in saving for college, for investment, for a desired object such as a radio or bicycle, or for a holiday trip.

In training a child to use money wisely parents will find they must exercise constant supervision and the trainer often finds that in training his child he has trained himself.

by
GERTRUDE
CREWSON



Illustrated by
Ruth Radford

What Does Your Mirror Tell You?

Concluding a series of three articles interpreting the bearing physical characteristics have upon personality

Editor's Note: This is the last of a series of three articles by Gertrude Crewson on how to analyze and judge character from the study of outward physical characteristics. It is a fascinating study and one which should prove most entertaining.

A limited number of the May and June issues of *The Chatelaine*, in which Mrs. Crewson dealt with types of heads, foreheads, eyebrows, eyes, hair, noses, lips and chins, are available for those who would like to have the complete series.

The Nails

THE appearance of the nails is a guide to the physical condition, and thus indirectly to the mental.

Bright pink nails show good circulation, and consequent warm feeling and activity of mind and body.

When arched, nails indicate energy, ambition and a capability for execution and leadership. There is also power, vigor, health and longevity.

When flat, the constitution is vigorous, but there is less aspiration and energy than when arched.

Sallow nails show biliary weakness or jaundice.

When nails are dark in color, there is imperfect aeration of the blood, and weak action of the heart.

Nails that bend over the tops of the fingers are a mark of feebleness of the lungs or the stomach.

"Hang-nails" are unsightly and denote nothing but carelessness.

It should be remembered that nails may be changed by polishing and careful cultivation, and above all, by scrupulous attention to the general health.

The Neck

Long before the beauty specialists directed their efforts to the beautifying of the eyes, cheeks and lips, the neck, next to the hair, was recognized not only as a sign of beauty

but of character. It is said of Mary, Queen of Scots, that she had a beautifully shaped neck and, in spite of the prevailing mode of great neck ruffles, frequently wore gowns that exposed her throat and shoulders. Queen Elizabeth, on the other hand, kept her rather scrawny neck severely encased and hidden from view, as if conscious of its uncomeliness.

The significance of the neck lies in the fact that it forms the connecting link between the head and the body. It is a member of motion, and takes part in almost every action of the individual. It holds the organs of the voice, and it aids in breathing, eating, and the conducting of blood to and from the heart.

Among the varied neck forms we find a number of outstanding ones.

The wilful neck is short and thick. It is associated with broad shoulders, deep chest, large abdomen and a round head, all of which show force and resistance. Combined with good mental capacity it denotes wisdom and aggressiveness. Most men in executive positions have such necks.

The amative neck is also short and thick but much softer. It is composed of muscle rather than bone. In women, such a neck is often very beautiful, soft and white. It must not be confused with the vegetative neck, which is composed largely of fatty tissue and characterizes one who is not very active or artistic.

The neck of the sensualist somewhat resembles both the wilful and vegetative types. It is relatively short, wrinkled and red.

The neck of self-esteem shows this trait in the way the head is carried. When there is great self-esteem it is borne firmly erect, and on a line with the backbone. If the trait is in excess, the head will bend slightly backward, showing egotism.

The attentive neck is one that holds the head in a forward and somewhat sideways position in a listening attitude. It denotes the power for close and prolonged observation.

Careless or thoughtless people never present this forward inclination.

The sagacious neck is very short and thick, and is associated with broad, heavily built bodies. They belong to sagacious and profound minds, such as Napoleon.

The timid neck is long and thin, and is associated with narrow shoulders, a flat chest and a high head. It denotes timidity or sensitiveness, or both. There is average mental power, excessive caution and alertness.

The graceful neck is fairly long, but not thin. Rather, it is in correct proportion, and harmonizes with head, shoulders and bust. The perfect neck must be molded in a circular form, be of a clear white or clear olive color, smooth and polished in texture and appearance, and graceful in its motion.

Dimples

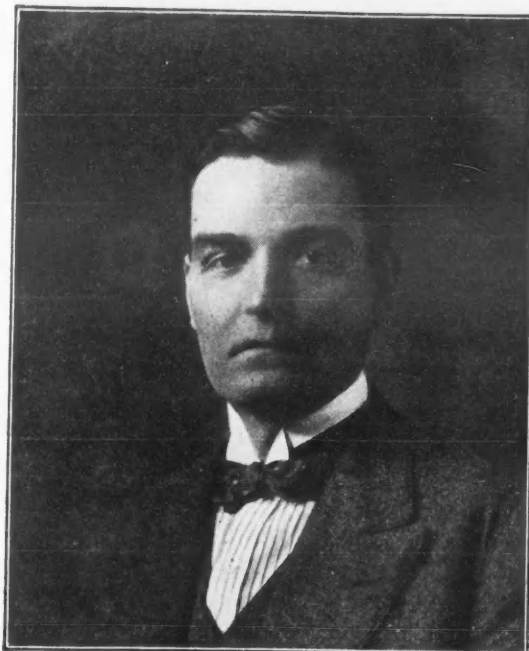
These indentations are found very commonly in infants and chubby children. In adults, they usually take two positions, which call to mind the time-worn rhyme:

"Dimples on the chin, many hearts to win;
Dimples on the cheek, many lovers you shall seek."

It would seem that the author of those lines had some claim to veracity. Chin dimples are found in both fatty and muscular chins. We see them frequently among literary and artistic people. They denote love of the opposite sex, and are often a sign of a voluptuous and pleasure-loving person, but one who is good-natured and inclined to be generous.

Cheek dimples are either in the centre and outer sides of the cheeks or at the corners of the mouth. If the former, they denote an agreeable disposition, especially when deep and round. They are associated with large full eyes. They denote a flattering person, full of [Continued on page 36]

The Mastery of Auction and Contract Bridge



Mr. Xavier Bailet, the internationally known bridge authority, who is writing this department every month, will answer personal bridge problems for readers of *The Chatelaine*.

This month—

No Trump Play

by

XAVIER BAILET

THE play of the Declarer at a trump declaration is based on the trump suit.

Suppose you are playing the hand at Spades, as in the example given last month. Obviously, you have chosen Spades as trumps because it is your longest and strongest suit, which is another way of saying that you expect to make every trick in it or, at most, not to lose more than one or two, chiefly when your partner has supported your bid.

Spades, then, are your first and chief assets. Next come your high cards in the other suits. Their potentiality depends to a certain extent on your command of the Spades and your ability to draw the trumps before your opponents have a chance to ruff. Then, your long suits. If they are established, the command of the trump suit will enable you to run the long cards of a side-suit in one hand while you discard losers from the other. If the side-suit has to be established, your trumps will often serve to ruff the high cards which stand in the way of establishment. And finally, if you have a weak suit which you have no opportunity to discard, your trumps will limit the number of tricks your opponents can make in it. So, although it is true that you are not going to make all your tricks with your trumps, nevertheless, your trumps will help you make most of your tricks.

No Trump Play

Compare now the situation with No Trumps. Your only assets are high cards commonly named "stoppers." A long established suit is very valuable, of course, and so is an establishable suit, but the value of both is very doubtful if you have no stopper in the suit of your opponents, and short suits are decided liabilities.

In a nutshell, at a trump declaration, you have three kinds of assets: your trumps, your high cards in side-suits, and your long suits. Your liabilities are your weak suits, but these liabilities, in addition to being limited, can often be converted into assets by discarding or ruffing the weak suits when they are short, and by establishing them when fairly long.

At No Trumps, the only tangible assets are your high cards in every suit, and even an established suit cannot be counted as ready cash if some other suit is unprotected. Your liabilities are your weak suits, and these liabilities, instead of being limited to the length of these weak suits in Dummy or your own hand, are on the contrary increased by the number of cards in the hands of your opponents and consequently—unlimited.

All this may sound elementary and I apologize to those who have never experienced the feeling of having to throw away perfectly good cards while their opponents were running a long suit in which the stopper was decidedly weak or entirely lacking. However, as even the best of us have to play a weak No Trump now and

again, the object of this article is to point out some of the methods to avoid trouble or to get out of it.

Declarer's No Trump Play

At a suit declaration, as we saw last month, the Declarer counts his losers and figures how he can get rid of them. The number of tricks he will eventually make is obtained by a simple subtraction—13 less those he must lose.

At No Trumps, the process is reversed. Instead of counting his losers, the Declarer counts first all the tricks of which he feels certain and, if they are short of the necessary number, he looks around for finesses or suits that can be established before he loses his stoppers in the suit of his opponents.

The Hold-up

North
♠ J 4
♥ A J 7
♦ A 10 8 4 2
♣ Q J 8

South
♠ A 6 5
♥ K 10 4
♦ Q J
♣ A 10 9 5 3

Score, Game all.
South deals.

South starts the bidding with One No Trump.

At Auction, all pass.
At Contract, North bids Three No Trumps and all pass.
West leads the 10 of Spades.

South is certain of five tricks: one in Spades, two in Hearts, one in Diamonds and one in Clubs, and although the Clubs and the Diamonds can undoubtedly be established, it may be too late as the stopper in Spades will be gone.

The danger, then, comes from West with his long Spades, and the two things to find out is how many he has and how he can get in to make them.

His only possible re-entry is the King of Clubs, as the King of Diamonds or the Queen of Hearts will be killed by higher cards in Dummy.

The lead of the 10 does not indicate the number of Spades in the suit, but we know that it must be at least four and that West must have K, 10, 9, x; if not more. Now suppose for a minute that West does not hold the King of Clubs. Even after the Spades are established, they will be no good to him unless East can lead them back. As there are only thirteen and North and South have five between them, either West has five and East three, or they have four each. If West has five, East will have no more after three rounds and the thing to do is to hold-up the Ace until the third round. If, on the other hand, they have four each, they can make only three tricks in them and

game is still possible provided one of the finesses works.

In actual play, North played the 4 and East the Queen which held the trick. East returned the deuce of Spades. As it is an understood thing that you must return the highest of your partner's lead, the deuce probably meant that East had no more and it looked as though it was no use holding-up the Ace any longer. But South was suspicious and he decided that one more trick could not hurt him at that stage. So, he held-up the Ace again. West won the trick with the King and returned another Spade on which, by the way, East discarded a small Heart and Dummy the Jack of Clubs. Please note the forethought. If the Clubs have to be used, South gets ready to play them to the best advantage and he makes sure the suit will not be blocked.

Now South was in with the Ace of Spades and he led the Queen of Diamonds which stood up. The Jack was led next, and, as West did not show any inclination to cover, it was also allowed to run, but East who had been doing a little holding-up on his own, took it with the King this time and led a small Club.

South counted his tricks: one Spade, two Hearts, four Diamonds and one Club. One more was necessary for game and it must come from a finesse in Clubs or in Hearts. The finesse in Clubs will not gain anything. If West has the King, he must make it unless it happens to be a singleton. On the other hand, if East has it, there is no objection to letting him make it. So, South played the Ace of Clubs and led a small Heart to the Jack in Dummy, which gave him game.

And now we come to another play of the Declarer which we shall call:

Drawing Adverse Re-entries

North
♠ Q, 10
♥ 7 6 5 3 2
♦ A 3
♣ A K J 7 5

South
♠ K J 9 2
♥ A K 4
♦ K 7 2
♣ 10 8 3

No Score. North deals.

After a bid of One Club by North, it would be difficult to stop South from bidding One No Trump at Auction and Three No Trumps at Contract, chiefly as East and West never bid. West leads the Queen of Diamonds.

South's certain tricks are: two Diamonds, two Hearts and two Clubs. In addition, more tricks can be established practically in every suit, but it must be done before the two stoppers in Diamonds are gone. West

has probably five Diamonds to the Q-J. As the King can be held up until the third round, East will either be out of them or else the Diamonds are split 4-4 and only two tricks can be lost in the suit. If West has five, how can he get in to make them? With the Ace of Spades, you say. Very well, then! Why not draw his Ace of Spades before the Diamonds are established?

South should take the first Diamond with the Ace and lead the Queen of Spades. If West is unwilling to part so soon with his only possible re-entry and the Queen holds the trick, South has made game even assuming that the Queen of Clubs is on the right. Count the tricks and see!

But . . . if you take the second round of Diamonds with the Ace and lead a Heart to South in order to finesse the Club, East will win with the Queen of Clubs and clear the Diamonds. You will then make four Clubs, two Diamonds and two Hearts, but, when you lead a Spade to get your ninth trick West will play the Ace and make two good Diamonds which will give him five tricks in all: three Diamonds, one Club and one Spade.

Another play which wins many seemingly impossible games for the Declarer is called:

Making Re-entries

West	East
♠ Q 7 2	♠ A 10 3
♥ 4 3 2	♥ A J 10 8
♦ 5	♦ A Q 10 7 6
♣ K Q J 10 8 5	♣ A

The final bid is Three No Trumps at Auction or Contract, and East, of course is the original No Trump bidder. South leads the 8 of Spades.

Applying the rule of eleven, we know that there are three cards higher than the 8 which are not in the leader's hand. As those three cards are in our own hands, we know for sure that North cannot beat the 8 and that South has led from K, J, 9, 8, etc. A thoughtless player would see an opportunity to take a cheap trick and he would win the first trick with the 10 in his own hand. But this play would cost him exactly five tricks as he could never make the Clubs in Dummy. On the next trick, he would make his lone Ace of Clubs and then probably lead a small Spade. South would jump on with the King and the Queen would fall ingloriously on the Ace.

The thing to do is to make the deliberate sacrifice of a trick in Spades and to win the first trick with the Ace. Then, East makes his Ace of Clubs and leads the 10 of Spades. South will undoubtedly play the King, but the Queen will be a re-entry for five Club tricks which cannot be made otherwise.

There are numerous other methods of establishing re-entries, as there are many other ways of playing the hand at No Trumps, but these situations are the most frequent and make for sounder play when they are fully mastered.

Is the Church Deserting Youth?

Continued from page 8

and finds satisfaction in the soul. There is nothing wrong with youth; but there is a great deal wrong with some of the ideas as to how the Church shall meet the religious needs of youth. Youth will not desert the Church, as soon and as long as the Church is true to her own peculiar function—to lead men and women into the very presence of God. So have I found it in my own experience.—Alfred T. Barr, Central Presbyterian Church, Brantford, Ont.

From the Principal of a College

I SUFFER from two misfortunes: I have a rather keen sense of humor, and for nineteen years I have not been the minister of a congregation but the principal of a college. The first of these compels me to be amused, and the second leaves me more free, as one outside the group discussed by Mrs. Jones, to speak of the rambling and self-contradictory reflections which show how frivolous and superficial is the mentality revealed in her article on the above title. In the absence of a name I choose to call her Mrs. Jones.

She sleeps in on Sunday mornings, does not go to church, does not think of going to church. Therefore the Church is deserting youth! By the same logic she could have proceeded to say that when she went to London she did not go to the National Gallery, did not think of going; therefore Art is deserting the people. When she went to Chicago she did not go to see the mayor; did not think of going to see Big Bill; therefore Bill Thompson is deserting the people. The mayor of Chicago may deserve reproof, but he is not going to be condemned by such reasoning. There may be, and there likely is, something wrong with his worship, and the National Art Gallery, and even the Church; but there evidently is something still more seriously wrong with Mrs. Jones. But not one of these parties is going to be disposed of by her marvellous logic.

The article is a rehash of the age-old jargon current in that human jungle out of which the Church is seeking to rescue human life. She displays amazing knowledge of literature when she quotes what Elbert Hubbard said about death on the night he went down on the *Titanic*, and applies it to the Christian ministry. She declares someone has called the ministry "the greatest adventure in the world." No; Hubbard said that about death. She hashes and rehashes the old stock objections to the Church and works herself up finally into an Irish stew over the matter.

The artist has also illustrated the article with an illustration which embodies its spirit. Anyone can laugh at sacred things and be all the worse after his hilarity; but those same sacred things will continue to stand out with more majestic grandeur than ever. The Church is not static, but is adapting its machinery to the age, and has shown wonderful adaptation throughout the centuries. One institution after another has risen and run its course and died, but the Church has survived all changes because it has adapted itself to all new conditions. It stands forth today with a world-wide programme of benevolence which is a challenge to all that is chivalrous and best in human life. A person who is not associated with it in its task is all the poorer in all the finer qualities of life without it. The service clubs receive their inspiration from the Church; the life of service above self is the Jesus life, and as a rule the men who are prominent in these clubs are loyal to their church.

Mrs. Jones wants religion, but she never goes to church. If she wanted literature she would go to the library. If she wanted music she would go to the grand opera. If she wanted medical attention she would go to the hospital and secure the service offered there. She wants religion, but on Sunday she plays golf or goes whirling away to lakes and woodlands in the family car. The family car implies the children are taken along. She feels vaguely sorry for those who are filing into the Church doors, and the Church is outside the things that matter! What does matter to a frivolous and shallow life thus described in its own words? What type of character will be developed in the children reared amid such ideals or lack of ideals, and under such a life-programme?

The writer is evidently speaking of something of which she is not informed. Her description of the Church is not true—very much overdrawn. Her statements regarding the quality of manhood in the ministry are not true. She does not know. There is a smaller proportion of men who fail in the ministry than in other callings in life. She ought to write about motor drives, and week-ends at the lake. She never thinks of going to church, but she goes to the lake. She should write about what she knows. Those who know

best the defects of the Church or any other institution are those who are identified closely with it. They can write of its programme for the good of the world and can offer constructive criticism.

There never was a time when young people in such large numbers, as well as men and women of all ages, were more loyal to the Church and its benevolent work, or found the Church their inspiration, than today. Its world-wide work includes every form of benevolence. Mrs. Jones and others may evade the obligations of religion, but that is not due to the Church's failure. Violations of law are not due to our legal system; corruption in political life is not due to our modern democracy; nor are brokerage failures due to our banking system.

Let us get down to the root of this matter. What is religion, about which all this is written? What does Mrs. Jones think of Jesus Christ, and of the Father-God whom He revealed? The apostle James says (I, 27):

"Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this; to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

Pure religion is to do all the good you can and live a white life. Since Mrs. Jones wants religion I commend this type to her, as it is the only genuine form. And when she adopts this as her life programme she will soon develop an appreciation of the Church and find it to be within the things that matter for her.—Rev. Dr. Angus A. Graham, Principal, Moose Jaw College, Moose Jaw, Sask.

DO YOU THINK THAT The Church is Deserting Youth— or is Youth Deserting the Church?

DID you read the article by a young woman in the June issue of *The Chatelaine*? If you did not, the discussions as presented this month will let you know what the viewpoint of the young woman was.

We want to hear what you think about it. For this is a question which must be thought about sincerely—and we believe that one of the most effective means, is a frank interchange of ideas between thinking men and women.

Let us hear from you—but please remember space, and keep your letters short!—THE EDITOR.

Nothing New in Article

IS THE Church deserting youth? No, nor is youth deserting the Church. The thesis being unsupportable the whole superstructure of the article is quite beside the mark. Frankly, there is a lot of nonsense talked today about the failure of the Church and there is no feature in the whole argument of your anonymous writer that is new or even approaching the new or startling. She only says what has been said a thousand times, and with just as much justification.

I wish that the writer had put down where "the Church seems to be outside the things that matter in this day and age." It still deals with the things of the spirit; it still holds up before youth and age the supreme idealism; it still calls to the sacrifice a self on behalf of others; it still thunders out its much-required warnings against a corroding materialism.

Again, your writer mentions the changed spheres of activities for women—how that women are now a positive influence for good in many directions. Good! But then we have the question, how is the Church meeting this modern woman? We answer—by giving her inspiration. In all, the dynamic is the Church. May we venture to add that most of the women who are in the avenues of service named are Church women—aye, the finest we have. I wish I had space to name a dozen!

There follows the cavil about the Church being a social club. That seems contradictory. However, let it pass. It is really a new idea to hear that the social status of the minister is considered more important than his qualities as a servant of God. Your writer was surely never present at the ordination or induction of a Presbyterian minister.

Many things call for discussion in the article. I wish, for example, she had told us what she wants instead of the "amiable old platitudes," that she had specified wherein the Church is static rather than dynamic, that, indeed, she had added something constructive.

Meanwhile, I repeat, the Church is not deserting youth, nor is youth deserting the Church. Look in on our Young People's Societies, our Sunday Schools, our regular services. In all generations the Church has failed to reach some young people; but in my judgment, it has never rendered more efficient service for them than it is doing now.—Rev. C. L. Cowan, Hamilton, Ont.

The Joy of Service

YOUR writer has put into words the thoughts of a great many people today on the vexed problem of youth and the Church. I would admit a good many of the charges she brings against organized religion, but I think she leaves untouched what is both the chief cause and the solution of the problem—that Jesus Christ and His revelation of God have been obscured. "The measure of the Church's failure is its inability to turn out a sufficiency of Christ-like men and women." That is the Church's job. And as far as youth is concerned, that means, since the fundamental needs of youth remain the same in every age, the holding up before youth as an all-sufficient guide and leader Jesus Christ, that glorious figure that moves through human history calling youth to the way of Love and the Cross. Where Christ is upheld as a reality and faithfully preached, youth ever will respond and is responding today. If the Church is failing youth, it is because the Church is setting forth something less than Christ and His claims and His programme. Donald Hankey, who gave us that definition of religion as "betting one's life there is a God," also called Christ the "Lord of all good life," and that is how youth must see Him. Now what that means specifically is that youth shall realize God as Jesus revealed Him, not a tribal God who loves one race more than another, but a God of Love, whose will is always good will; that religion is not a thing of inhibitions and prohibitions but a thing of joy; and that through Jesus Christ, God is calling youth to a life of service and of sacrifice. There lies the solution of this problem for the Church and there lies also the challenge to youth.—Rev. A. Harding, St. Stephen's Church, Hollyburn, W. Vancouver, B. C.

On the Side of the Church

THE editor has asked for some comment on the article appearing in the June number entitled "Is the Church Deserting Youth?" and the request is made that the comment be short. That request is not easily met. There are so many angles from which the matter under discussion is to be viewed

that one who is deeply interested is strongly tempted to go on and on.

Instinctively, I go back to the time when as a senior student at the theological college I was the editor of our college monthly. I asked a friend, then a law student at Osgoode Hall, to let me have an article on the subject. "Why I do not go to church." That was over twenty years ago now; but if my memory is not at fault, my friend's contribution was in essence not very different from the article in the June *Chatelaine*. And that suggests to me that, while the indifference of youth to the Church today may be more marked than it was over twenty years ago, nevertheless our difficulty at present is but an intensification of one which has existed longer than we sometimes think. For, at least, the problem is not altogether a new one, although it is undoubtedly aggravated by certain conditions in modern life.

Then, of course, one has to fall back upon one's own experience. As a minister, I know that not all of the young people in my own community are indifferent to the Church. Last Sunday evening, for example, I preached to an average evening congregation. At least a quarter of the congregation consisted of young people. Now, I am quite prepared to acknowledge that the proportion should have been larger. But I also feel fairly sure of this: that in a gathering of a similar number of people to hear a [Continued on page 43]

THE OPEN ROAD

*More hints from an experienced camper on
how to holiday in comfort*

by FLORENCE M. JURY

IN THE excitement and enthusiasm of planning a motor trip, making lists and collecting supplies and equipment, we must not overlook the preparation of our car—it may be subjected to a pretty severe test and, as garages are likely to be few and far between, it is as well to take all precautions and check over our car very carefully. It must be freshly greased and oiled, the oil changed, and the gas tank filled with a good grade of gas. It must be checked over for squeaks and rattles, for it is impossible to realize that feeling of perfect contentment which we seek, with a rattle or squeak becoming more and more annoying.

All parts must be thoroughly tightened, the battery and ignition checked over. Ascertain that the battery cells are full of water and that the cables and terminals are free from verdigris; that the gas filter is clean, also the line carrying the gas from the main tank to the vacuum tank. See that the bulbs are in good shape, and be sure to carry one or two extra ones in case of emergency. Look over your tires for cuts; any that are apparent should be given attention, not forgetting the spare. It is well to carry an extra inner tube and your own repair kit in case you run into bad luck when, should the emergency arise, you could fix up a tire yourself. Check over your tools and be sure you have your jack and a hammer. A tow rope is a real necessity but a very good substitute is made by joining your old chains together after taking out the cross-links. This goes into a small space and is very strong.

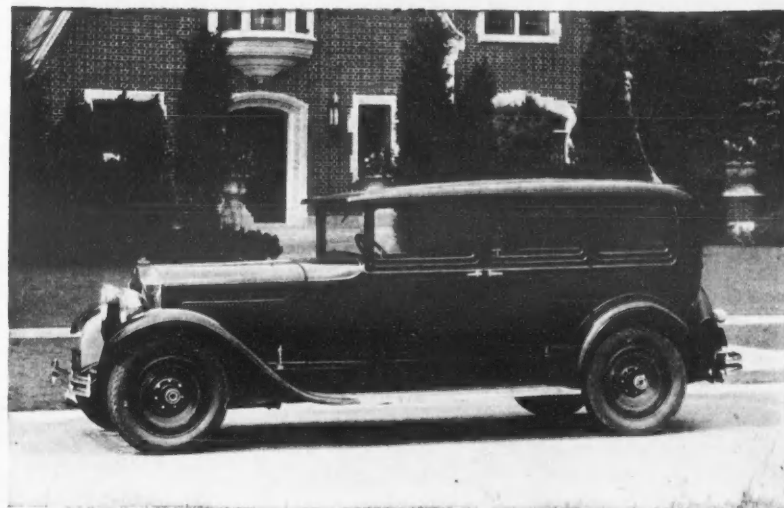
As one never knows how long the trip may be between filling stations it is a good idea to carry three cans on the running board, containing gas, oil and water. Cans made especially for this purpose may be purchased very cheaply. Each can is a different color, so that it is difficult to make a mistake when using; also they fit snugly together and will not rattle. The gasoline would also be handy for your stove and in this connection remember to put a funnel on your list.

If there are only two going on a trip there is usually plenty of room in the back of your car for all necessities, but for a larger party a trailer is a wonderful convenience. This can often be rented quite cheaply but it is not a difficult matter to make one. The way to go about this is to buy from a wrecker's store the front axle of an old Ford car—a Ford because it is the lightest—and on this build your box. Be very sure the wheels are accurately centred so that it will ride well. In the centre of the front of this you will have the attachment to fasten the trailer to your car. A blacksmith will make this for you and also put the necessary attachments on the back of your car for about \$2.50. All trailers must carry a license plate and a rear light. It is a simple matter to carry a light from your car and the light itself can also be bought from the wreckers.

Dragging a trailer is no strain on your engine and you will not notice it at all when driving, except that you must go more slowly than usual around corners and take a wider turn and, of course, you cannot back your car.

In loading a trailer, pack it from the centre and load it evenly so that your "cargo" will not slip. You must, of course, have a good waterproof tarpaulin to cover your load and, if you wish, you can make this yourself. Buy sufficient ten or twelve ounce duck to make the tarpaulin the size you require, and from a sporting goods store buy a tin of preparation to make it waterproof. It should have loops about every twelve inches around the four sides to fasten it over your trailer into which you will screw hooks for that purpose. You will also want a good long rope to cross over the top several times so that the wind will not catch it.

If you are buying cooking utensils to take on your trip, be sure to get a real camping set. This set consists of a frying-pan, two or three saucepans and a coffee pot. These all fit into one another and have detachable



The Packard Standard Eight seven-passenger limousine is a popular and practical car possessing fine lines.

handles and take up very little room. For carrying such necessities as salt, flour, sugar, pepper, baking powder, tea and coffee the best things to use are square tins. These fit well together, will not rattle or break, and are dust proof. You will also want a tin for your bread and a good heavy one, with a screw top, to carry an extra supply of matches. It is a good idea to have these labelled on the lids so that you can see what is in them without unpacking everything, and the only thing I know of for this purpose is adhesive tape—nothing else seems to stick to tin. For carrying eggs a tin containing sawdust is very good, and bottles of salad dressing, pickles, etc., slipped into tins are easily packed. You will also want a shallow pan for washing dishes, and into this you can fit a tin with your soap and perhaps your teacloth, etc.

One thing you must have on your list is a few tins of condensed milk and cream.

A SMALL home-made refrigerator is a luxury you will appreciate. This is very easily made, even by an amateur carpenter or camper. Get a box of fairly heavy wood, put the lid on hinges and attach hooks and eyes to fasten it down. Inside this, place a tin box, also with a hinged lid, about one inch smaller all around and fill in this space with sawdust. Through an outside corner of both tin and box pierce a small hole for the water to trickle through. If this is carried on the running-board of your car you will just need the two holes pierced, but if you are carrying it in your trailer you will have to pierce a hole in that, too, and have a piece of rubber tubing to carry the water away, thus keeping your trailer dry. It is really surprising how long the ice will keep in this little box, especially if it is protected with a piece of sacking. When making camp, the first thing to do on setting up your camp is to place your refrigerator in a shady spot; or, if you are going to stay any time, dig a hole in the ground for it and keep it well covered with wet sacking. Always refill this last thing when leaving a town, and try to have it on the shady side of your car.

When making camp always park your car and trailer in a shady spot, thus giving the finish and the tires what protection you can. If you cannot get your car in the shade, protect the tires from the hot sun with your rugs if you can spare them.

When planning your itinerary do not make your daily run too long or your trip will become an endurance test rather than a holiday. It is really best to plan to drive rather slowly and enjoy the actual driving and the scenery through which you will pass. I have found that when a camping trip is a thing of the past, it is the quaint and interesting "characters" one has met by the roadside that remain in our memory, and the glorious spots where one lingered. To tell how many hundreds of miles were cov-

ered in two weeks is, after all, an idle boast that leaves one cold. Most of the up-to-date road maps have camping spots marked on them, and you can judge your distances quite accurately therefrom and be sure of certain facilities being supplied; but if you are making camp just where the heart dictates, you want to be very sure of the water you are using. Unless there is a sign stating that the water is pure I would always boil it before using it for drinking—one cannot afford to take risks of drinking impure water.

Most camping parties include at least one enthusiastic fisherman, and on a trip many a novice, or even one who has never handled a rod before, becomes an enthusiast. It is well, therefore, to be prepared to be entirely conquered by Nature and to carry at least one cheap collapsible rod and sufficient tackle to make fishing possible.

If you want to build a fire that will last a long time an old and experienced hunter tells me to look for an old pine root, one with plenty of pitch. This will burn for hours if helped out with a little "small stuff."

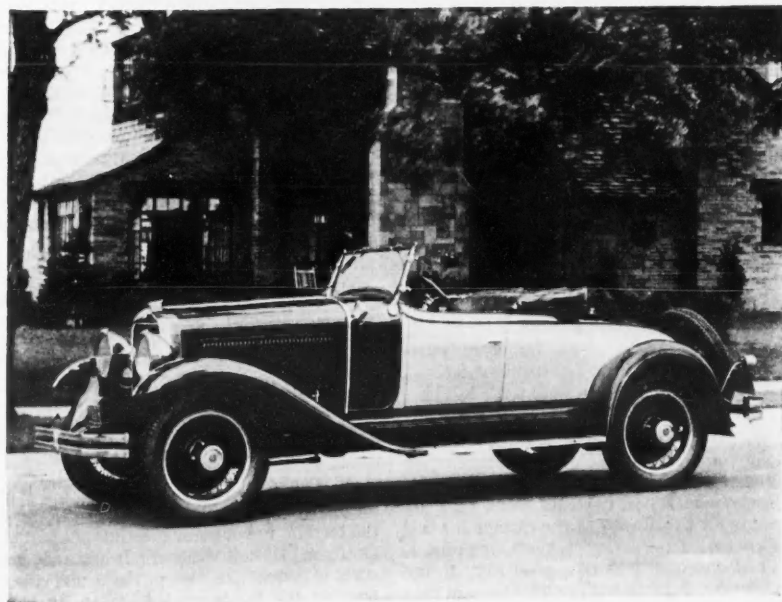
TO MAKE a camping trip complete one must not forget to try a planked steak and some planked fish. For this purpose use a small board about twelve by eighteen inches. Across the bottom of this—the twelve-inch way—make a little tin trough with the ends turned up to catch the juices of your meat. The meat you nail to the top of the board and stand it as close as possible to the heat. You will, of course, want to grill a steak, which is the ideal way to cook it and gives it a most wonderful flavor. Do not turn your steak too often, sear it well on both sides and then only turn it once more—in turning it too often one loses most of the juice of the meat.

Do not carry a lot of towels or excess clothing. These things can be washed out and dried in the sun. Also, do not carry a lot of tinned goods—they are very heavy and one can always re-stock in the towns or buy fresh vegetables or green stuff for salads on the highways or from the farmers.

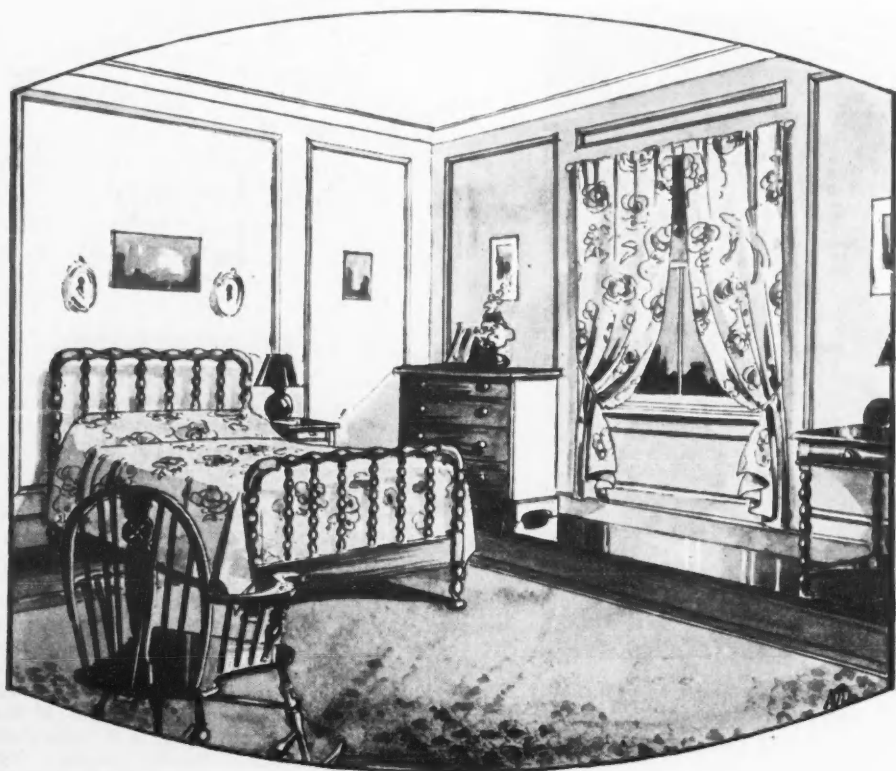
For dishes I think it is best to take tin plates, not enamel. One can carry so many in a small space. But for drinking I would advise china mugs, not cups. Mugs stand easily anywhere and, if you must have a saucer, use a small tin plate, but one should dispense with such luxuries.

Knives, forks, spoons, etc., are best carried in a cloth roll with compartments, and a tape to tie them securely. In a tin or box they rattle most annoyingly. A few clothes-pins should also be included for wash day.

Lastly, do not forget some old cushions which you will also use for bed pillows. Take your oldest clothes, some warm sweaters, and leave your troubles behind, then—"Ho, for the Open Road!"



A duplicate of the Studebaker President 8 roadster, shown above, holds every official speed and endurance record for fully equipped stock cars.



For the sake of change introduce into the sick-room several panels, by means of molding.

THE HOME BUREAU

Conducted by
ANNE ELIZABETH
WILSON

A page to solve our readers' interior decoration problems

FOR several months I have followed with much interest the articles on home decoration. Perhaps you will now come to my assistance.

My first need is for a wall color (paint) and new curtains for a bedroom. This room is continually occupied by an invalid. The room is about ten by eleven feet, with a window facing east and one south. The furniture is antique in old walnut, consisting of a single spool bed, a chest of drawers, a pretty spooled-leg table (Victorian), a walnut book trough, and Windsor rocker. I do not wish to change this any. The floor is covered with a velvet rug with black background, containing a small but prominent all-over pattern of light tan, rose and blue. It is very good looking. The walls are cream, flat paint, relieved by well-chosen pictures, the curtains supplying the color.

The room is very harmonious at present, but I thought you might suggest a new wall color, and I want to provide some light over-curtains for summer. I had thought of a chintz patterned voile. The patient is very partial to blue, and as my bed coverings consist of three spreads, one a candlewick (blue on unbleached cotton), one a checked blue and white voile, and an écru voile with lace medallions, used over a light blue satin lining, I would like the curtains to harmonize. I think the wall will be a problem, for I want it neither oppressive nor monotonous, and I realize that anything but a neutral tone might be one or other. However, I am anticipating some encouraging suggestions for this room.

YOUR description is already an ideal for a sick-room, but I can understand your wanting some change, no matter how small, for the sake of interest and cheer.

In the first place, you already have on the walls the usually prescribed light neutral tint affected by hospitals as a visual aid to repose. This treatment which I am about to suggest, however, will be slightly more colorful and would give you an opportunity of seeming to create a new atmosphere in the room, for it will represent a change in picture arrangement.

Have the walls repainted, also in flat finish, in a shade approximating in paint tint what we call "flesh" in sheer materials. You can obtain this by adding a small amount of rose to the ordinary biscuit or cream base. Then for the sake of the change which is so refreshing to anyone confined to one room, introduce several panels, according to the general contour of the room and the placing of furniture, by means of molding. This might be painted either a pearl grey or a grey blue, both delicate in tone.

Your own suggestion that you use figured voile over-

curtains for the summer is very happy. Just now there is a most pleasant vogue for using figured voile dress materials for curtaining and draping of dressing tables. Why not get something with a "powder blue" tone predominating and some introduction of the wall coloring? This should be easy to find in a floral pattern.

The Sun Porch

I HAVE a sun porch overlooking the river. It faces south and is sunny and bright; size nine feet long, six feet wide, and twelve feet high. One side has four windows and a door (half window). The other side has a door leading into the dining room. One end is blank and at the other is a door leading into the kitchen. The floor is covered with inlaid linoleum, cream ground with Oriental design in blues, greens, red, fawn and brown. At present the walls are grey and look dreary. What color would you suggest that I paint these wooden walls and ceiling?

I have wicker furniture and would make cushions. What about the windows? Each is separate. I bought some cream paint, but my courage fails me as I wonder if the result would be too bright and dazzling.

HAD you ever thought of using an apple-green for the walls? There is nothing at once so cool and so bright. Then for your curtains, try to duplicate the green in your linoleum, and work in as many of the other Oriental colors as appear in it with this predominating. You should have no difficulty in finding a chintz or cretonne in these colors. The cushions for your wicker could be covered with this as well. You can utilize your cream paint for the ceiling.

The Dark Living Room

I HAVE enjoyed reading other people's problems each month in *The Chatelaine* and now I do hope you can help me with mine. It is a living room with a northern exposure—one small window on the north. Then there are three mullioned windows on the west, where there is a large verandah. This room always looks gloomy to me.

The woodwork is white enamel, the paper grey with rose flowers with deep blue and grey leaves. The rug is rose. The Chesterfield is covered with a plain blue slip cover, cushions in plain dark blue and two or three rose-covered. Recently we got two new Chesterfield chairs. Our radio, gramophone and end table are walnut. Our bookcase and piano are mahogany. The floors are hardwood. (Now isn't that an awful mess?)

I will have to keep my rug, which is a good Wilton, but I

Illustrated by A. V. Potter

would like to change the paper and get slip-covers for the Chesterfield suite. I do hope you can help me.

IT IS very easy to diagnose your living room's ailment, and you are in a good position to provide the remedy. The rug, which you say you must keep, is practically the only piece of furnishing in the room which is the right color for the exposure.

You see, you have here not only a north room, but one which is prevented from getting even its full share of western light by the verandah. It needs warm color and yet more warm color, and at present it is provided with the coldest in the spectrum!

Now for the paper. It is not desirable that you over-emphasize the rose note in the room. There is too much danger of getting the effect of a glorified big pink fondant. But there are betwixts and between. Especially in the modernistic papers you can sometimes find something with an indefinite suggestion of design in soft washed over-colors in which cream and rose are most noticeable. Or you may find a stippled effect in which there is merely a warm flush of rose—practically a neutral background. Failing all these, a plain biscuit or beige paper would give you at least an effect of light. The solution for the Chesterfield suite is most emphatically a smart, rather large floral chintz. The English "garden" types are what you need—fine buxom flowers of all colors on a light ground. If it contains a definite rose, try to see that it does not cause trouble with the rose Wilton.

I should point out that with a rose rug you have rather a problem in color management, but as this is the foundation from which you perform must work, this would be my suggestion.

I note your postscript, "Please suggest window drapes." There will very likely be a beige note in your chintz which will lend itself to indefinitely striped curtain material in the same shade. This would also be excellent in cushions, mixed with a few of the other chintz shades.

A "Different" Bathroom

IF ALL goes well, by fall we expect to move into a home of our own. Now I have always wanted to experiment and make a bathroom something that is lovely. My bathroom in this house is nice but it's pure and simply a bathroom—not a pretty spot in it except its color. I had thought that in a house of our own I'd [Continued on page 40]

Miss Elizabeth Altemus of Philadelphia



A BRILLIANT FAVORITE IN SOCIETY. SHE IS AN EXPERT HORSEWOMAN AND A DASHING GENTLEWOMAN JOCKEY

CLASSIC BEAUTY, reflected in a modern mirror . . . a flawless profile, the perfect oval of a face that Phidias might have chiseled in an Athenian frieze . . . the silky chestnut hair is parted in the Grecian manner, the firm young skin is fine and lustrous as Attic marble.

Yet this classic beauty is a debonair young modern . . . a brilliant favorite in smart society . . . Miss Elizabeth Altemus, of an old and distinguished Philadelphia family.

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I never use any other. And the Cleansing Tissues take off the cream easily and completely.

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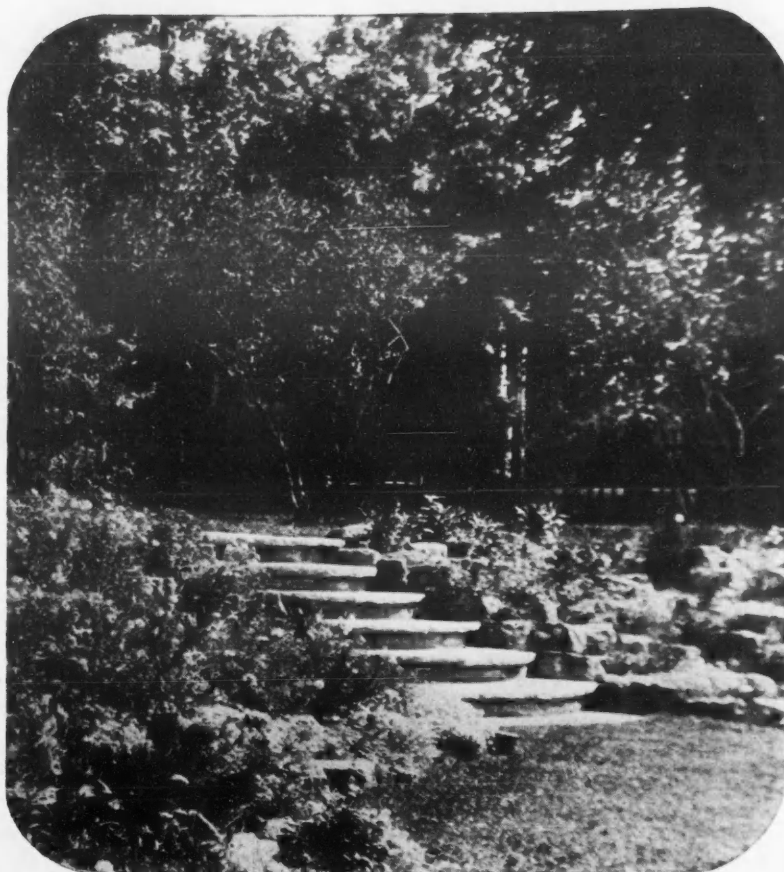
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Furnishing the Garden

Shrubbery, furniture, arbors, steps and pathways correctly placed all play an important part in making the garden

by LAURA E. ALLEN

The first consideration in building steps is safety. This is assured by a twelve-inch tread with a six-inch riser, the surface of the steps being smooth.



NEARLY three thousand years have passed since the first garden book was written. The history of garden making, in fact, is almost as old as the history of housing itself. But although much has been written on interior furnishing, very little has been offered for guidance in the matter of garden furnishing.

The principles of correct use are as applicable to the garden as to the house. They may be summarized by the word "propriety." This term is all-embracing and includes not only the placing of the article in its particular position but also the style of the article chosen in its relation to the feeling or atmosphere of the whole garden. Gardens differ in type quite as much as houses, and it is possible for the owner to express her personality and to develop an individual and distinct character to her rooms both indoors and out. This is an interesting study and structures play an important part in the outdoor development.

The word "structures," in the parlance of the landscape architect, means those man-made accessories which are used in the garden, presumably for convenience and added beauty.

Garden Highways

IN LARGE properties the road is the first consideration. It is too large a subject for the confines of this article, except to say that the entrances to extensive grounds should be placed to command the best view, with the least possible amount of cut and fill. The road should wind in such a way as to hide the house at first, while grade must be carefully thought out to make an easy ascent. In the small place, the most obvious structure is the path or walk. The path is a highly important feature and its construction and placement are matters for careful consideration. For the most part, the path should take the shortest line between two points. It should have a beginning and an end. One of the outside doors of the house makes a logical beginning and some other important object should be the terminal. To begin a path and let it end at no place in particular is one of the errors into which the amateur gardener is prone to fall. Curves are permitted—indeed they relieve the monotony of a long, straight walk—but the necessity of the curve must be apparent. There must be some obstacle in the shape of a tree or group of shrubbery which accounts

for the curve in the walk at that point.

Materials for the walk are various. Flagstones laid irregularly make an informal walk of picturesque design. A flagstone path is properly laid when the edges are perfectly parallel and the joints are broken, not continuous. This material is highly successful for the walk from front door to street, making a pleasing substitute for the harsh glare of the ordinary cement walk. When the house is built of brick, the same material may be used for a substantial walk. Whether it will be an artistic feature depends upon the color of the brick. White is out of the question, while some shades of red do not lend themselves to garden work. Gravel has a severe aspect quite out of tune with the soft texture and delicate hues of most plants. The best material for color and resiliency is rotten rock. Turf makes a beautiful path and is the only sort to use along a perennial border. A wide grass path with ample borders of gay perennials makes a lovely picture, the grass accentuating the flower colors as nothing else can do. The one objection to turf is that it is likely to be wet with dew in the morning and evening at the times when the garden is most attractive. Seeding makes the best path just as it makes the best lawn. When the path area is well prepared and thickly seeded it quickly produces a close mat, kept neat by the use of lawn mower and sod edger. It is the cheapest of all walk materials.

When there is a difference of level in the garden surface a retaining wall may be necessary. There are three materials for this use: brick, stratified stone and cut stone. Brick is not to be recommended for walls any more than for walks; its color clashes with many plant materials. A warm grey is the best color for walls. Stratified stone in a colorful grey is to be found in various parts of Canada and is unexcelled for this purpose. Cut stone is too cold a grey and very expensive as well. Retaining walls should not be more than three or four feet high, and above all things should have stability of appearance. The dry wall, made without mortar, is most commonly used for an inexpensive structure. Pockets are built in the wall to hold fertile soil for plants and vines, and in time the wall surface becomes clothed with verdure and an asset to the general design.

The Friendly Garden Gate

One happy result of an enclosed garden is that it must have an entrance, and an

attractive garden entrance is always most alluring. Hedges make a satisfactory boundary. One garden enclosed with a formally clipped hedge of privet has a green lattice gate with an oval top and iron latch. From the gate a grass path leads down the length of the garden to an arbor of the same green lattice. Gates have received a greater share of attention than any other garden structure. The gateways which delight one the most are not elaborate, but are simple entrances so harmoniously placed that they possess an old-world charm.

Steps and Seats

The first consideration in building steps is safety. This is assured by a twelve-inch tread with a six-inch riser, the surface of the steps being smooth. When making steps in a rockery, it is not well to imitate the roughness of the stones there used. However naturalistic the rockery stones may be, for the steps, let us repeat, only smooth-surfaced stones should be used. Steps leading from a terrace to a lawn on a lower level, should have the lower treads curving outward to give a feeling of freedom to turn to right or to left as may be desired. The steps should be of the same material as the terrace paving, preferably stratified stone.

The material used for benches depends upon the general character of the garden. Heavy oak timbers might be used or some other dark-stained wood, to harmonize with the decidedly rustic and quiet nature of the surroundings. Anything of a conspicuous or highly ornamental character, such as a marble bench, would be entirely foreign to some scenes and would introduce a jarring note in the harmony of pastoral beauty.

Hickory seats are often used in gardens but the roughness of this wood, so damaging to clothing, makes them far from satisfactory.

Teahouses and the Like

For the purpose of shade pergolas are built from climbing plants. Sometimes they form a covered walk between house and garage; sometimes, it would seem, they are simply for the display of the carpenter's bag of tricks. The "fussy" pergola, happily, is out of date and it is now good form to use peeled cedar posts with poles across in true rustic fashion, which is more in keeping with garden effects.

A shelter is an unstudied structure in play-

ful mood with, perhaps, a birdhouse on the roof peak. A thatched roof is entirely appropriate, emphasizing its unpretentious character.

An arbor or teahouse, usually of lattice, is used as an integral part of the whole garden plan, at the end of a panel of turf or path bordered by such familiar favorites as the stately delphinium, vivid peony, scented pinks, feathery astilbe and domestic lilac.

Water Gardens

One of the most desirable features of the home grounds is water in some form. A pool is always a point of interest, not only for the attraction which water always has, but also for the delightful plants which it nourishes. The shape of the pool is a matter of importance. In a formal garden it should be of geometrical design—a rectangle with conventional planting. For the informal garden an irregular oval is fitting and attractive, with creeping plants here and there over the uneven curb.

The lawn fountain belongs in spacious grounds, and the wall fountain is at home among statuary and clipped evergreen spires.

The waterfall is perhaps the most striking form in landscaping. Ledges of rock are built of stratified stones from which the water descends tier after tier to splash into a pool far below. This is an ingenious device for supplying water in what appears to be a natural manner. Coupled with suitable planting, the result is a fine reproduction of one of Nature's most charming moods.

Outdoor Living Room

Time was when the "back porch" opening from the kitchen was deemed a necessity. Now that the workroom has moved up nearer to the front door and its place taken by the living quarters, it is possible to possess that most desirable feature of any residence, a close connection between indoor and outdoor rooms. The back porch is superseded by the terrace which is built just a shallow step below the threshold. This makes an easy transition from the house to the terrace, the outdoor meeting-place of the family in pleasant weather. It has a six-inch curb of stone like the paving, and where possible the lot is graded up to its level, eliminating steps to the garden. Thus the close relationship between house and garden becomes an established fact.



There are certain unique decorative features about Vincent's establishment that distinguish it from the usual salon, as this sketch indicates.



Vincent superintending a facial treatment in his beauty salon on the Rue Royale, Paris. He advises Palmolive, as do so many of his famous colleagues.



"An irritated skin—you are using the wrong kind of soap, perhaps. Use Palmolive. Its color is the color of palm and olive oils. It has a fresh natural odor. It not only keeps the skin free of irritation, but it leaves the complexion refreshed and beautiful."

Vincent
20 RUE ROYALE
PARIS

VINCENT of Paris

Beauty Expert to Society

warns against the wrong kind of soap
... "you should use Palmolive"

Beauty experts recognize the need for a soap containing olive oil to keep skin fresh, smooth and lovely.

"We particularly stress to all our clients," says Vincent of Paris, "the importance of skin cleansing. That means keeping the skin free of impurities and ready for our special treatment. And for this purpose we recommend just one soap—Palmolive."

Vincent has a very important shop on the Rue Royale, across from the famous Madeleine in Paris. Here he administers to the beauty needs of world travelers and women of fashion in Paris. And he warns them of the dangers in using the wrong kind of soap.

"You should use Palmolive," he insists, "which is made of vegetable oils."

Unless impurities and daily accumulations of oil

and dirt are removed from the pores, you soon discover blackheads, pimples, and enlarged pores, which are some of women's chief beauty grievances.

Palm and olive oils in soap have a beneficial effect on the skin. They cleanse the pores without irritation. They leave the surface of the skin toned up and stimulated, yet they are so gentle, so easy on the skin. That is, undoubtedly, why these fine cosmetic oils have been used by lovely women since Cleopatra's time.

Here is the famous treatment

With both hands work up a fine lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. Work this tenderly into the skin of face and throat, massaging for about two minutes. You can actually feel the impurities being carried away from under the surface of the skin. Rinse, first with warm water, then with cold. In the morning, perhaps you'll need a touch of cream or some kind of astringent before

putting on make-up. That is the basis of the home beauty treatment recommended by more than 23,720 beauty specialists.

Consult your beauty expert

For special treatments, you will have, of course, to consult your own expert. But for day in and day out care of the skin, nothing is quite so effective as this simple Palmolive treatment. And since Palmolive costs no more than ordinary soap, millions allow it to do for their entire body what it does so well for the face. Why don't you begin to use it tomorrow?

A vast professional group of 23,720 beauty specialists finds one soap best. They all advise Palmolive!



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Do Wives Give More Than Husbands?

More letters from readers on F. E. Bailey's article in the May issue

A Wife Agrees With Mr. Bailey

To the Editor, *The Chatelaine*:

As soon as I read Mr. Bailey's article I wanted to tell him how much I (a woman) agreed with him.

Young men do indeed show great nobility when they give up all they really want to do—for nearly all young men long to travel footloose and free—and spend all the rest of their lives working to satisfy the demands made by their wives and children. Often they only get tobacco money for themselves and perhaps two weeks a year for holidays which their wives spoil by insisting on the holiday they want.

Few women have had to live through the hunger, cold, danger and privation that I have experienced, cheerfully, I hope. I have brought up a family of which I am proud, but I know my husband has had a more difficult life than I have had. With my education and ability I know I could not have bought a house nor a car nor have saved so much toward an old age fund. None of my unmarried contemporaries has a home of her own nor a car to use as she likes, with none of the dirty work of keeping it up—the men do that—nor a perpetual escort!

If these scornful ladies writing in the June *Chatelaine* had ever done a man's work hanging on beyond one's endurance, and sticking to it even beyond breaking point, they would know why men die younger than women, and why they should spend their lives doing everything to make their men happy.—A Successful Wife.

A Limited Experience

To the Editor, *The Chatelaine*:

The article—"Do We Wives Give More Than Husbands"—is rather amazing in its outlook or rather the writer's outlook.

It depicts a limited experience of life and contact with the finer men and women one meets on one's journey through. He or she cannot have lived among our fine men and women who give without counting the cost, and are rewarded by finding the finest highest things in marriage.

Of course, Mrs. Smith gains more than she loses, if she only gains motherhood. There is no other experience in life so supreme, whatever may fail than motherhood with its exquisite joy and its anguish! One feels it is almost too wonderful for this earth. The joy of parenthood, man and woman watching young life unfolding before their wondering eyes—ah there are regions to be explored, new countries to discover in the heart and mind of a child! Mrs. Smith does not lose, nor does Mr. Smith if he is big enough to gain.

Why talk of sex equality? Most thinkers have discovered that man and woman complete each other as God meant they should.

A great majority of men are completely happy with their families. Giving of the best that is in them, without counting the cost and receiving in return all that life can hold. Comparatively few men have any very great desire for adventure or a very wide experience of life.

Men who long to travel and explore far distant lands and taste every sensation life has to offer, are happier unmarried and should remain so until they have satisfied the craving that caused their unrest.

True a man who is a father must always put the welfare of his family before his own desire.—If there is enough love and understanding, Mr. and Mrs. Smith will find the big and splendid things together and Mr.

Smith will not regret the dancing girls nor the love affairs that might have been. He will have found something more steadfast, more enduring, and instead of looking into the distance will have discovered all the beauty around him, and when he has found material success he may explore his new countries and feel that he has fulfilled his destiny. One cannot do that if one lives for, and in, oneself.

We need to hear more from our idealists. In last month's issue we had "Consider the Men We Know." I consider both these articles small and cynical—not good enough for educated men and women of the world. They reflect sex antagonism and disappointment. One gets from life exactly what one is capable of getting. One can have a rich and varied experience without adventure.

Your life is yours, Mr. Smith, make it big and fine. Look for the big things and keep out of the shadows.

Margery Accepts the Challenge

To the Editor, *The Chatelaine*:

SHE is not a noted writer—just an average Canadian wife who—were she an Irish fishwife would enjoy an encounter with one dubbed such whose article "Do Wives Give more than Husbands" appears in the May number of our esteemed journal—and for why? Because the said effusion is quite the reverse of complimentary or just to the average women and men who read *The Chatelaine*. In fact the writer must have a vivid imagination or else must move in circles wherein the domestic conditions are, to say the least, regrettable.

Since the editor describes the article as "challenging" may just an ordinary wife pick up the gauntlet—for, we venture to assert, at least 99 out of 100 of the millions who read this magazine may be so described.

Possibly a correct pen picture of the lives of some women and men have been drawn, women whose chief interests are centred in a meaningless and empty social whirl, and who preside over mansions, or palaces, call them what one will—except homes. And yet, editor of *The Chatelaine*, the homes presided over by men and women who have never harbored toward each other the ideas expressed by the "noted writer" are surely in evidence—surely in the majority in your clientèle?

Furthermore, such articles as the one referred to, do not, aid one iota in minimizing the explosive element which undoubtedly

pervades the atmosphere of many so-called homes.

Few indeed of our average wives in rural or urban districts are "kept" by their husbands, are merely a bill of expense; on the contrary they give value for value received.

Granted that sacrifice is involved in the establishment of a home, but it is the sacrifice of dress for gold; it is the sacrifice which sweetens labor. The man or woman whose life is barren of such, is deprived of one of the most worth-while things of life.

Who believes that the individual who spends his or her substance in selfish, not to say sensual enjoyment has or can have a conception of real happiness?

Old-fashioned idea? Yes, but there is a certain old-fashioned Book which tells of one who in such circumstance "came to himself" and found the joy, that all the "thrills" failed to accord him in service.

Thanks be, in this land of ours, this Canada there are thousands of homes wherein men and women give to each other and to their children ungrudgingly "the best years of their life." And these homes not such as the "noted writer" describes, are the bulwark of this and of every other civilized land.

When will our press, the most powerful agency for molding public opinion, for setting social ideals cease to condone or worse still praise, such attitude of mind as pervades the men and women to which the articles referred to alludes?

Why have we so few writers who portray in the life they depict the mutual loyalty of husband and wife which is not a thing of the past.

Why not give at least some publicity to those of whom it is still true that—

"Love took up the harp of life and smote on all the chords with might
Smote the chord of self that, trembling, passed in music out of sight"

and build their homes upon the—

"Love that says not mine and thine
But ours for ours is mine and thine"

And no publication could count more worthily or more effectually close its columns to all that tends to disintegrate the home life of our people than this.

There is much said about the cultivation of beauty in our womanhood, and rightly so, but it is written that the King's Daughter is all beautiful within and the "cosmetics" by which such beauty may be acquired need more advertising.

Don't let Mr. Smith delude himself either, my dear sir.



If he is the right kind of a man, he has been well repaid for everything he gave, and got just as much out of his home, and more of the variety, which is "the spice of life" outside his home than did Mrs. Smith.

And if Mr. and Mrs. Smith are the kind of people who are helping to make Canada a great country, because her citizens are great, neither of them will be concerned with the ideas discussed, for both will be too busy living to concern themselves with worse than trivialities when life and all that it means lies before them.

—Margery Mills.

"An Incredible Sacrifice"

To the Editor, *The Chatelaine*:

After reading the article by F. E. Bailey re *Wives and Husbands*, one would almost come to the conclusion that the poor man was—let us hope temporarily—partially deranged, or else that he must have become prematurely involved with the "bartering" type of female he describes, who inveigled him beyond his power to resist.

Well, my idea is that she has probably rued the bargain since, but be that as it may, if I were "Mrs. Smith" and read an article written by "Mr. Smith" like that one, he could take his "fortune, protection, home and love" and go "adventuring to all the corners of the earth with his alien ladies and fiercer sun"—with my hearty co-operation and assistance, if necessary, to get him there. At least I would have my self respect left, if not his. No woman nowadays needs to accept such a stupendous sacrifice as Mr. Smith has endured, nor would many be content to do so, seeing how he felt about it.

If Mr. Smith does "sell himself to someone as a slave to provide home, income, necessities and luxuries for his bride and their children," what of it? Does not the bride sell her freedom, and in many cases her individuality, to Mr. Smith and their children, supposedly for the rest of her existence? And if she is the right kind of wife with the right kind of husband, do you hear her regret it?

Yes, Mr. Bailey, your letter would almost make one laugh at the idea of the "equality of the sexes," but fortunately the male portion is not all like poor Mr. Smith; in real life a few or even a larger number of them do measure up to the female standard, so that they are not left quite so far behind as might be.

So far as providing means of travel are concerned, why should the women be concerned about such things with the "Mr. Smiths" any more than the men would be expected to rack their brains as to whether to have steak and onions or roast beef for next day's dinner.

There are unfortunately misfits on both sides, but not the ninety-nine out of a hundred mentioned, thanks be! And, after all, doesn't what either husband or wife get out of marriage depend not so much on what they put into it as on the spirit that goes with it? Neither party is ever perfect.

So, to the Mr. Smiths of the future, be sure you take heed and do not allow any bargain-driving Amazon to barter you in for such "incredible sacrifice" in your tender years, that is, if you have the slightest inclination toward "seeing the ends of the earth, fierce suns and dancing girls." It would be too bad, and I am sure no right-minded, present-day female would have the heart to accept it, if she only knew in time.—"Another Female."

**SWANS DOWN
ONE-EGG CAKE**

2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, 4 tablespoons butter or other shortening, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, unbeaten, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla. (All measurements are level.)

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add egg and beat well. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla. Bake in two greased 9-inch layer pans in moderate oven (375°F.) 25 minutes. Put layers together and cover top and sides of cake with Soft Chocolate Frosting.

**SOFT
CHOCOLATE
FROSTING**

4 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, cut in pieces, $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups cold milk, 4 tablespoons Swans Down Cake Flour, 1 cup sugar, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 teaspoon vanilla. (All measurements are level.)

Add chocolate to milk in double boiler and heat. When chocolate is melted, beat with rotary egg beater until smooth and blended. Sift flour with sugar; add a small amount of chocolate mixture, stirring until smooth. Return to double boiler, cook until thickened, and add butter and vanilla. Cool and spread on cake.

This one-egg cake is here to show you what a difference Swans Down makes!

HERE is a simple one-egg cake. Make it just as the recipe tells you to, using *Swans Down Cake Flour*, and you'll have a cake that is wonderfully light and fine, velvety tender, delicious. It will be perfect, in every way. But make this cake with ordinary flour and see what a difference Swans Down makes!

With no other flour can you get the fine Swans Down texture or the delicious Swans Down tenderness. With no other flour can you match Swans Down economy. Because with Swans Down you use fewer eggs and less shortening, and still get a cake that is lighter and finer than more expensive cakes made with ordinary flour.

Bake this one-egg cake soon. It will prove to you, conclusively, that Swans Down makes infinitely better cakes. And that goes for *all* cakes—not only one-egg cakes, but angel foods, chocolate cakes, gold cakes, cup cakes! Moreover, we promise you this—if you've always been a good

cake-maker, you'll make *better* cakes with Swans Down than ever before. On the other hand, if you've never known the thrill of making your own cakes, you'll find out—the *very first time* you carefully follow a *Swans Down* recipe—that you can achieve triumphs in cake-making too!

Experts realize the importance of using Swans Down Cake Flour. Ask the women who win the prizes at exhibitions and county fairs. *Wherever cake-baking contests take place, it's just about a foregone conclusion that Swans Down cakes will win more prizes than all other cakes put together!*

How can flour make such a difference in your cakes?

Read these facts. Ordinary sack flours which are milled primarily for yeast bread contain a tough, elastic gluten. A gluten which is excellent for yeast leavening but which resists the quick rising action

of baking powder, egg whites, and other leavens used in cakes.

The wheat used for Swans Down is soft winter wheat. It contains a very delicate, tender gluten—perfectly suited for use with all "quick" leavens. And the difference in Swans Down doesn't stop there. . . .

Only the choicest part of the wheat kernel is used for Swans Down. Besides that, Swans Down is sifted and sifted until it is 27 times as fine as ordinary sack flour. That's why you can economize with Swans Down, and still achieve the most perfect baking results!

Send for FREE Trial Package

So sure are we that once you have tried Swans Down Cake Flour you will always use it, that we want to send you a generous trial package absolutely free. We will send also our booklet, "The Swans Down Way to Perfect Cakes," beautifully illustrated. Fill in and mail the coupon.

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Please send me free trial package and free booklet, "The Swans Down Way to Perfect Cakes."

Name

Address

There Was a Little City

Continued from page 11

pretended that Peter, not Charles, held her; only, of course, one couldn't really pretend, because Peter was as supple as a young panther and Charles had the set figure of middle age.

At last the evening with its perfection of car and dinner and dancing ended, and she found herself standing cloaked beside Charles in the entrance waiting for his car to be called.

Charles was saying: "Will you come back to my flat for half an hour and have coffee, or hot milk or lemon squash or whatever you like before I take you home, please? There's something I want to ask you, and one can't talk seriously in a restaurant."

"Why, of course, if you want me to; I'd love it," Joy told him, giving herself up once more to the embrace of the wonderful car.

THE flat in St. James's Place told her more of her mother's world even than the car and the dance club and the manner of Charles Darrell. It had never occurred to her that men cared to surround themselves with beautiful possessions, or could make satisfactory homes for themselves without wives to choose the curtains and arrange the furniture.

She heard Charles, busy with a tray of bottles and glasses, enquiring what she would drink, and asked for lemon squash. He made her one and carried it to her with a plate of small delicious sandwiches that seemed to melt in the mouth.

Looking straight at her, he began: "I don't know if your mother said anything to you, Joy, but I'm old-fashioned enough to ask a girl's mother's permission before I talk to the girl herself. I want to marry you and your mother agreed to my asking you. Will you marry me, Joy?"

The clear-cut voice came so distinctly that she hardly distinguished the very faintest shake in it. Then, aware that she ought not to keep him in suspense, but craving a little incense, because probably never again would two men within the space of a month ask her to marry them, she enquired: "Why do you want me to?"

"Because, quite suddenly, when you came into the sitting-room of your flat the other night, I realized I'd never seen a girl so pretty and with such indescribable charm. You've got all the magic of youth and at the same time the dignity, if you'll excuse the word, that women used to have and the average modern girl wouldn't recognize if she saw it."

"And this is the man," Joy thought, "who remembered mummy for two years and seemed determined to marry her, and now, because of something he believes he saw in

me one evening, suddenly he wants me." In spite of herself she could not help feeling a faint thrill of pleasure. Then she answered: "I'm awfully sorry, Charles, but I can't possibly marry you."

The words took him by surprise, not for the reason that he was a vain man, but because he knew that from all practical points of view she would be unlikely ever to receive a more attractive offer.

"My dear," he said, "I may have spoken abruptly, but please don't decide in a hurry. No one would love you better than I should, and there are so many things I want to give you—frocks, jewellery, a car, travel, whatever house or flat you prefer, winters in Egypt—all you could possibly want. I'm not trying to buy you, heaven knows, but the only way men can express themselves is in gifts."

Silently she shook her head, and the gesture seemed to leave him mystified.

"But, Joy, your mother told me you weren't promised to anyone, and I have her good wishes and permission in asking you to marry me, and there seems some strong influence that makes you refuse. Have you heard something against me, because if so, please tell me and I shall be able to contradict it?"

"I never heard anything of you, Charles, except good opinions, and personally I think you're one of the nicest men I ever met."

"Well, then, won't you tell me why you don't wish to marry me?"

"Mummy was quite honest in saying I wasn't promised to anyone, Charles. She didn't know. When she told me she'd given you permission to ask me, I explained I'd already promised to marry someone and then she was furious because he hasn't a penny in the world. I think you ought to know the whole story."

She told it, and every word convinced Charles Darrell more and more that his dream would never come true, because having met many people and suffered much, he could recognize sincerity and knew it to be unshakable.

He said to her at last: "I remember an ancient proverb which runs: 'There was a little city, and there came a great King and besieged it, and built great bulwarks against it. Now there was found a poor wise man, and he by his wisdom delivered the city; yet no one remembered that same poor man.' I think you're rather like the little city, Joy, and circumstances have besieged you, and since you won't marry me I will be the poor wise man and deliver the little city by my wisdom and you will never remember me, for happy people never remember, but I shall have done something to justify my existence. Who

and what is this young man of yours, and why can't he earn enough to keep you both?"

"He's twenty-six and he was in an office but he couldn't stand it, and so he went to the south of France and became a gigolo to make money quickly and go to Canada and take up land in the Peace River district. Of course, I want to go with him now, so it'll cost still more. And Charles, he went to the same school as you did."

"But you've only known him about a week. How can you be sure he's a good sort, good enough to be trusted with you?"

Employing the exquisite unconscious cruelty of a woman in love to a man who loves her and is not the man she loves, Joy answered: "I could tell by the way he kissed me. It was as if he hardly dared because I seemed so wonderful to him. But, of course, he did dare. I should have felt ashamed of him if he hadn't."

All the breath went out of Charles Darrell and every one of his fifty years seemed to him like five hundred. Then defiantly he forced a smile.

"I rather sympathize with young men who want to go overseas and develop new countries. I did it myself as a young man. I may as well invest money in the Peace River district of Canada as anywhere else. You two can buy me out as you get richer. The only condition is that you invite me to stay with you once a year for the moose shooting or whatever one shoots along the Peace River. Now I think I'll take you back to Félise, and you shall telegraph to Peter in the morning to report in London as soon as he can get here."

She went across to him, put her hands on his shoulders and held up her face, but he pushed her away gently. "Don't kiss me, Joy. The only sort of kisses I want from you are the one kind I shall never get, and I never could endure any sort of compromise."

IN THE sitting room of Félise's flat, Peter and Joy sat side by side at a table covered with Canadian Government literature, price lists, and, over all, a large map of the Dominion. Peter had one arm round Joy, and every now and then of its own accord her dark head leaned against his.

"Here's Regina, Joy, and here's Edmonton, and here's the Peace River. Aren't we lucky to be pioneers in these days when there's so little pioneering left to do? I'd hate just a fruit farm in British Columbia surrounded by retired colonels and commanders R.N. Besides, this new land is marvellous for growing things. I wish I understood more about it, but, of course, we're safe not to go wrong now, because Darrell's paying the wages of someone who

knows the ropes for a year or so till I know the ropes myself. Still I shan't feel contented till I'm on my own and we've bought Darrell out. He's an absolute brick."

In the sitting room of Charles Darrell's flat, Félise leaned back gracefully in the very chair, on the arm of which Joy had sat not so many evenings previously, crossed one exquisite knee over the other,

"Thank you ever so much for my good luncheon, Charles. I really ought to go home, only I scarcely dare interrupt the children. They're so happy, and the place looks exactly like the statistical department of an emigration bureau. I hope Joy remembered to give Peter something to eat. You've been awfully sweet to those babies. I always say a broken heart either softens a man or sours him. I'm glad yours hasn't soured you. It would be a pity somehow."

"Félise, tell me something. Do you think I should have been happy with Joy?"

Félise caressed him with her eyes, feeling almost sorry for him. "Yes and no, Charles. You're too kind-hearted to do what is called 'bend her to your will'. You'd have been trying always to recapture a phase of your own life which for good or evil is over and done with—the star-dust and moon-shine period, yod know, that comprises the late teens and early twenties."

"I was wiser two years ago, Félise. Two years ago I knew I'd be perfectly happy with you, if you'd put up with me. I'm wiser now because now I know I'd be perfectly happy with you. In the interval I've destroyed my chance because I erred and strayed after another goddess, and goddesses are jealous creatures. Once they lose your allegiance they refuse to let you renew it, even if you put ashes on your head and clothe yourself in sackcloth. Still, being a singularly wise and understanding goddess, as well as a very beautiful one, could you, do you think, give me another chance, Félise?"

Félise, who liked him very much, was indeed a very nice person, and understood intimately the sins, frailties, shortcomings and imperfections of men without in the least despising them. She stretched out a slender hand, sighed very faintly, and beheld an earthly paradise open captivantly before her. She knew and knew that he knew no one could ever satisfy him so completely as she, and that our finest achievements are built out of past mistakes.

"This goddess," she replied, "will give you anything you like to ask for, because, Charles, you put things so charmingly and make me feel so incredibly generous when really I haven't the slightest excuse for feeling anything of the sort."

What Does Your Mirror Tell You?

Continued from page 26

mirth, sociability and coquettishness. Those at the corners of the mouth are the mirthful dimples. They indicate fun-loving, happy, sportive and witty dispositions.

Temperament

No characterization is complete without consideration of the peculiar type of temperament with which we are dealing. There are four classes.

First, there is the choleric type. It may be active or suppressed. The same physical features are associated with each, but in the latter they are not so pronounced.

Choleric characters are nervous, tempestuous, aggressive, and liable to explode at any moment. They announce great future achievements but often accomplish little. The speech is arrogant, dictatorial and crushing. With them it is rule or ruin. They lack self-control, but insist on controlling others. They do not cautiously consider, and have little or no fear of consequences. If, however, there is a little

reason and judgment shown, and the temper is controlled, they make the most delightful people in the world. They are clever and witty, and are the life and soul of any social gathering in which they may happen to be. They may become geniuses in philosophy, medicine, law, finance or mercantile pursuits. They are usually oppositionists in any argument, because they stand on their own views, right or wrong. They have inordinate conceit, and are quick to take offense. They recover rapidly, however, and when allowed their own way make cheerful companions.

The physical signs for this temperament are an arched profile, a small, wiry, thin physique, low crown to the head, a receding forehead, brilliant eyes with a nervous movement, small irises, eyes close together, a large, broad, arched nose, thin nostrils, a large mouth, freckles, and wrinkles and furrows between the eyes. There are prominent veins in the forehead, temples and neck. The complexion is florid, or flushes quickly. The hair is coarse and curly, the

speech and conduct are very aggressive.

Phlegmatic characters are deliberate in speech and action, and disinclined for much exercise or serious occupations of any kind. They have a distinctly lazy disposition, are very deliberate in their movements, and inclined to take life easily. This temperament is found more commonly in tropical climates.

The physical signs are a vertical or concave profile, heavy rounded features, lustreless eyes with drooping eyelids, contracted nostrils, thick lips, straight hair, large round physique, sallow pale blonde or deep brunette complexion, soft flesh, flaccid muscles, no wrinkles, and deliberativeness of movement.

Sanguine characters have a superabundance of hope and confidence. They are too optimistic and lack judgment. They form many schemes, most of which end in failure. The "plungers" in the stock market belong to this class. When, however, impulse is under control and mentality is good, success is assured.

The physical signs are upturned corners to the mouth, an upward slant to the base of the nose, bright sparkling eyes, clear blonde or florid complexions, a habitual smile with much laughter and merriment, and rapid speech, step and action, combined with health, strength and energy.

Melancholic characters are taciturn and pessimistic, lack confidence, and have great fear of consequences. They are likely to develop melancholia.

The physical signs are a thin face and long narrow features, heavy eyebrows, lustreless eyes with drooping upper eyelids, dark eyes and hair, sallow, pallid or dark complexion, eyebrows slanting downward, a long nose drooping over the upper lip, downward slant to the corners of the mouth, heavy wrinkles between the eyes and across the forehead, deep furrows from the sides of the nose to the sides of the mouth, slow speech and action, stooping gait, a silent brooding disposition, an inactive liver and poor health.



Charming for framing or mounting are these dainty silhouettes. They are number 649, 34 cents a pair.

Oilcloth Novelties and Silhouettes

by RUBY SHORT McKIM



JULY is not a month that inspires one to heavy handwork projects, but such easily made novelties as we are submitting this time will not draw heavily on the energies of anyone, and they are most attractive.

An all-purpose bag can find a multitude of uses. It is just right for small garden tools, for the postman's delivery of summer mail, for a damp bathing suit, or a dry book. The bag is of dark green oilcloth outside, lined through with orange and bound in dark green, stitched on with long running stitches in orange. It is so cut that the bag and handle are in one piece with the seam at the bag's base. A cut-out posy of orange and dark green is glued on for decoration. This bag is order number 620, all materials and copy complete for 53 cents.



An all-purpose bag of dark green oilcloth lined with orange and with an orange decoration. Number 620 at 53 cents.

BLACK BEAUTY is designed especially for the youngsters who like even a plain stick horse. He or she will love this splendid charger, made of black oilcloth with



Black Beauty is a splendid charger made of black oilcloth with flaming red nostrils and ivory teeth. Number 240 at 53 cents.

flaming red nostrils, ivory teeth, treacherous eye and bright red bridle. And wonder of wonders, the bridle is removable! What child is not delighted to bridle his own steed? The extreme dimensions of the horse measure nine inches wide and fourteen inches long. This is number 240 and includes all materials, except broom stick and stuffing; directions supplied. It is priced at 53 cents.

WHAT gift would be more acceptable today than an exclusively designed pair of old-fashioned silhouettes? A delicate aura of lace and flowers adds softness of outline to the glossy black little figures. Paper size is six by eight on beautiful vellum stock. They are number 649, 34 cents a pair—inexpensive, yet charming for framing or mounting on boxes or wall panels.

The gleeful smile that greets you in the morning



EVERY day is another great adventure for your child. Life is simply a marvelous game and every youngster is eager for a thrill. That's why children think it's fun to brush their teeth . . . with Colgate's. It has the captivating taste they love . . . and remember.

Colgate's cleans with a washing action . . . its sparkling, bubbling foam sweeps over teeth and gums, surging down into tiny pits and fissures where food collects and where ordinary toothpaste cannot reach. It purifies and refreshes the entire mouth . . . polishes the teeth brilliantly, safely.

Important! Colgate's contains no drugs or medicaments which may derange the bowels or upset the digestion. This is a factor of prime importance with young children, as many mothers can testify.

More dentists recommend Colgate's than any other toothpaste . . . be guided by their advice, which is based on twenty-six years of experience with this wonderful dentifrice.



FREE: to Mothers—This makes Toothbrushing a Game!

"The Way to Happytown" is a delightful little child's book about the adventures of Bob and Betty on the Way to Happytown. In it is a toothbrushing chart which appeals to the child's play instinct . . . and offers a



reward for brushing teeth regularly. It is approved by educators and helps you to teach your children the clean teeth habit. Mail the coupon and get this book—free—with a free trial tube of Colgate's.

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Gentlemen: Please send me "The Way to Happytown" and free trial supply of Ribbon Dental Cream for . . . children.

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SAM HARRIS,
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General Manager.

The Promise of Beauty

by MAB



Massaging

WE WERE at supper in one of the large hotels when the orchestra suddenly broke into the music of *The Vagabond King*, and various couples from nearby tables started to dance. A member of our party, who was an artist, called our attention to one of the dancers whose movements though graceful were lacking in vitality. "Now that woman," he said, "is what I call a 'bag and sag' woman."

His wife laughed at my puzzled expression. "He means that she has bags under her eyes and that her mouth droops at the corners," she explained.

"Bags and sags," continued the artist, "will spoil any woman's looks. There is some excuse for bags because they may be the outward and visible sign of some inward physical disturbance, but there is no excuse for sags if one is intelligent and interested in life. Bags may be the result of eye strain, wrong diet or some nervous derangement, any one of which may be easily treated if, one will take the trouble to do so. Sags, on the other hand, are just expressions of reactions to the bludgeonings of fate, and show that life has not been met gallantly and smilingly."

I thought about these bags and sags on the following day as I sat in a street car and watched the steady flow of passengers coming and going. There were men and women with defeated eyes and hard, winery mouths . . . there were others with timid mouths afraid to perk up . . . other people had mouths that seemed to defy uplift. Occasionally there would be a laughing mouth with an upward quirk at the corners which indicated that the owners of such considered that the world was a pretty good place to live in; but these were few and far between. One got the impression that most of the people with markedly drooping



If you want more explicit directions for massage, send ten cents for "Massage Makes Faces Young" and for illustrated directions for "Stretch and Grow Young."

mouths were extremely sorry for themselves, and had lost their belief in Santa Claus.

After moralizing a bit in this strain, I wondered if there was any method whereby mouths which had so to speak left their moorings and were gravitating neckward, could be uplifted and remolded a little nearer to the heart's desire. In my search for information on this subject I consulted a beauty specialist who is rather remarkable for her success in rescuing perishing faces and whose ministrations give one an unusual sense of well-being.

"Your artist friend is right in part," she said, "but it must be remembered that 'bags and sags' are sometimes caused by lack of exercise of the muscles surrounding the eyes and mouth. I will show you what I do to help to rout these conditions, and then you will understand."

First of all after the usual cleansing process with cold cream, her soft scented hands sought out and loosened all the tightened muscles of my face. Then she began her treatment for the "bags." She placed the lower part of the palm of her hand in the middle of the forehead just where it joins the nose and massaged it deeply and slowly, moving upward and outward along the forehead and turning the corner where the bone curves at the side of the eye at which place there is another clump of muscles.

These were also massaged in the same way with a rotary movement upward and outward. For this latter movement both hands may be employed, one on each side of the face. Then the forefingers of the hands were placed one on each side of the nose and a massage movement followed the bone that curves under each eye. After this, little cool wet bags of scented herbs were placed over the eyes for a few minutes. This treatment had a very wakening and clearing effect on the eyes and robbed them of all strain and fatigue.

IT IS the belief of this specialist that bags under the eyes are usually caused by lack of sufficient sleep or of water for the system. She says that in nine cases out of ten the practice of drinking ten glasses of water a day will prevent or cure any puffiness of this nature.

The treatment for the drooping lines of the mouth is a very unusual one, and was most carefully demonstrated.

"The mouth," she explained, "is encircled by a wide muscular band, and as we grow older if these muscles are not exercised the mouth will droop at the corners. This droop is of course intensified in the case of those who are a bit soured because life hasn't turned out to be one grand, sweet song. Massage of the whole face using a deep rhythmic movement upward and outward will do much to counteract this tendency, but there is another treatment which is much more important, and which can only be carried out by the person concerned. It is rather difficult to describe, but I can show you how it is done."

She inserted her little fingers as far as the second joint, one in each side of her mouth touching the cheek on the inside with these

Continued on page 40



The Chatelaine's EXERCISE A MONTH

Beginning a series of particularly good exercises to be mastered, one by one every month. Posed for *The Chatelaine*, by the Margaret Eaton School.

A Balance Movement

Stand with the weight balanced on the balls of the feet, heels together. Bend the knees out while raising the arms sideways; then return to former position. Repeat in rhythm to strengthen the muscles of the legs.

Women Bring Too Much Sex Into Business

Continued from page 5

the part of the feminine staff. My first secretary wore a skirt to her heels and probably stays to her armpits. She was half Spanish and her decorum would have satisfied a jury of matrons. I took her over from the outgoing tenant with other fixtures and she proceeded to lead me a fearful life, for I was only nineteen and looked even younger and she must have been thirty if a day.

She hated taking instructions. Nowadays I should have given her an earful to start with, and subsequently, if that did no good, the air. But I had just finished my upbringing in a good home, and my mother had taught me that all women are gentle, amiable, put-upon, long-suffering, and semi-divine. I daresay she believed it—most women do—but her theory has cost me dear.

The lady Inez continued her savage methods until I contracted a severe illness when, with pardonable vanity, she concluded that she had gone a long way toward killing me. On my return she became embarrassingly maternal, and I rejoiced when she left to live with her brother who managed an *estancia*, if that is what they call it, in Mexico.

In 1906 a man found less trouble in getting into a good club than a girl did in getting a job at our office. She had to be a daughter or sister of someone already employed there, and dared not disgrace her family by letting down the standards of the place. She went to church on Sundays and made most of her own clothes. She trembled before her chief, and would burst into tears if rebuked. She did not go to movies or dances, for neither existed, and she never dashed about the country on the back of her young man's motorcycle or in his car, because there weren't any motorcycles or cars. She usually became engaged to someone in the office, and they remained so for years while they saved up jointly enough to pay cash—cash, mark you! No one would have given them credit—for the furniture. When the wedding day dawned the office subscribed for a present, and the lady disappeared from our midst. We heard glowing accounts of her happiness from office friends invited to supper with the young couple.

In due course she brought the baby to show her one-time colleagues, and groups of admiring stenographers paused in their work and made goo-goo noises at it. I doubt very much if one of these girls had been kissed before she became engaged. None had ever seen a pair of silk stockings.

When I gave up editing two years ago, business girls in summer came to work in sleeveless frocks that reached barely to the silk knees, and they obviously wore no stays. I gathered that they visited a movie or a dance or a theatre most evenings and played tennis all Sunday. Few were engaged because the men they might have married fell in the war. That is the tragedy of their generation of girls in Europe. They knew all about sex appeal, and looked upon it as the most obvious aid to success in life. Any girl who in 1906 appeared in the street dressed as they were, would have been arrested for indecency, and professional pink ladies would have blushed for her.

In 1906 no wife of a business gentleman went in dread of his blonde stenographer, because the stenographer, blonde or otherwise, would rather have died than get up an affair with a married man. The idea would have struck her as not only shocking but extremely undignified. She preferred a man of her own, or no one.

In 1906 women writers were solid, dependable, hardworking creatures coming into the category of what, for want of another word, I will call ladies. A year before I gave up editing, one of the much-heralded young woman novelists of today, married and the mother of a charming little girl, sat in my room and, apropos of nothing, confessed without being asked: "The trouble

with me, of course, is that I'm oversexed!"

About that time the best known literary agent in London said to me: "Amy Bloggs—naming another well-known young writer—came in to see me the other day. She told me something rather interesting about you. She said you were one of the only two editors she knew who'd never tried to kiss her."

I explained to him that I never kissed my women contributors, because only with difficulty can one kiss them on one day and decline their work on the next. Evidently one other man beside myself had some slight understanding of the technique of editing.

IN LONDON women began to bring sex into business to a fine art immediately after the war. War had taught them that life is brief and a gamble and sex a woman's best bet. By playing sex they had obtained better posts in war-time organizations, or, if attached to the army, been appointed chauffeurs to the most influential officers; for if a general must, owing to man-shortage, be driven by a girl, he likes a pretty one. Playing sex had given other girls the tigress's share of pay accumulated by young officers in the trenches, when these children of havoc came home for a brief seven days' leave before being blown to pieces in the next attack.

The ex-war girl knew the value of sex as a weapon and passed the knowledge to her younger sisters who acted on it with enthusiasm. They found the cultivation of sex appeal much less trouble than acquiring deep and wide professional knowledge.

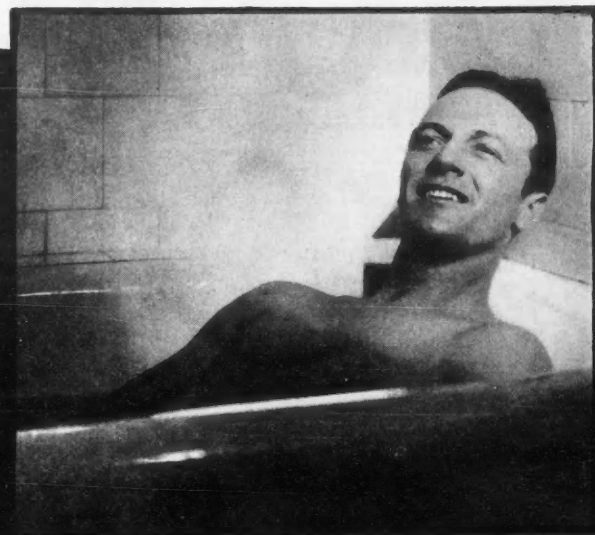
On the other hand, the more intelligent class of young women, such as executives and heads of departments, make use of sex with the most calculated object to advance themselves by gaining the attention of elderly and middle-aged chairmen and directors of boards. A second-rate idea put forward with pretty enthusiasm by a charming young woman suitably attired wins approval where a better idea expressed by an enthusiastic young man scarcely gets a hearing.

Business girls, in short, have elevated sponging on men by means of sex appeal to the level of an exact science and something needs to be done about it, for the efficiency of an organization is depreciated when the female staff makes it part of their business routine to tantalize the men. But men to some extent have themselves to thank for this state of affairs, because of the deification of women during the last decade or more in which men have taken a leading part. Today, thanks to this deification, a woman is always news. The attitude of news editors to women is the attitude of Dr. Johnson to the dog walking on its hind legs: "Sir, it is not remarkable that he does it well but that he does it at all!" The headline: "Bobbed-haired girl bandit holds up Toronto bank" surprises no one, but what news editor would write: "Blue-eyed boy bandit holds up Toronto bank?" There is no sex appeal about a gunman, yet directly a girl imitates him she becomes a bobbed-haired bandit and a romantic figure.

One likes to hold contests to find the most beautiful girl and label her "Miss Canada," but finer results would be achieved eugenically by holding contests to discover the best male physical specimen and labeling him "Mr. Canada." Unfortunately a parade of young men athletes brings no sex into business and consequently attracts little publicity. You can hardly blame the average girl looking through the average rotogravure section if she considers herself the whole works, judging by the space it devotes to the likes of her.

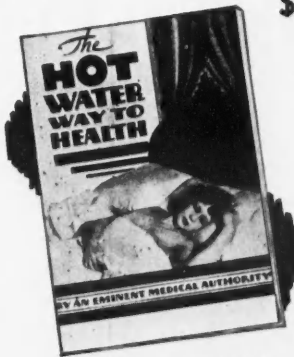
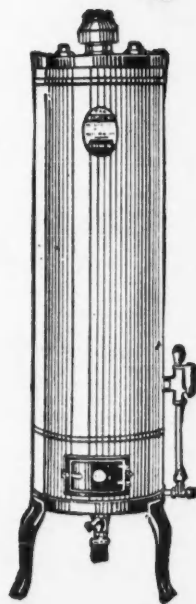
Once, for a brief period I practically edited two magazines owing to the influence of what police court reporters facetiously describe as a young woman of attractive appearance. Jane, as we will call her, was wished on me originally by a Very High Official. "There is a vacancy on your staff,"

Jumpy nerves



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Over The Footlights

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CHATELAINE PATTERNS

Readers will find a complete list of stores handling the CHATELAINE PATTERNS on PAGE 44 OF THIS ISSUE

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Day and Boarding School
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Ideal situation in spacious grounds. Sound education combined with healthy physical development. Individual attention.

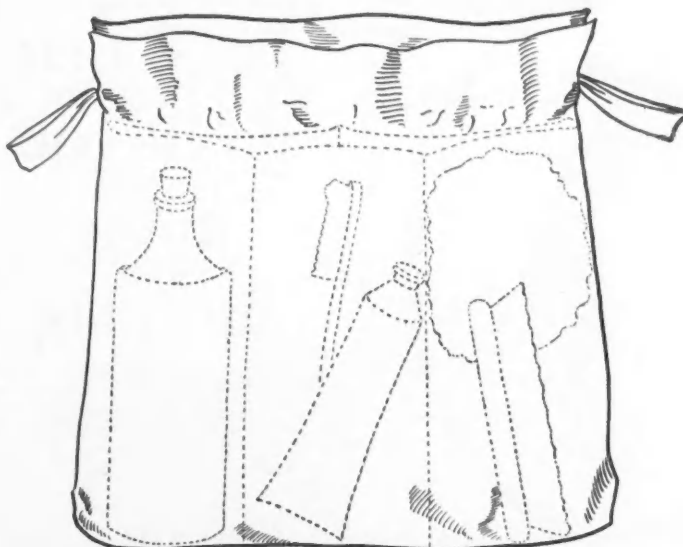
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TORONTO CANADA

Travelling?

Continued from page 19



An extra large wash bag to hold bottles, washing paraphernalia and a nightgown.

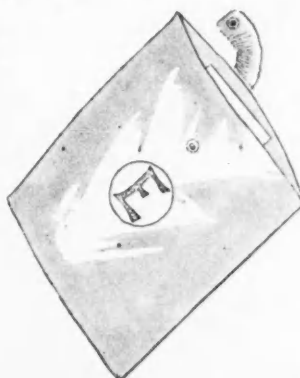
right side. Finish the case with a ribbon tab and fastener.

The Whisk Case—Take a thin piece of cardboard or buckram exactly the circumference of the broom portion of the whisk and to the depth required, as shown in the sketch. Then take an oval piece of cardboard of the same circumference, to form the bottom. Cover both of these on both sides with silk and stitch together. This forms a box or case for holding the whisk.

The Shoe-shine Outfit—Rubber is again used in the making of this article. Place a piece of silk and a piece of rubber, 5 by 8 1/4 inches, together right sides out and sew the edges together. Bind the two ends with ribbon binding. Then, with the silk on the outside fold the material to form a pocket, leaving 1 1/4 inches at the top for an overlap. Machine stitch the sides together and bind all the edges with ribbon. Turn down the flap and secure with a dome fastener. This is a most useful article to have.

The Coat Hanger Holder—This is made in the same manner as the shoe-shine case, but the size depends on the number of coat hangers it is to contain. Chamois is used for the lining instead of rubber.

You may have the dome fasteners punched by machine at almost any button or leather goods factory and they will lend a very professional air to your work. A monogram applied to each piece will greatly add to the beauty of the set.



This handkerchief case is simply a small, dark silk envelope, padded, lined and scented, but exquisitely dainty.

The Promise of Beauty

Continued from page 38

fingers. Then the muscles of the mouth were tensed hard against the fingers and the fingers pulled against the muscles, alternately pulling and relaxing. This exercise does not stretch or enlarge the mouth, and it will cure any tendency to sagging. I am told that this was one of the exercises used by the famous Ninon de l'Enclos who at the age of seventy had no suggestion of sag in her face. This remarkable woman, we are told, found out for herself the best

methods of massage and exercise, and preserved her youthful appearance until her death at the age of ninety-one.

None of the suggestions given in this article need take much time out of your busy day. Bags and sags can be routed easily and inexpensively by means of carefully chosen food, plenty of water, general exercise, massage and mouth exercise. Get fresh ideas, too, on life, health, eyes, bags, sags, or what-have-you?

The Home Bureau

Continued from page 30

like ideas, or have someone tell me whether an idea I have is practical.

Would the ceiling and walls, as far as the board that runs around a bathroom above the wash basin or bowl, look all right painted a light buff, and from the board down a sea green? Or would some other combination be better?

NO, YOUR idea is not impractical; in fact, I think it could be worked out.

Buff paint for the whole bathroom would be very good; really a biscuit color would be most attractive. Then you can combine the idea of green and stained and finished wood-

work in one. It is not necessary to have a "wall board" extending halfway up the wall. A footboard of the predominating woodwork is all you need, and this should be less than a foot high. Now all this predominating woodwork can be stained a cool green, waxed and rubbed, and you will have a very original and pleasant effect. It is quite possible to procure a light green stain, so do not let your carpenters talk you into believing that you are asking the impossible because it is unusual. For a slightly higher finish, the stain can be given one coat of clear lacquer, then sandpapered, waxed and rubbed. Birch, oak, or even pine, will answer.

A Church Choir

always lends dignity to a service of worship when it is properly gowned.

Does your choir wear gowns?

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Address

Church

said he, "and I want you to take a Miss Blank who desires to work for us. She is a very intelligent person and, frankly, I don't think you'll keep her for long because I have marked her out for more important work, and your vacancy is merely secretarial. However I know you will be public-spirited in the matter, and I should like her to gain experience on your magazine because we all know what a high standard of efficiency you aim at." And so forth.

Well, Jane arrived, and though merely secretarial was given every opportunity, being destined for higher things, to get the hang of magazine organization. She worked like a beaver, and I never knew till long after that her shorthand was of the sketchiest, though wondering vaguely why for weeks she never went out to lunch. Apparently she spent the luncheon hour trying by the light of such notes as she had taken, and by clairvoyance, to reproduce the letter I had dictated. She managed it somehow. She visited the printing works and they explained, as usual, every detail of every machine, not a word of which explanation can ever be heard owing to the din in the machine room. An admiring linotype operator, as usual, cast her name without any spaces in metal, which gewgaw he fondly hoped she would employ as a brooch or a brow-band for evening wear.

Shortly afterwards Jane left us, transferred to a woman's paper, became editress in due course, and increased the circulation. The Very High Officials rubbed their hands and said: "This is a sign from heaven. We will give her that gosh-awful woman's monthly magazine that has never got by, and she will increase the circulation of that also."

Unfortunately two and two sometimes make five. The magazine, lavishly printed on art paper, completely put the wind up with Jane. Shortly after they broke the news to her, she tramped briskly into my room and said: "I s'pose you've heard they've given me *Woman's Joy* to edit? I don't know a thing about magazines and you're the only person in this place who really understands make-up. After all, you taught me my job when I was with you and I don't want to let you down. Will you help me?"

In those long past days it used to give me physical pain to see a respectable magazine mauled about, and so I told Jane all right I would help her.

I have never assisted at quite such a Mad Hatter's Tea Party as the reorganization of *Woman's Joy*. Jane and a scratch feminine staff were neither to have nor to hold. Regularly they evolved brain-waves in the afternoon of press day and tore the

whole magazine to pieces. I would have given a lot to hear the language in the composing room at the printing works. No human being could have done much with Jane's make-ups in those days after the blocks were made, so she formed the habit of bringing me her sketches and photographs to scale. But directly I got a provisional number more or less shaped, the advertising manager would waylay Jane with a suggestion, or a director would drop poison in her ear. One such is alleged to have overheard his kitchen maid tell his cook she couldn't abide the work of William Pink. That is, so they say, how Albert Green received a commission to do covers for *Woman's Joy*.

I got perfectly hardened to seeing Jane tramp into my room at four o'clock in the afternoon, her fingers covered with ink, a wild look in her eye, a sheaf of make-up paper and proofs of cuts in her hands. The make-up paper and proofs she would throw on my desk, and then exclaim in a breaking voice: "I know you're busy, but I've sweated at that make-up for hours. I haven't had any lunch, we go to press in an hour, and the copy isn't set up yet. Will you help me?" "Why isn't the copy at least set up, Jane?"

"Well, we sent the original manuscript to the artist, and he lost it for a fortnight, but he's just found it and pushed it along by special messenger."

Finally, I gave up my honorary advisory position as regards *Woman's Joy*. I was very busy and I couldn't cope with their eleventh hour enthusiasms. I realized that *Woman's Joy* must explode some day, and I had no wish to be hit by a flying fragment.

When I informed Jane, she looked at me coldly. "If there was anyone else in the place who knew as much as you do about make-up," she said, "I wouldn't bother you, but what can I do with a fool like X?" X was an art-editor of that period. "As it is I've thought out an entirely new scheme, and we're really going to make a genuine start. I do think you might help me."

Sooner or later I believe Jane gave up *Woman's Joy* in despair, but she was a great editor of the sort of paper she understood. And that is where the bringing of sex into business by women leads men, and to young lads starting life today I would give three pieces of advice:

- (1) Never put yourself out to help a girl.
- (2) Never believe what a girl tells you, because she has her own interest at heart, not yours.
- (3) Unless you are absolutely ruthless, some girl will sell you a gold brick before you know where you are, because—Women Bring Too Much Sex Into Business.



Is the Church Deserting Youth?

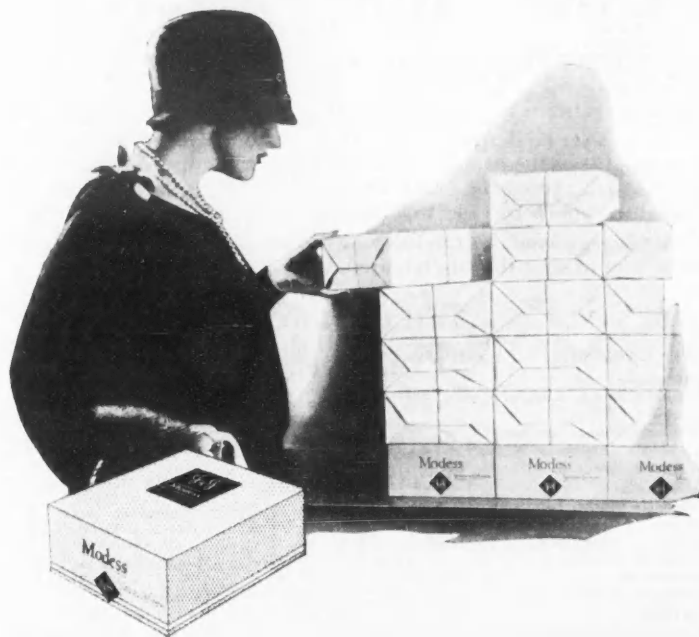
Continued from page 28

lecture upon some purely intellectual or literary or political subject given outside a student community, or in a gathering of a similar number of people to enlist support for some charitable or benevolent object, the proportion of young people would have been less.

And yet the obvious fact remains that a multitude of our young people are indifferent to the Church. As the writer of the article in *The Chatelaine* suggests, that does not by any means indicate that they are indifferent to religion. With that suggestion I heartily agree. Only the other day I had a long conversation with a young man on a railway train. I knew him slightly, and I had never thought of him as one who was deeply interested in religion. But I discovered that he was, once he came to the point of speaking about it. He concluded the conversation by saying something like this: "There are crowds of young men who really want to be upon the side of Christ." Like many another

minister, I wish I could find the right answer to the question of how such young people are to be enlisted in the service of the Church. For, with all its failure, it does seem to me that the Church is still the one organization which stands in the average community for the spiritual view of life.

I think that I see some hope in such an article as your periodical has published. The writer, in spite of the fact that she leads us to believe that she does not go to church, professes concern about the drift of young people from the Church. May not part of the hope for the Church in its relation to youth rest with people like herself? Again and again I have seen the situation improve when some young man or woman, keen, alert, interested in both youth and the Church, has thrown himself or herself into the life of a congregation.—Rev. M. B. Davidson, M. A., Central Presbyterian Church, Galt, Ont. [Continued on page 48]



WOMEN are turning to MODESS for SOFTNESS!

THE remarkable qualities which cause women to prefer Modess were developed by a unique method. Trained nurses were employed to interview women to learn what they really wanted.

They wanted softness. So an entirely new substance was invented for the disposable filler. It is as soft and downy as the finest cotton, yet has great absorbency and is truly disposable.

You are almost sure to prefer Modess to anything else you have used. Buy one box and try it.

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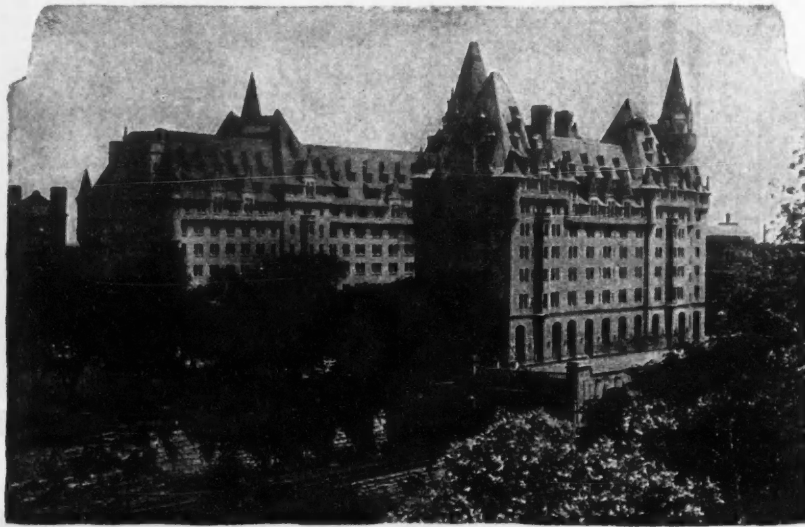
SO INFINITELY SOFTER

A Johnson & Johnson Product

MADE IN CANADA

also world's largest maker of surgical dressings,
bandages, absorbent cotton, etc.

BOYS! See Canada First!



CHATEAU LAURIER, OTTAWA.

You may enjoy the hospitality of one of the famous Canadian National Railway Hotels.

THE clanging of bells; a rush and hissing of steam and the wheels of the giant C.P. or C.N. locomotive slowly turns as it begins its journey—the massive train carrying its human cargo to distant points of our great Canadian Empire, our Home Land. Interested passengers recline comfortably in the luxurious observation cars, some reading, others chatting, while some listen to the radio with which many of the modern trains are equipped.

Then comes a call for dinner: We leave our comfortable chairs for the dining car where waiters in spotless white are ready to satisfy our wants. Food and more food: cooked to the King's taste by famous chefs and served in a most appetizing manner makes us wonder at the progress made in modern transportation methods by the Canadian National and the Canadian Pacific Railways.

What a trip! Finally we reach our destination. A city we have never seen. From the station we are taken by taxi to our hotel. (We will stay at either Canadian National or Canadian Pacific Hotels.) Such a palatial hotel! Like a palace for a prince! Wonderfully fitted and equipped. Our room is one of the nicest in the building and has splendid views from its windows. Beautiful rugs on the floor, a clever color scheme tastefully arranged makes harmony 'twixt wall paper and fixtures. Telephone, radio, showers, etc., etc., are just a few of the modern conveniences of these hotels which add so much to the comfort of the guests.

In the dining room an orchestra brings tuneful melodies into the beautiful setting as we sit among the palms at our table revelling in our enjoyment.

Imagine the thrill of it all! Be it historic Quebec or beautiful British Columbia, Toronto the Queen city with its Royal York, or Halifax looking away to old England just across the water;—our visit will be crammed full of interesting and enjoyable incidents.

Here is but a glimpse, like a scene viewed through a door that swings wide for a moment. You see for an instant a chain of purple mountains and a curling river flecked by foaming rapids. Through that door is also wafted to your nostrils the fragrance of balsam or a breath of air asparkle with the life and activities of a hustling metropolis. The door shuts for the page is ended.

It is for you Canada Booster Boy and for your parents to push it open with your own hands and enter for yourself the wonderland that is awaiting you. What a trip! Are you going?

You Want To Go—Sign and Mail Coupon Applying for Membership. Send No Money—The Club Provides You With Free Capital.

YOUNG CANADA BOOSTER CLUB,
153 University Avenue,
Toronto 2, Ontario.

Please enter my name as a prospective member of the Club that does all it can to Boost Canada and things Canadian.

I understand this application will entitle me to a Free start in business and that I will have full details sent me of the wonderful Travelling Trips across Canada now offered to Booster Club Members, in addition to earnings and other prizes.

My age is

Name

Address

City

at the expense of The Young Canada Booster Club.

Mother or Dad and you may have one of the wonderful trips offered to Booster Club Members.

There are various trips offered to boys in various parts of Canada. These include transportation up to 1,000 miles and visits to Halifax, Saint John, Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Niagara Falls, Port Arthur, Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary, Edmonton, Vancouver, Victoria;—in many cases stopover privileges can be arranged.

THESE PRIZES

will be won by Booster boys in addition to profits on every copy of MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE and to many other supplementary prizes (a Booster catalogue full). The competition is absolutely fair to New Members.



THE ROYAL YORK, TORONTO
—The finest of many fine Canadian Pacific Railway Hotels at which you may also stay.

"All right," Fleur agreed, wondering what it would be like to have dinner with a Gordon Higgins whom she was going to marry. "But I'll have to go in for a hat and tell mother I'm going."

"Here's your hat," he said, producing it from a side pocket. "And your mother won't worry if she sees you drive off with me."

So they started.

THAT was the beginning of Fleur's most satisfying experience to date. During the next two weeks Gordon took her everywhere—to the beach for swims, to the city for a show and supper in some queer tucked-in-the-corner place, to dances and dinners, and even the races. Sometimes they just lolled in the lawn chairs and soaked up the sun.

Fleur let the heavenly peace of those days carry her heedlessly along, but underneath was the suppressed worry of how it was all going to end. And above all, what was it all about?

Gord was just as he had always been—a teasing, friendly, understanding, gay comrade—but not a bit like a man who wanted to marry her. It made things convenient, of course, for it kept people from being curious because they were so much together. Even Marian was deceived. When she asked Fleur, "Great Caesar, is Gord giving you the grand pre-matrimonial rush?" and Fleur answered, "Don't be silly. He said I needed a rest from beaung around so he's playing the brotherly escort," Marian was convinced.

"I guess you're telling the truth," she agreed, "there doesn't seem to be anything love-like in his attitude."

There certainly wasn't, Fleur told herself almost angrily. Not the least little thing. Why was it that he insisted on her keeping the promise to marry him? More than once she decided to tell him she wouldn't do it, but then she remembered the contempt on Gord's face when he scorned her for not keeping her word—and even seven broken engagements—and Miss Henry the Eighth.

No! She would prove she wasn't fickle. She would go through with this marriage, no matter what it cost her.

One night, thinking it all over as they drove back from the city in the moonlight, Fleur's exasperation flared up.

"I must say, Gord, I don't see what it's all about, this—this marrying you insist on."

He pushed his muscled shoulders deeper into the car cushions and looked at her whimsically. "Maybe you don't see everything," he suggested, the laughter rippling underneath his voice.

Fleur's eyes flashed. "Well, I see this much—that you're the poorest excuse for a fiancé that I've—yes, that I've ever had," she said defiantly. "We've had fun together, but you treat me like a child you're taking to a circus."

Gord's car needed all the brakes it had then, because it was swerved to the edge of the road and stopped very suddenly. Fleur leaned out on her side to see what had happened, but before she found the least evidence of accident, she felt two strong hands on her shoulders and was turned sharply around. She caught a glimpse of Gord's face, his eyes black and flaming in the moonlight, his mouth a straight grim line. And then the hands on her shoulders pulled her unceremoniously against him, and his lips were on hers. Not straight lines any more, those lips, but soft-rough seeking points of contact that sent a vivid current through her. She gave herself up to a strange, throbbing ecstasy for a second and then wildly, with teeth and two small fists, she fought herself free.

"Oh!" Fleur gasped, her mouth one round scarlet circle of indignation. "So you thought that's what I meant. You—you—" Her hand flew up and slapped Gordon on the face—a thorough slap, as hard as she could deliver.

He caught her hand as it came down, and held it at the wrist in a grip that hurt. "I'm sorry," he said, in a quiet terrible tone that Fleur had never heard before, "but for

that you will have to be punished." Roughly he flattened her hand out palm upward in his left one, and with his right gave it three vigorous stinging slaps.

The next moment the car shot forward, and the speedometer moved from forty to fifty, from fifty to sixty, from seventy to eighty. Fleur, sitting upright in her corner, her breath coming in gasps, watched the speedometer hypnotically, her mind a blur of fury and elation and bewilderment—but principally fury.

The car slowed down as they drew near Fleur's house, and as it came to a stop in the drive, Fleur made a move to open the door. Gordon's strong hand detained her. "Just a moment, please," he said firmly. He slid his lean supple length through the door on his side, and almost at once was courteously holding the other door open for Fleur.

She stepped out haughtily, and in silence they walked the few steps to the house. At the door she paused over her latch key, and Gordon gravely took her hand and shook it.

"It's been very pleasant to have you with me this evening, Miss Henry," he said.

Fleur raised her eyes and looked at him coldly. The twinkles in his eyes—Why, he was laughing at her. Oh, the hateful . . .

"Thank you," she returned icily, and shut the door in his face.

Marian called Fleur the next morning as she was lingering very thoughtfully over her coffee. "Come to lunch, darling," Marian commanded. "Wally Twain is back. He's staying for a month's vacation between contracts, and he says particularly that you must come, you wamp. It's kind of his howdy-de-do party."

"I'll be there Mary Ann," agreed Fleur, and went back to sit still more thoughtfully over her coffee.

What a perfectly splendid break—Wally Twain was exactly the person to help her get revenge on Gord.

FLEUR arrived at the Higgins' house a half-hour before lunch in her prettiest frock. She found Wally strumming off "blues" songs on the living room piano, and Marian and George Grant, whom Marian was going to marry in the spring, and Gord, listening. She gave them each a smile: warm, affectionate smiles for Marian and George; one bright and polite for Gord; and a melting dazzle of greeting for Wally.

Wally rose with alacrity to the challenge in her eyes and bent over her hand. "Little Twinkle-toes," he said. "I travelled a thousand miles to see you smile like that."

"Oh, make it ten thousand," Fleur retorted. "Go on playing." And she sat down on the bench beside him.

By the time the other guests had drifted in and they sat down to luncheon, Fleur knew that Wally would play his part in her little private drama of revenge. He was a nice sort, Wally, a blond haired, blarneying, nonchalant child of the footlights who sauntered through life with an engaging grin and a never-satisfied hunger for new places and people and experiences.

Fleur was glad that she was a new experience to him right then, and willingly agreed to his plans for tennis and swimming and dinnering together. She hoped Gord was listening, and comprehending that his tête-à-tête parties with her were at an end.

She glanced at him surreptitiously across the table and he must have been looking at her, for their eyes met. Fleur hastily renewed her interest in what Wally was saying, but not before she had caught the expression on Gord's face. It was a glance of secret and carefree camaraderie that he sent her—unworried, confident, utterly lacking in jealousy.

Well, Fleur fumed, he might not be capable of jealousy because he didn't love her, but he could be made to feel that he didn't own the slightest little bit of her, even if he did hold her promise to become his wife.

When the luncheon party went back to the living room, and Wally was commanded to produce some more "blues" songs, Fleur



1st year — The first teeth are appearing. Are they strong, well shaped.



3rd year — Time to start seeing the dentist — also to use Pepsodent morning and night.



6th year — The 6-year molars appear—the most important teeth. Have them examined frequently.



16th year — A few more years, and decay will be less apt to occur. Protect them daily.

During These Years, Mother

Take them to the dentist often

Many troubles seldom laid to teeth originate here nevertheless. Only your dentist can recognize and correct them.

DO you know that the backwardness in school of a great many children is caused by neglected teeth? When the teeth are repaired and the mouth and gums are again made healthy, these backward children become alert, attentive and industrious. Dullness is usually based on a depleted physical condition whose source may be difficult to find.

Decay, crooked teeth, and various germ infections of the mouth—all can be corrected by your dentist. At an early stage they may be treated with slight discomfort and children will not mind it.

Home care of teeth

Because your children's teeth require extra care have them use Pepsodent, the gentle tooth paste, regularly every day. For Pepsodent contains no pumice, no harmful grit, or crude abrasive. It is safe.

Pepsodent is the most effective way of removing the troublesome film from teeth, which is the major cause of decay and other serious troubles. Film holds germs of decay against the teeth.



Film

is found by dental research to play an important part in tooth decay . . . to cause unsightly discolorations on enamel. It must be removed twice daily.

It is the cause of teeth becoming dull, discolored, because film absorbs the stains from foods and fruits. Removing film frees teeth of stains and "dinginess."

Pepsodent—the special film-removing dentifrice—is the scientific way to lovely, healthy teeth in later life.

The trip to the dentist may be made interesting and enjoyable. Never suggest to the child that it may be otherwise.

Use
Pepsodent
twice a day
—see your
dentist twice
a year



Pepsodent, the tooth paste featured in the Amos 'n' Andy Radio Program

Amos 'n' Andy The most popular radio feature. On the air every night except Sunday over N. B. C. network. 7:00 p. m., Eastern Daylight time—10:30 p. m., Central Daylight time—8:30 p. m., Mountain Standard time—7:30 p. m., Pacific Standard time.

Chatelaine Patterns

may be purchased at these stores

Chatelaine Patterns may now be purchased in the stores listed below. If there is as yet no dealer in your neighbourhood, we would be glad to have you give us the name and address of your favourite store, and, in the meantime, you may order Chatelaine Patterns direct from The Chatelaine Pattern Service, 153 University Avenue, Toronto, Ontario. In ordering by mail, be careful to write the pattern number plainly, and be sure to state the size required.

List of Stores

ONTARIO

Amherstburg
Walker's Stores, Limited
Arnprior
Walker's Stores, Limited
Aylmer
Walker's Stores, Limited
Barrie
Walker's Stores, Limited
Belleville
Canadian Department
Stores, Limited
Bowmanville
Walker's Stores, Limited
Brantford
Canadian Department
Stores, Limited
Brockville
Leverette's Store
Carleton Place
Walker's Stores, Limited
Chatham
Spencer Stone, Limited
Canadian Department
Stores, Limited
Cobourg
W. A. Dewland, Limited
Collingwood
Bell & Son
Cornwall
Walker's Stores, Limited
Durham
A. Graham
Englehart
M. S. Ireland
Forest
Forest Farmer's Trading
Co.
Guelph
G. B. Ryan & Co., Ltd.
Hamilton
The T. Eaton Co. Limited
MacFarlane's Dry Goods
Kitchener
Goudie's, Limited, De-
partment Store

London
R. J. Young & Co., Ltd.
Midland
W. D. Ross Store
Niagara Falls
Canadian Department
Stores, Limited
North Bay
Walker's Stores, Limited
Orillia
Walker's Stores, Limited
Oshawa
W. A. Dewland, Limited
Ottawa
Murphy-Gamble, Limited
Owen Sound
Bunt's, Limited
Palmerston
F. A. Ashmore
Peterborough
Richard Hall, Limited
Port Hope
W. A. Dewland, Limited
Renfrew
Walker's Stores, Limited
Simcoe
Walker's Stores, Limited
St. Catharines
Walker's Stores, Limited
Strathroy
Walker's Stores, Limited
St. Marys
The White & May Co.
Stratford
Canadian Department
Stores, Limited
St. Thomas
J. H. Gould, Limited
Tillsonburg
Walker's Stores, Limited
Toronto
The T. Eaton Co. Limited
Wingham
Walker's Stores, Limited
Woodstock
Walker's Stores, Limited

Smiths Falls
S. M. Aboud

QUEBEC

Montreal
The T. Eaton Co. Ltd.,
St. Catherine St. West
The T. Eaton Co. Ltd.,
2269 Mount Royal W.
The Teco Store, St. Cath-
erine St. East
Jas. A. Ogilvy's Limited,
St. Catherine St. West
Montebello, Que.
R. O. Quesnel
St. Andre, Que.
A. Vellin

NEW BRUNSWICK

Campbellton
The Teco Store
Moncton
The T. Eaton Co. Limited
Saint John
F. A. Dykeman Depart-
ment Store

NOVA SCOTIA

Glace Bay
The Teco Store
Sydney Mines
The Teco Store
Sydney
The Teco Store

MANITOBA

Brandon
West of England Dress
Goods Co.

SASKATCHEWAN

Regina
West of England Dress
Goods Co.

ALBERTA

Calgary
West of England Dress
Goods Co.

Miss Henry the Eighth

Continued from page 9

call you Miss Henry the Eighth, and figure up how many rings you will have given back by the time you're thirty."

"What?" Fleur's soft cheeks flamed scarlet and her shiny nails tried to dig into the chair arm. "Has somebody—do they call me that?"

Gordon Higgins smiled wearily. "Well, Fleur, I've heard it takes gossip a year or two to travel back to the person it concerns, but this is the first time I've seen it demonstrated. It's what they call you behind your back, though I guess it isn't really malicious."

"Not malicious! Oh no. It just means that they think I go from one to the other heartlessly, taking all the love I can get and then throwing it aside for something new. I suppose they think I never mean to stop and settle down." Furious she jumped up and stamped one little foot viciously against the tiled floor. "I'll show them whether I mean to settle down. I'll marry the next man who asks me." And Fleur stood looking down at Gordon defiantly, as if he personified the whole world.

Gord looked back at her, a strange expression in his eyes. "How much of that do you mean?" he enquired casually.

"All of it," Fleur said evenly.

Then without standing up, or reaching over and taking her hand, or anything, Gordon said to her, "Fleur, will you marry me?"

She stared at him a second, and the black fire in her eyes blazed up even higher than before. "Don't you dare make fun of me, Gordon Higgins. I'm serious about this."

"So am I," Gord told her convincingly. "So all-fired serious that I haven't forgotten I asked you an important question, and you haven't answered."

"You asked me to marry you, if I remember correctly," Fleur reminded him coldly.

"I certainly did," he assured her, his blue eyes looking steadily into her brown ones. "Will you?"

"Yes, I will. I mean it, and I expect you to mean it." She wrinkled her white brow and held out her hand to him. "Shake on it, as—as one gentleman to another."

Gordon took her hand and they "shook on it," and Fleur was struck by the earnestness in his eyes. They were usually such laughing eyes, and now they made her feel that he really meant to carry it out. Well, so did she!

She flashed him a golden, dimpled smile, and ran down the terrace steps. "Good-by. Tell Marian I've gone. You take care of my hat—the greenish one in the hall."

IN THE driveway she jumped into her low roadster and swung it recklessly into the street. But once out of the block she slowed down to ten miles an hour and pulled the automobile mirror down so that it reflected her face. Perfection stared back at her, the gift three-fourths of nature and the other fourth of the arts that wealth can buy. But Fleur sighed. "You may be nice to look at," she told herself, "but that doesn't keep you from getting into messes."

Fleur was suddenly struck by a thought. Was Gord—could he possibly be in love with her? But she was sure the idea was absurd as soon as it came to her. Goodness knows, he'd had plenty of chances to show it, if he had been. Fleur and Marian had been inseparable all their lives, and after Mr. and Mrs. Higgins were killed in an airplane crash five years ago, Gordon returned from studying in Paris to look after Marian. That, of course, meant looking after Fleur, too.

Gordon was a musician—a pianist, and a fine one Fleur knew instinctively, although her irrepressible dancing feet made her turn her ears more eagerly to lilting jazz than to Gord's tremendous symphonies. But then, she hadn't heard him play much. His piano was in the attic studio which Mrs. Higgins had had made sound-proof "so she wouldn't

have to hear the children playing their scales all day." Now Gordon's music drifted through the house only when the studio door was open.

Next month, though, all the world might hear him if it liked. He was giving his first concert, and the publicity the Seven Arts Association in the city was giving the event made Fleur look on Gord with a sort of awe.

Yes, Fleur thought as she drove up into her own driveway, Gordon Higgins would make a perfect husband—if she loved him, and he loved her. But she didn't, and he didn't, so it was no go. She couldn't drag Gordon into her mistakes, or permit herself to soil that something fine inside her which made it impossible for her to marry a man she did not love. Let people say what they wished about her!

She ran into the house, called "I'm home," to her parents, and went on to the telephone in the hall.

"Hello, Marian," she said, when she had her number. "Call Gord, angel, I would have words with him. Hello, Gordy? Come bring me my hat. I need to say things to you.—No, wait till you get here. I'll tell you."

She went out to the verandah, and waited the few minutes until his car came to rest at the curb, and then ran down to it.

"We'll talk here—you don't mind? Mother and dad might hear in the house."

Gordon grinned at her. "So you haven't told them yet." Oh, he did look handsome, Fleur thought, all in white with his collar open and the wind blowing his hair around. She wished.

She caught her scattering thoughts together and told him firmly, "Of course not. We were both crazy. What made you ask me to marry you, anyway?"

"Suppose," he said, "I did it because I love you."

"That's just the point. You know very well you don't, and I don't love you either—like that. Though Gordy," and she put her hand impulsively on his, "I wish I did. So, you see, that's why I called you—to be sure we both understood it was just a joke, like it really was."

Gordon's eyes, that had been looking at something across the street while she talked, came back to meet Fleur's and she felt scorched.

"Why—" she gasped, involuntarily.

"I've known you a long time, my dear," he said in a voice like his eyes, "and I wouldn't have believed you'd break your word. That's what it was—your word of honor on a gentleman's handshake. It wasn't a mistake about love, like the others. We didn't bring love into it, and you gave me your word." He shrugged his shoulders. "Well, hop out. I don't like being jilted."

"Oh, why Gord," Fleur said in a small voice, "I wasn't jilting you. I was just asking you if you didn't think, for the good of us both, that we ought to release each other from the—the agreement?"

"No, I don't. But since you've broken your word, of course I won't press you to keep it," he said in a strained way.

Fleur's brown head came up, and she held it high. "I haven't broken my word. I've told you I don't love you, and if you want to marry me knowing that, I'm willing. Come on in and we'll tell the fond parents."

The grimness melted out of Gordon's face at once. "I knew you'd be game, Fleur. But no, let's not tell anyone." He smiled his nicest smile. "Your engagements turn out unlucky when the dear public is on. We'll tell mamma and papa and Marian just before the wedding."

Fleur sighed. "I don't know what you're getting us into, Gord. Oh," she cried, in half-angry, desperate exasperation. "How can you be so nice and so mean at the same time?"

"Do you think I'm nice?" he asked, his white teeth flashing. "Then let's drive out to the Cottonwoods for dinner, and celebrate."



Insure Him a
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determined not to see him again before she left. She couldn't risk having him disapprove of her going on the stage, and try to prevent it. Still, she wanted to hear him play, and he would be up on the platform—it wouldn't be really seeing him. At least, he couldn't see her.

So she told Wally, "All right, I'll be ready."

Fleur was filled with an unaccountable excitement during that drive to the city. She felt restless and excited, and hardly heeded Wally's attempts to talk about love, beyond giving him the discouraging order "not to be silly."

This new mood of hers made Fleur vaguely uneasy since she could not account for its source, and she was relieved when they reached the huge auditorium of the Seven Arts Association.

In her seat beside Wally, Fleur's tenseness did not abate—it increased. "Why," she told herself, "it's as if I were waiting for something." And she probed her mind, trying to decide what it might be. "Perhaps it's the stage," she thought, "it makes me impatient to be on one myself."

At last the great velvet curtains were drawn back, and a fine piano stood revealed. "Good," Wally said, "I'm anxious to hear the fellow play. I've a hunch he's mighty darn good."

Then Gordon Higgins came out from the wings. He gave the audience a friendly, casual bow, and went to the piano. He sat before it for an instant in silence, and then he began to play.

Fleur relaxed in her chair, her former mood erased in one of fulfillment and peace. Fulfillment? Her eyes flew wide. She had been waiting for something? She had been waiting for Gord! And like a flash it came to her—she had been waiting for Gord because she loved him. And how sure she was. No doubt, no wondering, no misgivings now. Here was her one man. She knew.

Bubbling, deliriously happy that finally she had captured that elusive thing called love, she gave herself up to Gord's music. She had never imagined that a mere piano could be made to affect her like this. But it wasn't a mere piano, it was Gord.

Suddenly she realized that this man whom she had known so well, and teased, and danced with, was like his music—fine, far beyond the other people and things that she knew, far above herself. She had never reached the heights of Gord's music, or Gord—a few times in her life, perhaps, but very rarely. She sighed. Wally, and Wally's "blues," were after all her day-in-and-day-out level. Yes, Wally was as good as she deserved. Gord could only be happy with something better.

How long the concert lasted after that, Fleur had no idea. She sat with dry eyes, trying to fill the desolate emptiness inside her with the beauty of the music. She heard the endless applause, the repeated cries for an encore, and Wally's "He's made the biggest hit in ten years!" through a mist.

Gord was gone, the music had ceased, and she had nothing to do but fight the sobs that rose in her throat.

The clapping continued and finally Gord reappeared. He struck a few minor plaintive notes and then swung into that rhythm which is peculiarly modern—jazz. And as much as Fleur knew about dance music, she had never supposed that it could be like this. Why, Wally couldn't play "blues" at all, compared to Gord. The whining, hesitating, mad abandon—the imperative invitation it gave one's feet—oh, it was marvelous.

Fleur felt an insane desire to leap up and laugh gaily. Because didn't Gord's jazz prove that he was like her, after all? That he appreciated the same things she did? That he might possibly be able to love her sometime?

Only when she was being milled up the aisle in the impatient crowds intent on the door did Fleur touch reality. "Oh, we must go round and congratulate him before he leaves," she told Wally. "You must get us out of this mob!" She had to see him—to learn how to make him love her in return

—for love her he must. Frantically, with Wally's help, she pushed her way through and they reached the stage door.

Mr. Higgins, they were informed, had left immediately after the concert for home because, so he said, he had to catch an early train.

"An early train?" Fleur repeated dazedly. "Is he—going away?" And then, catching Wally's eyes on her, she summoned a casual air to her aid. "That reminds me, I've got things to pack too, for an early train. Come on, let's hurry home."

Wally drove swiftly the fifteen miles between the city and the suburban town that was Fleur's home. The excuse of packing for the trip which she no longer intended to take served to make him say good night at her door.

Now, to find Gord, to learn if he really were going away without giving her a chance to prove that she was worth loving. She crossed the hall to the telephone, her heels tapping against the polished floor.

"Fleur?" her mother called from upstairs. "Home so early? Gordon Higgins was here—he left a note."

"Where?" she cried eagerly.

"In the hall somewhere, dear," Mrs. Henry informed her sleepily. "I forget just where. Turn off the lights when you come up, please."

Fleur's impatient eyes darted about, and spied the white envelope on a table. Breathlessly she ripped it open.

"My dear Fleur," it ran, "I have heard from Marian that you begin a stage career tomorrow, with Wally. Wally is a good fellow, and Fleur, I hope you will be happy with him and a new sort of life."

"I am afraid I shall not see you again before you leave—I am going west for a little hunting and a rest—and I think you will feel better to have this formal closing of that short era as my prospective bride. I hope you weren't too annoyed at my insistence on continuing the farce. I had my reasons. Good-by and luck. G. H."

That letter was like a dash of icy water thrown on Fleur, but it brought her new energy. She burst out of the door, backed her car from the garage and into the street in one minute flat, and drove through town at fifty miles an hour—to Gordon Higgins' house.

She parked her car before it and scanned the windows. The attic ones were alight, so Gordon was still in the studio. Fleur fished desperately into her bag, searching in the pockets she seldom used for a key—one to the Higgins' front door which Marian had given her and that she almost never used. This once she hoped that Marian would not need to know why her friend was there. At last her groping fingers discovered the key, and she went softly up the terrace and opened the door.

The hall and living room lights were burning—Marian being still out, evidently—and Fleur ran up the two flights of stairs to the attic studio.

GORD turned as the door was flung open, and saw a vivid little figure, flushed and panting, standing there, her fiery eyes blazing at him.

"Why, Fleur!" he said.

"Yes, it's me," Fleur assured him in a charged voice. "I've come to tell you something. I've come to tell you that I won't be jilted like that. You—you made me stick to the bargain, and now you've got to. I'll—I'm going to make you." She felt her determination withering away, now that she was actually facing him, and she had to fight to keep the tears back.

Gordon stood quite still beside the window. "What possible good could an engagement to me do you on the stage, Fleur?" he asked in a puzzled, strained voice.

"Did you ever tell me what good an engagement to me would do you?" she countered, somehow keeping her show of composure.

"No," Gordon agreed thoughtfully, and added grimly, "It didn't do me any good—it only caused me a lot of misery."

"Oh!" Fleur brought her hand up to her cheek, as if he had just slapped it. "I'm

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curled up in the corner of the couch and let the wistful wailing music seep into her. Wally sang them like a nigger. Gord needn't think he was the only man who could make music. Well, to give even Gord his dues, Fleur admitted that she knew he did not think that. He never had made any point of being an accomplished musician, or assumed a superior or critical air when someone else was playing.

As if to prove that her grudging thoughts of approval were quite correct, Gord said to Wally, "The old Mississipp' and the corn rows are there, all right. Sing 'I've Loved That Gal'."

"Oh, have you ever been in love, Gord?" Fleur asked, mockingly.

"Always," he answered casually.

"Do I know her?" The question tripped off her tongue before she could stop it.

The aggravating little creases came to the corners of his eyes—they always did when his eyes smiled and the rest of his face didn't. "Not very well," Gord said, looking at her speculatively.

So, thought Fleur in confusion, he was in love with somebody else. She didn't care. Why, of course she didn't care! It had nothing to do with his slapping her hands and bullying her into a crazy engagement that she couldn't escape from without being a poor sport. That was what made her hate him so.

When Wally finished "Lovin' That Gal," Fleur ordered him to keep their afternoon date at the beach, and they drove off in her car, challenging the rest of the party to beat them there.

"Wally," Fleur said, "I want to fall in love with you. Make me, won't you?"

He looked at her strangely. "I was going to ask you if you wouldn't. But now, since you said that—well, what you should have said is, 'Wally, make me fall out of love with someone else'."

Fleur stepped on the accelerator. "Wrong this time, Sherlock," she laughed. "Fancy free, quite, my dear."

"Say, when I was here before you were wearing Bill Holmes' ring on the old left hand. What happened to that?"

"Went bust, entirely."

"Yeah? And who made it go bust?"

"Mister Wally Twain," Fleur informed him, dimpling.

"Oh, I say, what a lie! Why, I only saw you for fifteen minutes in broad ballroom light."

"I know it. But it's the truth. Never mind, the joke's on me a whole lot more than on you."

"Oh, I don't mind, if it cleared the way for me," he said philosophically. "You're sure you don't love him now?"

"I am."

"Well—" he frowned. "See here, Fleur. I came back here for a vacation because of you. I meant to beat Bill's time, if I could. But now, even with him out of the way, I've a hunch you aren't going to topple for me."

"And so you're giving up without a try?" Fleur enquired with a touch of cynicism.

"Oh, no," Wally assured her and, recapturing his usual hilarious mood, he asked, "What method would you advise when courting Miss Henry, Fleur?"

"Oh, sing, Wally, sing. Music always has a sentimental effect."

"Thank'e, thank'e, me lydy," Wally piped in falsetto, and whisking his pocket comb and a scrap of paper from his pocket, began "Yankee Doodle" on the comb.

Fleur laughed delightedly. Wally was fun. She hoped he would keep her laughing and make her forget everything else in the world—excepting Gord—that is, except that Gord had to be punished.

They lost the race to the beach. The other cars had taken the short-cut, and their occupants were already in the surf or under the umbrellas on the sand. Fleur hastily donned her swimming suit in the bath house, and joined the party under the umbrellas. Gord was just finishing his swim as she came up, his sun-bronzed skin glistening under little beads of water.

"Did anybody ever tell you," June

Livingston called to him, "that you're my idea of a sun god?"

June always had been hot on Gord's trail, Fleur remembered.

"I always suspected you didn't know much about mythology, June," Gord grinned at her. "Anybody ready to drive back with me? I'm leaving now."

"So soon?" June wailed. "Why, we just came."

"Yeah, but I've got to work. Concert's next Friday, you know."

"Well, we'll see you at the club dance tonight," June consoled herself.

"I guess not," Gord said regretfully.

"No more fun until after Friday. But then," and he looked straight into Fleur's eyes as he said it, "after that, the old programme continues."

He was gone before Fleur could think of a sarcastic but veiled reply to his challenge.

THAT was Saturday. Sunday, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday Fleur went everywhere with Wally and saw Gord not at all. On Thursday she asked herself, what was the use of exhibiting Wally around in defiance of Gord, if Gord was not on hand to see himself defied? So on Thursday Wally and Fleur went to see Marian.

They breezed up on to the terrace where Marian and George sat dreamily over a new book.

"What's it about?" Fleur asked, indicating the book, by way of greeting.

"We don't know," George laughed, stretching luxuriously.

"Didn't expect you to," Fleur said inattentively, her heart contracting at the aura of happiness around those two happy lovers.

Where was Gord? She couldn't hear the piano, and the studio windows were open. Fleur felt suddenly very, very lonesome. Her fury at Gordon seemed to have wilted and died in those four days of not seeing him. How childish it was, and futile and stupid—her fury. Yes, everything she had done since she was supposed to have grown up had been childish—those broken engagements, the engagement to Gord, her fruitless campaign to plague him.

Perhaps it only meant she couldn't find it here—in this town—where everybody knew she had failed, and mocked her for it.

Yes, that must be it. She would go away somewhere and work hard, and not think about love for years and years—and start again. That would fix the mess with Gord, too. Fleur felt sure he had not meant to carry the thing as far as marriage, anyway—he wasn't the sort who married one person, loving another, any more than she was. It was just some campaign of his, probably for her benefit—maybe, as Fleur herself had told Marian, "to give her a rest from beaung around." Going away would relieve him of any responsibility he felt for her, and so he would release her from the promise without being asked.

"Wally," Fleur enquired, "do you really need a partner in your act?"

A broad grin spread over Wally's face. "Well by golly," he said, "I knew you'd been thinking serious things in these last few minutes, but I didn't think it was anything so nice. You're darned right I need a partner, if you want the job."

"Well, I do," Fleur assured him, "and I want to begin rehearsal right away."

"Why Fleur!" Marian protested.

"I've got to, honey," Fleur explained. "You know I'm just a worthless baggage in this town, and I'm drying up and perishing here. But I'll talk it all over with you later. Right now I want to gabble shop-talk with Wally. Come on, Wally." And she led the elated young man to the car.

Fleur had anticipated that it might take a whole day to reconcile her parents to their daughter's new plans, and sure enough, it was six o'clock on Friday before she called Wally Twain on the phone and triumphantly announced, "They say I can try it. Now where do we go tonight to celebrate?"

"Why, we're driving to the city to Gord's concert, don't you remember?"

Gord. Fleur had kept him as far back as possible in her thoughts all day and was

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Stains on Summer Silks

Continued from page 21

perspiration are difficult to restore, but the stain left may often be removed by applying ammonia solution. Have a little white vinegar convenient to apply if there is an undesirable color change, as some dyes are affected by ammonia.

Scorch—Silks cannot be restored to their original condition after being scorched but white silk may be improved if treated as follows: Dampen a soft cotton cloth with hydrogen peroxide and place over the stain. Place a clean, dry cloth over this to protect

the iron and then iron with a medium warm iron, replacing the top cloth if the peroxide soaks through. Do not iron directly on the cloth moistened with peroxide or on the moist fabric after the dry cloth has been removed. If this is done, the iron will leave rust stains on the garment.

Grass Stain—Ether or wood or denatured alcohol, applied by sponging.

Ice Cream—Sponge stain with water. If grease spot remains, use solvent such as carbon tetrachloride.

Under Picnic Trees

Continued from page 22

Picnic Hampers

Minced Ham and Chopped Olive Sandwiches

Brown Bread Slices

Potato Salad in Paper Cups

Doughnuts Peaches Lemonade

Devilled Eggs Radishes

Brown Bread Slices

Marmalade and Nut Sandwiches

Bananas Hot Coffee Cookies

Cold Chicken

Chopped Celery and Tomato Sandwiches

Pickles Plums Jelly Roll

Iced Chocolate or Hot Tea

Campfire Meals

Bacon Slices

Bread and Butter Cucumber Sandwiches

Small Whole Tomatoes

Melon Coffee Marshmallows

Corn Rolls Weiners

Jelly Sandwiches

Cake Coffee Peaches

The Wrap with the Silver Lining

Continued from page 7

to sound scornful. "Oh, I suppose so." She couldn't bear parting with the wondrous garment, even for a few hours of its brief life, but she knew it would be safer dangling on a padded hanger than trailing from her chair in the dining room. She shrugged out of it reluctantly, and her eyes roved over to a tall, pale blonde woman wearing a striking wrap of the same color. Joy felt a little thrill of confirmed good taste, for the blonde in her daringly chosen color was easily the most distinguished and handsome woman in the place. Fat, squat women; angular, thin women, were all looking at the tall disdainful beauty, paying her the homage of hostility.

IN THE dining room Stephen had reserved one of the choicest tables with the impeccability that so beautifully fitted him for being the legend in a young lovers' household.

But the most jealous husband couldn't have resented what was being said at that table, lit by a slender little moon of a lamp, with hothouse honeysuckles tumbling fragrantly out of a silver vase. While other men were telling less lovely ladies how lovely they were, Stephen was meekly listening to Joy's breathless accounts of her own man's wonderfulness. She'd quite forgotten now that she was trying to impress her old friend with Michael's success and independence. Instead she was earnestly confessing how the poor darling simply couldn't get a chance to write any of the things he was capable of writing.

"Well, we'll see, child," Stephen was saying vaguely, wishing almost that he'd not let himself in for this eulogy.

"Just open that envelope, Stevie, and look at that ad. for baby carriages . . . or the one for carpets . . . isn't it carpets your company manufactures?"

"Hmm, carpets," Stevie admitted glumly. "Let's dance this one first, and then I'll look."

But he didn't have a chance to look. For then something happened.

The dining room was pleasantly crowded by now with prosperous, gay people; the

orchestra had got acquainted, and everyone was feeling genial and mellow. Suddenly from behind the orchestra came three lithe young men in evening dress looking fantastically festive, for their faces were masked with neat black dominos. They cut through the dancers in a well-spaced procession, each bearing a small, glittering pistol in one hand, and the other hand held up behind them, as the Tiller girls hold theirs when they're about to click into a difficult step.

"Oh, look, Stevie, what fun!" Joy cried. "Let's get out of their way and watch their dance." Other couples were saying the same thing, and a little space was growing around the three slender youths. The orchestra looked questioningly at the leader, who kept the music going, searching around the walls with his eyes for a cue from the manager. "Hang it, how do they expect me to give 'em specialty music if they don't tell me they're havin' specialties?" he was growling under his bland smile.

When they reached the centre of the room, the three men swung and faced the disorganized crowd; and now suddenly the guests had their first doubt about this trio being designed for their amusement.

"Stop that music," the tallest youth commanded, and the music died with a squawk. "Line up there, people, and no noise out of you . . . and no funny business, either. Or we'll have to hurt somebody."

Joy's hands were suddenly like ice, and the first thing she thought of was that she couldn't afford to be shot because she had an expensive wrap to return in the morning. And the second thing she thought of was that Michael mustn't see her name in the papers before she had time to explain this truant evening.

"They're not pretending," she said in a whisper to Stephen, whose face was twisted up in a mongrel expression that was something between a grin and a grimace.

"They won't get away with that," he said confidently. "Too many around here." But strangely enough, it looked as though they'd get away with it very well, for one



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sorry," she said faintly. "I thought you rather enjoyed it. I thought you liked me a little bit—I—good-by—"

But Gord reached it before she did, and stood there blocking the way. He put one hand under her chin and raised her tear-stained face so that she had to meet his eyes.

"Fleur, you little idiot," he said, "you aren't wondering, are you, whether I'm in love with you?"

"Oh, I know you aren't," Fleur said humbly, "you said the other day there was another girl—but I thought—if I could keep you engaged to me—long enough—you might forget and—"

Her voice broke completely at that point, but it didn't matter, because Gord picked her up in his arms and kissed her and kissed her. Then he put her down on a couch, and wiped her eyes dry, and smoothed her hair.

"Fleur honey," he said, "that girl I told you I loved was you. I've been in love with you ever since I can remember. Every time you were interested in a new man I suffered agonies for fear you would marry him. And you treated me like a big brother and didn't even see me. Then I had a chance

to get you tied to me with a promise and be alone with you, but I was still just Big Brother. When Wally Twain came along I decided I'd lost."

"But you hadn't," whispered Fleur, cuddling into his arms. "Do you know when you stopped being Big Brother? It was that night on the road, when you kissed me and slapped my hands. I've been desperately in love ever since, only I didn't know it until tonight. Why, even Wally told me I was, but I didn't believe it."

"Poor old Wally," Gord said. "Lord, but I feel sorry for any man who has to live without you all his life."

"Well, I'll do my best to keep you being sorry for them," promised Fleur, with a return of her old spirit. "And Gord," she added, "we'll tell Marian and dad and mother too now, won't we?—because nothing could keep me from marrying you now."

Gord's laughter-filled eyes looked down into hers. "Do you know what we're going to tell them? That they're invited to our wedding tomorrow morning and to see us off on the 10:35 train. Shall we?"

And Fleur's "We shall," was said against Gord's lips.

The Fairy and the Little Flower Girl

Continued from page 14

and turned cartwheels around and around the tiny room. Mr. Greenaway almost forgot and stood on his bad leg. Rose could do nothing but jump up and down and clap her little hands, while Baby Betty cried so loudly, because she could not understand what it was all about, that no one could hear what anybody else was saying. Miss Barbara had come to say that she was going to be married, and that if their father would give his consent she would like to have Rose as her little flower-girl and Jimmy as her page. Then came the most wonderful news of all. After she was married, she and her husband were going to live in the country where they would need a gardener, and she was wondering if Mr. Greenaway would be their gardener. She said that there was a little cottage where he and the children could live, and a good school not far off. Would Jimmy and Rose like to dress up in pretty clothes for the wedding? And would they all like to go and live in the beautiful country? It all seemed too good to be true.

You may be sure that Mr. Greenaway accepted all Miss Barbara's kind suggestions,

although the news was so good that he was afraid it was only a dream. However next day week a box arrived, containing a beautiful frilly dress and hat for Rose, a satin suit and cap for Jimmy, and a pretty silk dress and bonnet for baby Betty. A few hours later a big car called to take the small Greenaways to the church, and Mr. Greenaway knew that it was not a dream but the happiest day in his life.

After the wedding, Barbara and her husband presented each of the children with a present. I think the good fairy Princess Joy must have told them what to give. There was a real puppy-dog for Rose, an Indian suit for Jimmy, and a basket baby carriage with a beautiful dolly in it for little Betty.

Somebody else was happy too that day, and that was the good fairy Princess Joy. She smiled to herself as she flew back toward the city. "There is another good deed done, and another family made happy. I don't think that 'little mother' will need me any more!" she thought. And it was true, for Rose and her father and little brother and sister lived happily ever after.

Is the Church Deserting Youth?

Continued from page 43

A Church Woman Replies

The article in the June *Chatelaine* called: *Is the Church Deserting Youth?* has stirred me to the depths. As a mother of three sons, and a woman who has attended churches in two towns in Manitoba and two towns in British Columbia, also at odd times attended churches in the cities of Winnipeg and Brandon, Man., I can truthfully say that the Church is not deserting youth. Nothing could be farther from the truth, or a greater slam to throw at the Christian Church.

The churches all over Canada are striving with might and main through the Sunday School, The Canadian Girls in Training, The Tuxis Square and many other organizations to help the youth of Canada to live the four-fold life and to become worthwhile citizens of Canada.

The Church's task is a hard one in these modern days, and her worst enemy is the class of people who is too lazy to get up in time to take the family to church in the morning, and too fond of golf or Sunday sport and picnics to come home in time to go to church at night, and perhaps too busy

to make a cake or pie for the young folk to take to the church social on a mid-week evening.

The writer of that article says they do not understand the psalms and hymns. Well, what of it? Does the writer understand electricity and its power? Would she like to go without the power of electricity? Is she so dense that she does not understand that the influence of the Church of Jesus Christ is the one great force to bring the youth of Canada in the way it should go, just as electricity is the power that keeps our civilization going today?

I have always found the best people in the churches, and the best people are none too good for the young folk of the present day to associate with, if Canada is to go ahead and be the great country God intended her to be.

Again I say without fear of contradiction that the Church is not deserting youth, but youth, following the example of careless and indifferent parents, is deserting the Church of Jesus Christ.—Martha Bennett, Mission City, B.C.

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pistol is bigger than any number of men. The bandits swarmed the hundred guests into one corner with amazing ease, and began systematically to relieve them of jewellery and money. Weak screams and frightened giggles swept through the crowd, and everyone looked scared but decidedly silly, as though any moment someone might come in and discover them playing some childish game.

Suddenly, attention centred on the beautiful blonde woman whom Joy had noticed in the lounge. The man who was doing the collecting of souvenirs had her by the wrist, and her eyes were blazing into his, and her mouth was a scarlet protest in her white face.

"All right, I'll have to let you have a shot then," the man said in a horrible silence. A few men started toward her ineffectually, not seeming to get any nearer somehow. In another breath, all the lights in the place gasped out. There was a shot, and screams sprang up everywhere like released fireworks.

Lighters that never would work anyway, began sputtering here and there like asthmatic fireflies, and only added to the panic. In the darkness everyone tried to get as far from everyone else as possible, in case their shadowy neighbor might turn out to be one of the hold-up men.

In a few moments the lights went up again—pale moons blinking absurdly on little tables—and gradually everyone realized that the trio had disappeared. The woman in American Beauty, the beautiful blonde woman who had defied them, lay across a table, dramatic and terrible to see. Joy hid her face against Stephen's shirt front, now too frightened even to remember the evening wrap she must protect. All that she could think of was that she was probably looking at a dead woman, and that she wished she were home, yawning surreptitiously while Michael read her his latest advertisement that no one else would read.

But the blonde woman was not dead, only stunned, as they found when they rushed to her and picked her up. Other women in all parts of the room were screaming and fainting, now that there was nothing to be alarmed about, and since they were in no danger of being shot for their noise. Others were discovering that they'd lost rings and necklaces and bracelets. But the woman who was making the largest commotion was the largest woman of all. She was howling enormously about her diamonds, which you knew from looking at her were enormous diamonds.

As if all this weren't confusion enough, two of the bandits themselves came back into the dining room, though much against their will, for they were both led and dragged by belated policemen. The third man had unmistakably escaped, although even now, of course, he might be triumphantly dragged in by another officer. Masks were missing from the bandits' faces now, and they looked like quite ordinary young men, as frightened as the other men had been in that room a moment before.

Trinkets and trifles were unearthed from their pockets, and hysterically claimed by their late owners. The enormous woman howled on, pausing as each piece of jewellery was recovered, and then going on louder and more indignantly than ever, as it proved not to be hers.

"Let's have those diamonds," the officer suggested roughly, shaking the cowed pair. But obviously they didn't have them, and everyone excitedly expressed to everyone else theories as to where the diamonds could have disappeared in the brief time between their theft and the capture of the thieves.

Reporters, springing up from heaven knows where, were foraging happily about like butterflies in a daisy field, jotting down name after name, and making certain of the spelling with unruffled efficiency. Joy, her throat dry as sandpaper, wanted most desperately to get away from it all. The blonde beauty, clearly the heroine of the night, was naturally a bit unnerved, and was the first of the guests allowed to leave, after her escort had given her name and address to the police, so that she might

identify the missing bandit when he was captured.

At last Stephen convinced the officers that neither he nor Joy could contribute anything to the scene, and they were permitted to leave shortly after midnight.

"Oh, if you've given my name to them, what on earth shall I do?" she wailed. "If Michael sees it in the newspapers . . ."

"What if he does . . . you said he was too broad-minded to worry about your coming," Stephen urged her gently. She clung to his arm as they walked to the checkroom, too weak to keep up appearances.

Now that she had the wrap again, her one thought was to get home and to protect Michael from ever knowing what a silly, vain little fool she was, flirting with danger and financial ruin. She snatched the mask from her erstwhile intention, and told herself bluntly that she was nothing but a naughty excitement-chaser, using her husband's advancement as a flimsy excuse. She didn't even bother talking to Stephen in the taxi going home—brushed aside his suggestion that they go some place else and finish their evening.

"Oh, I can't," she said as crossly as though he had been in some way responsible for her mutilated pleasure. "Don't worry me now. I've got things on my mind."

"Might have known you can't bring something to life after it's finished," he replied heatedly. "This certainly has been a flat evening . . . and marriage certainly has spoiled you . . ."

"Has it?" she matched his rudeness. "Of course I'm spoiled, living with such a fascinating man as my Michael."

"Oh, for heaven's sake, must I listen to more of that?"

It was all pretty terrible, but Joy didn't care. All she wanted was to get it over, and get this silly wrap returned in the morning.

She didn't even care that he saw the dingy little two-family house where she lived. The taxi rattled down the street, and she looked out of the window at the familiar house, and thought she was the most unaccountably fortunate girl on earth to be living in one of them. The shabby street raised its murky street lamps, brimming with liquid light, like a toast to a foolish wife's deception.

Stephen got out and stood with her a moment, trying to say something polite, asking her to forgive him—to remember that only really good friends quarrel when their nerves are jumpy.

"Of course I forgive you, silly," she said. "Only I am an old married woman just as you said, and I'm proud of it, too. So we'd better not try to play any more."

She glanced up at her own living room window, just to make sure Michael wasn't sitting up reading. Was that the curtain fluttering back into place? It couldn't be; more of her jumpy nerves, probably.

SHE unlocked the front door and tiptoed up the narrow, immediate flight of stairs to their own part of the house. No, no lights, except the one Michael had thoughtfully left in the hall for her. She crept to their room and looked in. Michael's head was dug deep in his pillow, and rather conspicuous snores were wafting toward the ceiling. She stood looking down at him a moment, loving him uncomfortably, and wondering if she dared wake him and tell him the whole miserable thing. But she'd have a time explaining that she wasn't tired of being poor with him, that she didn't wish she owned an evening wrap, etc. Without turning on any light, she slipped into the living room and took off the velvet wrap, meditating as she did that all her love for it had turned to loathing.

"You hateful thing," she whispered unreasonably, poking it as she wrapped it in muffled tissue, and folded it in its huge box, which she kicked fiercely under the sofa.

Needing Michael now, she decided not to sleep on the lumpy sofa in the living room, so she crept into bed beside him. He simply wouldn't wake up, though she whispered to him guiltily and kissed his rough chin a

Continued on page 56

If It's a House Wedding

Continued from page 23

fill the room with perfume. An all-white wedding might use the lovely syringa, our northern "orange blossom," with exquisite effect. Marguerites and cornflowers, deep blue and yellow, are a rich yet refreshingly naive combination. Of the "straight" flowers, quite the loveliest are the delphiniums and snapdragons. Stately grace and classic dignity are theirs, but if your ceilings are not high, your windows tall and your wall paper of softly negative colorings, it is best to stick to less formal flowers.

WHILE the guests are arriving, the bride's mother, assisted by husband, sons and daughters, will be receiving at the door of the room in which the ceremony is going to take place. Later she will move down to the front to take the place she would ordinarily occupy in a church. Just before the ceremony begins it is a pretty idea to have two little girls make an impromptu aisle from the entrance to the altar. This is where the youngest members of the family should have their own cherished part in the exciting event. Each holding an end of white satin ribbon, they might thread their way from the doorway to within a few feet of the altar, leaving a clear and definitely marked path down which the bridal party will tread.

After that the wedding will proceed just as it would do in a church. And after the final blessing is given, the bride and her husband will turn and receive the congratulations of the guests where they stand.

It is customary nowadays to give the wedding breakfast in the form of a buffet service, and unless the gathering is so small that it consists of few more than the immediate family, this is much the easiest plan to follow. Silver candlesticks, flowers and the wedding cake will be decoration enough for the table. On it will be piled the dishes you are going to serve. They may be as simple or as elaborate as you like. A very satisfactory menu is simply sandwiches, small cakes, ice cream and coffee, but if you want to strike the "different" note that is so sought after, the following menus might appeal:

Fruit and Nut Salad

Heart Sandwiches, Date Ginger Sandwiches
Assorted Cakes

Candies Nuts
Tea and Coffee
Jellied Shrimp and Cucumber
Pecan Cheese Sandwiches
Olives Celery Hearts
Peach Mousse
Tea and Coffee

Stuffed Eggs in Tomato Aspic
Thin Bread and Butter
Nuts Olives
Chocolate Delight
Tea and Coffee

Fruit and Nut Salad

½ Cupful of evaporated milk
1 Tablespoonful of lemon juice
¼ Cupful of crushed drained pineapple
¼ Cupful of chopped pecans
½ Cupful of mayonnaise
¼ Cupful of stoned cherries
¼ Cupful of canned apricots cut into small pieces
1 Small banana sliced

Scald the milk in a double boiler. Cool and chill in a bowl surrounded with ice. Whip until stiff. Add the lemon juice and continue whipping until the mixture is very stiff. Fold in the mayonnaise, then add the nuts and fruits. Mix well. Chill for two or three hours.

Heart Sandwiches

Slice bread quarter of an inch thick and shape with a heart cookie cutter. Spread thinly with cream cheese. Cut pimento in thin strips and outline the edge. Place a small piece of the pimento, cut into the

shape of a heart, in the centre of the sandwich.

Date Ginger Sandwiches

1 Cupful of stoned dates
¼ Cupful of preserved ginger
½ Cupful of walnuts
1 Tablespoonful of softened butter
1 Teaspoonful of ginger syrup

Put the dates, nuts and ginger through a food chopper. Add the butter and syrup and mix thoroughly. Spread on slices of whole wheat bread.

Jellied Shrimp and Cucumber

1 Can of shrimps
½ Cupful of French dressing
1 Cupful of diced cucumber
½ Cupful of cream cheese
Paprika and cayenne
1 Package of lemon gelatine
1 Cupful of cold water
1 Cupful of boiling water
½ Cupful of mayonnaise

Dissolve the gelatine in the hot water, add the cold water and let stand to cool. Break the shrimps into small pieces and lay in the French dressing. Drain and add the shrimps to the diced cucumber and cheese, the cheese having been cut into small pieces. Combine with the gelatine. Fold in the mayonnaise, season well. Turn into individual molds and chill. Serve on hearts of lettuce, garnishing with mayonnaise.

Pecan Cheese Sandwiches

Add half a cupful of chopped pecans to cream cheese. Moisten with French dressing.

Peach Mousse

2 Cupfuls of crushed peaches
1½ Cupfuls of whipping cream
½ Cupful of sugar
1 Teaspoonful of gelatine

Crush the peaches to pulp and add sugar. Soak the gelatine five minutes in three tablespoonfuls of cold water. Dissolve over boiling water and stir well into the peaches and sugar. Fold stiffly whipped cream into the peaches and freeze the mixture for five or six hours.

Stuffed Eggs in Tomato Aspic

4 Hard-cooked eggs
4 Tablespoonfuls of mayonnaise
¼ Teaspoonful of pepper
½ Teaspoonful of salt
Paprika
2 Cupfuls of tomatoes
1 Teaspoonful of grated onion
½ Teaspoonful of salt
¼ Teaspoonful of paprika
2 Teaspoonfuls of sugar
¼ Cupful of cold water
4 Teaspoonfuls of gelatine

Cut the eggs in halves lengthwise and remove the yolks. Mix the yolks with the mayonnaise, salt, pepper and paprika and refill the whites. Soak gelatine in cold water. Cook the tomatoes with the onion, salt, sugar and paprika and put the mixture through a strainer. Dissolve the gelatine in the hot liquid, then cool. Fill a mold with layers of stuffed eggs and tomato jelly, letting each layer harden before adding the next one. Chill and serve on hearts of lettuce.

Chocolate Delight

3 Tablespoonfuls of cocoa
3 Tablespoonfuls of cornstarch
Pinch of salt
1 Cupful of sugar
1 Egg
1½ Cupfuls of boiling water
1 Teaspoonful of vanilla
1 Tablespoonful of butter

Sift together the cocoa, cornstarch, sugar and salt, and over the mixture pour the boiling water. Cook until thick, stirring constantly. Separate yolk from egg white and add the well beaten yolk to the mixture. Cook for five minutes. Remove from heat and add the butter and vanilla, folding in the well beaten egg white. Pile in sherbet glasses and top with whipped cream and chocolate decorates.

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mechanical refrigerator, or in a mold, completely covered with ice and salt. If using a freezer, turn the handle very slowly and only enough to ensure even freezing of the mixture. If to be frozen in a mold, pack the mixture in a mold, pressing it firmly and having the mold filled to overflowing. Place a piece of waxed paper over the top, and adjust the cover, making sure that it fits tightly. Seal with a strip of cheesecloth dipped in melted butter or other fat, where the cover fits over the mold. Mix chopped ice and salt in the proportion of two measures of ice and one measure of salt, and bury the mold in this freezing mixture. Let stand three to four hours. Wipe the mold carefully, and remove the dessert as quickly as possible.

Frozen desserts can be successfully made in a mechanical refrigerator, provided the temperature in the freezing compartment is sufficiently low and if the directions are carefully followed. Many refrigerators have a temperature control which can be adjusted as required to obtain various degrees of cold, and this device is especially important in satisfactory ice cream making. Fine texture is dependent on the incorporation of air into the mixture, and this must be accomplished by previous whipping or by beating when the mixture is partly frozen. In the case of plain ice cream, sherbets and ices, frequent stirring is necessary. The addition of gelatine to the recipe for plain ice cream is an improvement, as it helps to prevent the formation of undesirable ice crystals. One teaspoonful of gelatine dissolved after soaking in two tablespoonfuls of cold liquid to each cup of liquid in the recipe is sufficient. Use slightly less sugar when freezing by this method, and if possible beat the cream until stiff before adding to the other ingredients. During freezing, stir with a spoon at half-hour periods. Sherbets and ices, after freezing to a severe solid consistency, may be removed to a cold bowl and beaten with an egg beater until light and frothy. The beaten egg white is then added and the mixture returned to the refrigerator.

Richer desserts, such as mousses and parfaits, freeze excellently in a mechanical refrigerator. They require no stirring; simply pour the mixture in the freezing tray, adjust the temperature control and let stand until frozen. While more expensive, the convenience with which they can be prepared in this way, appeals to many busy housekeepers.

Vanilla Ice Cream No. 1

- 1 Quart of table cream
- $\frac{3}{4}$ Cupfuls of sugar
- 4 Teaspoonfuls of vanilla

Mix the ingredients, stir to dissolve the sugar, and freeze.

Vanilla Ice Cream No. 2

- 1 Cupful of scalded milk
- 1 Teaspoonful of flour
- 1 Cupful of cream
- 1 Egg yolk
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of sugar
- 1 Teaspoonful of vanilla

Mix the flour and sugar together, add the slightly beaten egg yolk and stir in the milk gradually. Cook over hot water about fifteen minutes, strain and cool. Add the cream and flavoring. Freeze and serve.

Raspberry Ice Cream

Crush three-quarters of a cupful of raspberries and strain through a sieve. Sprinkle with about quarter of a cupful of sugar and add to vanilla ice cream No. 1 or No. 2 when the mixture is nearly frozen. (The

exact amount of sugar is determined by the tartness of the fruit.)

Chocolate Ice Cream

- 1 Quart of table cream
- $\frac{3}{4}$ Cupfuls of sugar
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of vanilla
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of cocoa

Put the cocoa, half the sugar and a little water or milk in a pan; heat over hot water and stir until a smooth syrup is formed. Cool the syrup and add with the remaining sugar to the cream. Add flavoring and freeze.

Concord Ice Cream

- 2 Cupfuls of cream
- 1 Cupful of milk
- 1 Cupful of grape juice
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of sugar

Add the milk, grape juice and sugar to the cream. Freeze and serve.

Grapenut Bisque

- 1 Pint of cream
- 1 Teaspoonful of vanilla
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of sugar
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of grapenuts

Dry the grapenuts slightly in a hot oven. Roll very finely or grind in a meat grinder and add to the ice cream when nearly frozen.

Peppermint Stick Ice Cream

- $\frac{1}{2}$ Pound of peppermint stick candy
- 2 Cupfuls of whipped cream
- 1 Cupful of milk

Dissolve candy in milk in top of double boiler. Chill, and when partly frozen add the stiffly beaten whipped cream. This may be frozen in a mechanical refrigerator or in a freezer. If a freezer is used, turn the handle very slowly and only enough to ensure freezing evenly.

Ginger Ale Sherbet

- 1 Cupful of sugar
- 1 Cupful of water
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of lemon juice
- 2 Cupfuls of crushed pineapple
- 2 Egg whites
- 1 Pint of ginger ale

Boil the sugar and water a few minutes, cool and add the lemon juice and pineapple. Turn into freezer and pack in ice and salt. When the mixture becomes very cold, add egg whites, unbeaten, and ginger ale. Turn rapidly for a few minutes, and then more slowly until the sherbet is frozen. The best flavor is secured if this dessert is served at once.

Peach Mousse

- $\frac{3}{4}$ Cupfuls of peach pulp
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of sugar
- Juice of one lemon
- 1 Pint of whipping cream

Whip the cream and add the sugar, lemon juice and crushed fruit. This can be frozen in the trays of a mechanical refrigerator or in a mold packed in ice and salt.

Frozen Strawberries

- 1 Pint of berries
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ Cupfuls of sugar
- Water

Wash the berries. To the syrup add enough water to make four cups, and cook with sugar five minutes; strain, add berries, cool, and freeze. To make a richer dessert, add one cupful of whipped cream when frozen to a mush, and continue freezing.

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Add two teaspoonfuls of Ovaltine to a cup of cold milk. Shake in shaker, or stir well, until dissolved.

Baby's Daily Playtime

Continued from page 24

developmental play, until baby's muscles and nervous system are developed sufficiently for him to sit up by himself. This play exercise must be done very slowly and steadily with no sudden movement of any kind. At four and a half months his head is not quite ready to assume the upright position suddenly, so go slowly.

Take hold of baby's arms at his elbows, cover part of his upper arm and part of his forearm with your hands. Hold firmly and evenly, and slowly raise him to a sitting position. Slowly, slowly, let baby go down again.

Ready, begin:

U-----p s-l-o-w-l-y
D-o--w-n s-l-o-w-l-y
U-----p s-l-o-w-l-y
D-o--w-n s-l-o-w-l-y

That is enough for the first time. We want baby to use his large muscles first, so we will not give him any plays for his small muscles.

Rest a minute.

4. Baby is still flat upon his back with his feet toward you. Take hold of his feet and ankles lightly, trying to keep baby's feet and legs straight. Push a little against his feet. Baby will push his feet against your pressure and try to push your hands away. Fine—encourage him to push against you. Help him to kick very slowly.

Rest a moment.

Always remember to rest between the parts of an exercise and between two plays or exercises.

5. This is a breathing play, and babies of any age will respond to it, for there is nothing new about it—all babies breathe. This helps the mother to understand the rhythm of baby's breathing.

Baby is still flat upon his back. Put your two hands upon his little chest, and spread your fingers out so that they will cover his chest. Your thumbs will be toward the centre.

Do not press upon baby's chest; he must have freedom to move. Notice when he breathes in, and when he breathes out. Feel his breath coming in, and going out—get the rhythm of his breathing.

Lightly, evenly, gently, press a tiny little bit upward toward baby's chin as he breathes in. As baby breathes out, let go.

All ready, begin:

I--n, press gently upward
O-u-t, let go
I--n, press gently upward
O-u-t, let go

Rest a moment.

Now we will play "Patty Cake," an old-fashioned game which our grandmothers and great grandmothers played with their children.

Hold baby's hands in yours and make his little hands do the play. He will enjoy this

even as early as three months of age, and by the time he is seven months old he may try to imitate you in the play. At any rate he will enjoy the action.

"Patty cake, patty cake, baker's man,

We can master them fast as we can.

Roll them and roll them,

And pick them and pick them,

And mark them with B.

And toss them in the oven for baby and me."

Call your baby by his or her own name. Each baby is an individual, and every baby should hear his name frequently so that he will learn his name as soon as possible. Baby is a real person. Respect him as such. So in our little Patty Cake game, use baby's name when you mark the cakes and toss them into the oven.

After baby's playtime is finished, wrap him in his blanket and take him to his bath. After his bath, dry him thoroughly. Put him to bed for his nap, and give him his bottle. If you give him his bottle so that he feeds from his right side this time, next time place him so that he will feed from his left side, and the next arrange his bottle so that he will drink his milk lying flat upon his back. Some mothers use the other position, where baby lies upon his stomach for the fourth time. The idea is that baby must not grow accustomed to lying upon one side all of the time. We have to develop baby's body symmetrically. If you hold baby in your arms while you nurse him, it is well to hold him in your right arm one time, and in your left arm the next time. This accomplishes the same purpose, and rests both you and the baby.

Try the little plays suited to your baby's age, with him every morning. There are many others which can be used, but baby will enjoy doing these even after he knows them perfectly. Of course, he will enjoy some plays more than others; that is only natural. Whenever you can, put baby in a safe place and let him lie there and play by himself, with his clothes well pushed back so that he can use his muscles freely. Try to avoid showing baby off to admiring friends and relatives. One playtime a day, such as we have planned here, is enough for baby, and showing him off has a bad effect upon him other than tiring him out.

During baby's first year his play consists in merely functioning, preparing his muscles for work and later forms of play. After the first year the viewpoint of doing or making begins to enter into his play.

Mother dogs, mother cats, mother birds and all the mothers of the animal kingdom teach their young through play. We can accomplish a great deal of purposeful development and training through taking advantage of the spirit of play, ourselves.

Frozen Desserts

Continued from page 20

need, besides bowls and utensils for measuring and mixing the foods, a freezer—unless you are using your electric refrigerator for the purpose; containers for ice and salt, a coarse canvas bag, a mallet or other heavy flat utensil, and a tray or shallow pan in which to place the freezer, as there will be some leakage of the brine during the freezing.

The freezer can, cover and dasher should be first scalded, then chilled thoroughly. Adjust the dasher in the can, and pour in the ice cream mixture which has been previously cooled. Remember that this mixture will increase in volume during the freezing process, and for this reason the can should be only two-thirds full. Place the can in the freezer, pack with a generous quantity of ice, then add alternate layers of ice and salt until the freezer is thoroughly packed. Turn the handle of the freezer slowly at first, then

more rapidly until the mixture is frozen to a semi-solid consistency. A better texture will result if the dasher is then removed, the ice cream packed solidly in the can, and allowed to "ripen" until ready to serve. To do this, wipe the top of the can carefully and after removing the dasher, press the contents of the can firmly with a spoon, replace the lid and fit a cork into the opening of the cover. Draw off the brine and repack the freezer with ice and salt in the same proportions as required for freezing. It should then stand for about one hour, covered with a damp cloth or pad of newspapers. If, however, only a short time can be allowed for "ripening," one measure of salt to four measures of ice can be used, as this will hasten the hardening process.

Mousses and parfaits do not require stirring while being frozen. They may be frozen in an ice cream freezer, in the tray of a

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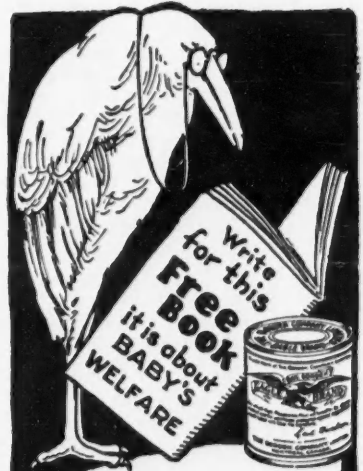
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lump toward the hole, giggling and puffing in their excitement.

Then the diamonds came spilling out of the rip, like fire studded with ice—a limp little strand of fire and ice not a foot long and worth a king's fortune.

They sank together on the sofa, tearing them from each other's hands to see if they were really true.

"Pretty, aren't they?" Michael said idiotically. They couldn't think what to do with them for a while. Michael wanted to take them personally to the police; but Joy, having had experience with hold-up men, couldn't bear to think of him going out on the street with the dangerously valuable jewels. So instead they telephoned the police station.

"We have Mrs. Egbert's diamonds, sir," Michael said as calmly as he could. "Wish you'd send over here and get them."

"How the dickens did you get them?" the chief roared, when the desk sergeant had put him on this astonishing call.

Joy told him about the wrap, dizzily. "Wait a minute," he said, turning to talk to someone. She glued her ear to the phone to catch his conversation.

"Sure . . . the checkroom girl was in it, like I told you . . . I knew that when she didn't show up at the hotel this morning, and nobody could find her . . . slipped these rocks in the wrong wrap and this lady got 'em . . ."

"Say, lady, what color was that wrap?"

"American Beauty," Joy said, her mind clicking to the same conclusion the chief was reaching.

"Says it was American Beauty—that's a kind of red, ain't it . . . well, that's the color the dame had on, see? Sure, that

was the dame, the swell one Murphy couldn't locate this afternoon . . . Lefty slipped 'em to the checkroom girl when he was leaving the hotel, and she was supposed to put 'em in that dame's coat, and she made a mistake . . . bet that dame's fit to be tied." He stopped and Joy could hear him chuckling not too mirthfully. "Well, we've been chasing that dame all day, and here the diamonds were, cool as you please in the city."

"That's it exactly, Mr. Captain," Joy called excitedly into the mouthpiece. "That's exactly how it happened, I bet."

"What say, lady?" the chief asked hazily. "We'll be right over and get them diamonds . . . You know you people get a reward?"

"Why, so we do," Joy cried. "We get a reward, Michael. What a day!"

But the day wasn't over yet. They'd only spent seven hundred and fifty dollars of the reward, throwing in elaborate gifts to each other, and new linoleum for the kitchen, and a summer vacation . . . when the telephone rang.

"Is this Mrs. Shakespeare?" a deep voice asked when Joy answered.

"No. This is Mrs. Dryen. Wrong number," she said, eager to get back to the sofa where the big spending was going on.

Stephen's voice laughed. "Say, honey, ask that genius of yours if he'll come down and talk about an advertising job with my company tomorrow before I leave town, will you? Those things were great!"

"I told you they were," she said. "My husband's the greatest man on earth. I told you so, didn't I?"

It took Michael half an hour to find out what she was crying about this time.



The Deeper Vision

Continued from page 4

Blindness to a little Paris shop-girl whose soul is three parts pretty frocks, must, he felt, be a very terrible thought.

"And is there no hope?" queried the girl.

"Only a very little . . . That is why I'm still here . . ." He paused, wondering why he was talking to this little town-girl in this way. He supposed it was her obvious sympathy.

"Do you mean, if there was no hope you would kill yourself?" she asked breathlessly.

"Sometimes one is tempted," said Casbury; and then, suddenly ashamed of his melodramatic attitude, he laughed. "But if you will come and talk to me now and again, I'll want to go on living for ever, little one."

The girl gave a shrill giggle. "Then you still have a heart, m'sieur," she said. "I will come again . . . Bon jour . . ."

"A minute, m'meselle," called Casbury. "By what name may I think of you?"

"Yvonne," came the whispered answer, and she was gone.

A blind man, even in a crowded street, is always alone and lonely; and during the fortnight which followed, Casbury came to look forward eagerly to Yvonne's visits. She came frequently, and always brought from his tray; once or twice she brought girl

friends who also bought. She changed his luck, and he began to be able to put by for the operation. But apart from material considerations, Casbury realized that he was beginning to care for her, not as he cared for Pipeta, but as a benighted traveller cares for light and warmth. Her sympathy seemed different from the pity he dreaded; it cheered and warmed him. Pipeta Avon was lost to him; and this little Paris shop-girl was creeping into his heart like a fluttering beam of light after the glory of the sun had passed.

IT WAS at the end of July that Dr. André Patois returned to Paris, and believing that now, thanks to the patronage of Yvonne and her friends, there was enough cash in the box for any reasonable fee, Louis Casbury, with Marigold as his eyes, visited the surgeon's consulting rooms.

The great man was off-hand but not unkindly. "Ah, my friend," he rumbled, after examining Casbury's eyes. "You should have come to me sooner."

"There was the matter of your absence, and the matter of your fee, m'sieur," smiled Casbury. "What will you operate on me for?"

Continued on page 59



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The Wrap With the Silver Lining

Continued from page 50

little. He turned his back, muttering irritably.

She was bright and merry during breakfast and Michael hadn't much to say, but then he never did have in the morning. He propped up the paper before him in the way he'd evidently forgotten annoyed Joy, and gulped his coffee with unnecessary noise.

"How were the Spears?" he asked grinchily.

"Splendid. They asked about you, dear." That was true, at least.

"Did they, now?" he said impudently, and dived back into his paper.

"Hmm, well I'm glad I'm not one of the idle rich anyway," he said with significant emphasis.

"So'm I," Joy agreed meekly.

"I'm sure I wouldn't like to be in any of those swell hold-ups."

"What hold-ups?" she asked in a small voice.

"Like the one I'm reading about. I shouldn't like that life."

"Neither would I."

"Oh, I'm not so sure, young lady."

"Why, Michael, what on earth do you mean by that?"

"Oh, nothing," he growled. "Quite a jamboree this was, I guess. Missing diamonds and everything."

"Let me see it, dear," she said as naturally as she could. "Oh, there's a reward . . . a thousand dollars . . . Hmm, Mrs. Malcolm Egberts. Well, she's homely enough to have to wear diamonds."

"I didn't notice her picture," Michael said, taking the paper back and forgetting his grouch for a moment. "I don't see any picture."

"Oh, I've seen it hundreds of times. You have too," she said hastily, hoping he wouldn't be suspicious about that. "Don't be so cross this morning, honey. I've got a headache."

"Too much music probably," he said cryptically.

At last she got him out of the house and ran fleetly back to the table to read his discarded paper. She'd hardly breathed during breakfast, for fear he'd stumble upon a list of the guests and find her name or Stephen's. Tonight she'd tell him all about it, but first she must get that nasty old wrap out of the house.

For the first time since she'd been married she piled her breakfast dishes in the sink and hurried down town, muttering little prayers as the trolley snailed its way along.

"I want to bring this wrap back," she said laconically to the urbane saleswoman. "Madame doesn't like it?" she asked incredulously.

"I hate it," she cried vehemently, not even trying to maintain a calm haughtiness. If they accused her of having worn it, she'd simply scratch their eyes out. The saleswoman took it indignantly, and giving her a reproving look, held the wrap up at arm's length and gazed at it critically.

"Just a moment, madame," she said, and disappeared. Joy had lost her bravado now; she was ready to burst into tears, to throw herself on their mercy and confess the whole shameful thing, begging them not to tell her Michael.

"Well, this is a bit irregular, madame," the saleswoman said stiffly, returning without the wrap. "But under the circumstances we'll give you a credit. Unless you want to select one you like better?" She was almost insulting as she said this, but Joy shook her head gratefully.

At last she was out of the store, with the signed credit slip in her bag, and she felt as liberated as though she'd just paid off the mortgage on their future, as indeed she felt she had.

"The darling, I'll never deceive him again as long as I live, so help me," she kept saying to herself all the rest of the day,

pottering meekly about her house, thinking of things she might do for her husband, and loving him unmercifully, as women do when they've deceived a man.

"Even if we make a million dollars some day, I'll never wear an evening wrap," she said extravagantly. "I hate the things."

AND then at six o'clock Michael came home, laden down as usual with bundles. But this time it was only one bundle, a big square white box that made Joy's heart stop beating when she saw it.

"Oh, my heavens! What on earth is that?" she gasped with horrible premonition.

"A present," he said briefly. "Something you need, my dear."

"Oh, Michael, let me tell you . . ." and she began suddenly to cry. But Michael resolutely unlaced the box, his face a little white around the mouth, his eyes icy-blue.

"I guess I can buy my wife things . . . if she's got to have them so badly she's willing to steal them," he said bluntly, as he lifted the lid off the box and held up the detestable wrap, blinking a little in spite of himself at its splendor.

"Oh, you idiot! What on earth shall we do now?" Joy cried, gulping into a gale at his absurd pride and bungling dignity.

"I saw you when you came up last night in that taxi," he said coldly.

"The curtain did wiggle then . . ."

"I found out from the bank that you'd drawn out no money to pay for it, and the only charge account you have is at King's . . . so I called them up to make sure . . ."

"To make sure of what, darling?"

"That that old windbag hadn't given it to you," he said, blushing involuntarily at his disreputable suspicion. "They told me you'd returned it this morning, so I went over and got it. And now keep it and wear it, and I hope you enjoy it!" He sank down rather pitifully, and put his forehead on his hand, while the traitorous wrap snuggled across his knees and tried to hide the frayed edges of his cuffs.

"Oh, darling—you're such a baby!" Joy was on her knees, crying and kissing him now, crying and scolding him all at once, and planning what on earth she could say tomorrow when she returned the wrap once more. He was such a boy, such a proud, shy little boy, easily wounded in spite of his blustering!

She told him all about the night, and it was only when she explained why she had gone with Stephen that she remembered the envelope of Michael's work that must be lost somewhere in that brilliant dining room where diamonds had been lost. She put the wrap on again and danced about to cheer Michael up, and he sat sulking where he was, feeling weak and defeated, and not realizing that most of the weakness was good, healthy hunger.

When she came near enough to him, he reached out both his arms and captured her, pulling her to him and putting his face against the hem of the wrap, where it sculptured her svelte hips. He stiffened suddenly and sat up, running his hand over the place where his face had been. Delicately he fingered something that bulged under the velvet.

"Heavens, what's that?" he cried, and Joy twisted and looked down at him handling the rosy material. Her fingers flew to the spot, and she too rolled the hard lump questioningly. They looked at each other, too excited to speak, anticipating how silly they'd feel in a moment when they discovered what the lump really was.

"I'll rip it," she said breathlessly.

"If it is, it's been ripped some place, already . . . to get them in," Michael whispered; and his fingers flashed along the edge of the garment where the silvery, spun-sugar satin joined the velvet.

"Here it is," he cried, tremblingly producing a three-inch opening on the front of the lining. Recklessly now they worked at the velvet, crinkling it up and chasing the

Patois hesitated, and Casbury felt his examining eyes on his clothes. "We will discuss the fee when you can see the greed in my eyes," he laughed. "Come into my nursing home tomorrow."

The whole of Casbury's body thrilled with joyous hope. "Does that mean you think you can cure me, *m'sieur*?" he asked. "It is possible," answered Patois and patted Casbury's shoulder.

Casbury was very quiet on the journey home. He was thinking of Pipeta and Yvonne, and the wonder of returned sight. That evening, and when the following morning he took Casbury to the nursing home Marigold laughed and chatted as though all their troubles were already over.

"Soon you'll be able to spot a speck of dust in the corner of the studio as I happen to have missed, *sir*," he chuckled. "Won't you be using them new eyes of yours sharp when you gets 'em."

"It will be you and my little friend, Yvonne, who I shall have to thank as much as André Patois," said Casbury.

"She's a great little lady, is Yvonne," mused Marigold. "Maybe she'll come and see you in 'orspital."

Dr. André Patois's nursing home was a quiet and orderly place; and entering it Casbury lost volition and identity. He became "a case." He ceased to think of the outside world, and was only aware of ministering hands, quiet conversations about him in soft French, and in his soul a great hope for light.

He was operated on two days after entering the Home; and when consciousness returned all he was aware of was a maddening agony in his eyes. They seemed to be on fire. For the first hour or so he wanted to die; but presently he fell asleep, and when he awakened the pain was less.

For the first fortnight after the operation, success or failure was in the balance; but at the end of that time the wrappings were removed for a few seconds in a darkened room; and Louis Casbury saw!

By the pale glow of the shaded lights he saw the nurses and André Patois. For a second he was silent, and then he laughed—laughed as he had never laughed before. He wanted to go on laughing for ever, because once more he could see as other men saw.

Patois patted his shoulder. "It is very good," he said. "But control yourself, *m'sieur*."

Casbury seized his hand. "Nothing I can ever pay you will wipe out my debt to you," he whispered, his voice now strangled. "You must feel like God."

"And you, *m'sieur*?" smiled Patois.

"Know there is One who gave you your skill," murmured Casbury.

A week later Casbury was ready to leave the home and Marigold who had come with a taxi, shocked and delighted the nurse who had helped to tend Casbury, by seizing her and quickstepping round the apartment.

"Lummy, *sir*," he exclaimed as they drove away, "what are we going to do now?"

"Pack up and get back to London," said Casbury. "But first I must find Yvonne."

"I must go to the Place Walhubert tomorrow with my tray and wait until she comes."

Marigold looked thoughtful. "She'll be bucked up as you've got your eyesight back," he said. "Reckon, if you'll excuse me, *sir*, as she must be a bit sweet on you."

"She was mighty kind . . . Gave me heart when I was almost losing hope."

"That's the way with the right sort of woman," murmured Marigold. "I see Miss Avon in the Bois the other day."

Casbury started. "Miss Avon?" he queried.

"Yes, her as you was engaged to before we left London."

Casbury put his hand on Marigold's arm. "Did you speak to her?" he asked eagerly.

"Just touched my 'at; but I know where she is livin' . . . I made enquiries, and found she is at one of the art schools . . .

Lives in the Rue Napoleon, number sixty-four."

Casbury trembled, and coming to a sudden decision, he stopped the driver. "Soixante-quatre Rue Napoleon," he called. "Vite!"

Marigold smiled. "I thought you'd be interested, *sir*," he said.

Casbury didn't speak. To him nothing else in the world mattered now until he had seen Pipeta and made his explanations, if she would listen. He would thank Yvonne for her aid later; but now . . . Oh, why didn't that driver hurry!

But when at length the taxi pulled up in front of the block of flats he felt as he had felt when he first went "over the top."

"I'll wait here, *sir*," said Marigold. "But we'll pay the cab off . . . You may be detained."

"I may be back in a second," said Casbury, and vanished into the building.

A maid answered Casbury's knock on the door bearing Pipeta Avon's name. "Yes," she smiled, "Mademoiselle is at home. What is *M'sieur*'s name, please?"

"Casbury," said Louis. "If she will see me I will not keep her a minute."

The maid ushered him into a little sitting room. It was severe and matter-of-fact. "So like Pip," mused Casbury and looked at the mantel-shelf and bookcase. Then he stiffened, and went close . . .

Both were crowded with little models of animals. There were fifteen leopards, ten lions, half a dozen elephants, seven laughing gods, and crowds more. It seemed to Casbury as he gazed for an amazed second that every model he had made was there.

Then, blindingly the truth came home.

A sound from the door brought him swinging round to face Pipeta Avon. She looked pale, but a fleeting brightness passed through her eyes as she met Casbury's.

"Well, Lou?" she said, a tentative smile hovering round her lips.

Casbury was at her side in a stride. "Pip," he whispered. "Pip, I've come to tell you the truth of why I went away."

"I know it, Lou," said Pipeta.

"You know it? How do you know? Who told you?"

"Your man wrote to me and told me everything; and so I came over to Paris to see if I could help without you knowing . . ."

Casbury gasped, and gestured toward the rows of models. "Was it you, then, who bought all those from me?" he asked. "Was I so blind that I did not pierce your disguised speech, voice and manner?"

Pipeta smiled. "You were very blind, Lou," she said. "Not only in that. Remember I'm half French and know the rôle I played. Your chief blindness was in not seeing that my love would not be denied . . . I feared you would jib at refusing aid from me, so I had to cheat you."

"Pip," said Casbury, his voice husky. "Pip, my darling, God has given me back my vision. Will you give me back my happiness?"

For a moment Pipeta held him off. "What about Daisy?" she challenged.

"Daisy, God bless him," laughed Casbury, "is downstairs waiting for me. I let you think George Marigold was a woman to help you hate me, and desire to see my back."

Pipeta gave a fluttering laugh. "A man is often blind even when he has his eyes; but a woman has the deeper vision . . . I knew your 'Daisy' was a make believe and that you loved me and me alone."

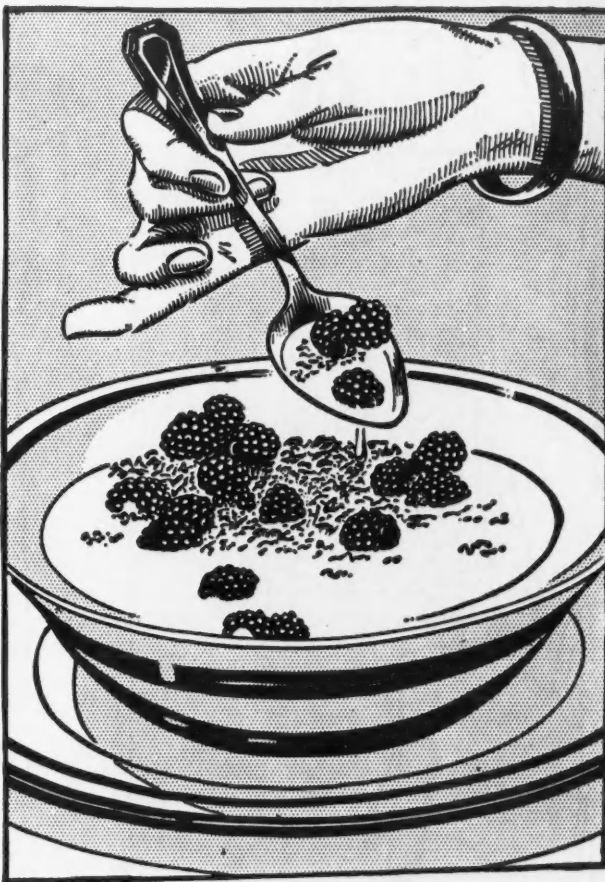
With that she went into Louis Casbury's arms, and downstairs in the street George Marigold looked at his watch, chuckled and went home.

"This is where George Marigold fades out of the picture, I reckon," he mused as he trudged off toward the Rue des Martyrs.

But today in their Surrey home the children of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Casbury regard "Uncle Daisy" as their trusted friend in all troubles.

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POST'S BRAN FLAKES

B4-30M

Meals of the Month

Thirty-One Menus for July

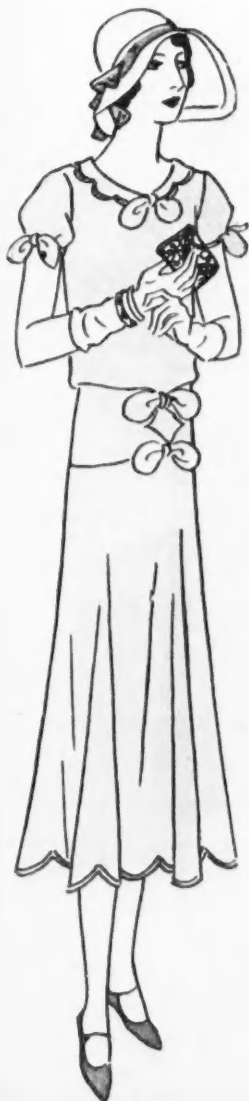
Helen G. Campbell

BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON OR SUPPER	DINNER	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON OR SUPPER	DINNER
1 Fresh Pineapple Bacon Tea Coffee Marmalade Cocoa	Poached Eggs on Spinach Rings Rhubarb Sponge Tea Cocoa	Roast Spring Lamb Mint Sauce Green Peas, Franconia Potatoes Frozen Rice Pudding Tea Coffee	17 Grapefruit Bacon Muffins Marmalade Cocoa Tea Coffee Cocoa	Tomato Jelly Salad Graham Muffins Stewed Red Currants Tea or Cocoa	Roast Veal String Beans, Browned Potatoes Brown Betty, Caramel Sauce Tea Coffee
2 Strawberries Puffed Rice Tea Coffee Marmalade Cocoa	Cold Lamb Cucumber Salad Fresh Pineapple Macaroons Tea Cocoa	Veal Cutlets Scalloped Carrots en Casserole Mashed Potatoes Rolls Rhubarb Pie Tea Coffee	18 Raspberries Bran Flakes Tea Coffee Cocoa	Creamed Asparagus on Toast Raisin Bread Strawberries and Cream Tea or Cocoa	Broiled Cod Butter Sauce Mashed Potatoes, Buttered Carrots Lemon Sherbet Tea Coffee
3 Sliced Oranges Cornmeal Porridge Poached Egg Tea Coffee Cocoa	Combination Salad Rolls Caramel Junket Tea Cocoa	Steak Boiled Potatoes, Creamed Cabbage Lemon Pudding, Custard Sauce Tea Coffee	19 Orange Boiled Egg Tea Coffee Jam Cocoa	Cream Cheese and Celery Salad Cheese Wafers Cornmeal Muffins, Currant Jelly Tea or Cocoa	Tomato Cocktail Roast Beef Browned Potatoes Spinach Tea Spanish Cream Coffee
4 Prunes Shredded Wheat Bacon Tea Coffee Jam Cocoa	Egg and Tomato Salad Graham Muffins Baked Custard Tea Cocoa	Salmon Timbale, Egg Sauce Sliced Cucumber, Baked Potatoes Cauliflower Fresh Strawberries Tea Coffee	20 Stewed Figs Grapenuts Muffins Honey Cocoa Tea Coffee Cocoa	Olive and Nut Sandwiches Devilled Eggs Chocolate Fudge Cake Tea or Cocoa	Cold Roast Beef Potato Salad Sliced Tomatoes Lemon Pie Tea Coffee
5 Rhubarb Fried Sausage Tea Coffee Cocoa	Asparagus on Toast Fruit Salad Tea Ginger Cookies Cocoa	Baked Ham Spinach Creamed Potatoes Strawberry Shortcake Tea Coffee	21 Grapefruit Cream of Wheat Tea Coffee Marmalade Cocoa	Jelly Omelet Sliced Cucumbers Rolls Sliced Bananas Tea or Cocoa	Liver and Bacon Boiled Onions Mashed Potatoes Raspberries and Cream Tea Coffee
6 Pineapple Cornflakes Tea Coffee Marmalade Cocoa	Minced Ham and Pickle Sandwiches Fresh Strawberries, Layer Cake Iced Tea Fruit Punch	Roast Beef Browned Potatoes Buttered Beets Gingerale Jelly Whipped Cream Tea Coffee	22 Prunes Scrambled Eggs Tea Coffee Currant Jam Cocoa	Perfection Salad Muffins Blanc Mange with Raspberry Jam Tea or Cocoa	Steak Swiss Chard Parsley Potatoes Peach Shortcake Tea Coffee
7 Orange Juice Rice Krispies Tea Coffee Jam Cocoa	Bacon Omelet Pineapple and Bananas Sun Wheat Biscuit Tea Cocoa	Cold Roast Beef Creamed Potatoes Asparagus Raspberry Mousse Tea Coffee	23 Orange Juice Bacon Tea Coffee Marmalade Cocoa	Scalloped Salmon Lettuce Salad Brown Bread Lemon Jelly Iced Tea or Cocoa	Stuffed Heart Baked Potatoes Cauliflower Raspberry Sponge Tea Coffee
8 Prunes Bacon Tea Coffee Marmalade Cocoa	Jellied Vegetable Salad Baked Custard Iced Tea or Cocoa Cookies	Irish Stew Lettuce Salad Tea Dumplings Mayonnaise Gooseberry Pie Coffee	24 Prunes Shredded Wheat Hot Biscuit Tea Coffee Jam Cocoa	Green Pepper and Cheese Salad Radishes Tapioca Cream Tea or Cocoa	Baked Ham with Pineapple Slices Baked Potatoes String Beans Fruit Jelly, Whipped Cream Tea Coffee
9 Grapefruit Boiled Egg Tea Coffee Gooseberry Jam Cocoa	Baked Stuffed Tomatoes Bran Muffins Crackers Jelly Tea or Cocoa	Pork Chops, Green Peas Creamed Potatoes, Lettuce Salad Deep Cherry Pie Tea Coffee	25 Melon Bacon Tea Coffee Marmalade Cocoa	Ham Omelet Brown Bread, Sliced Peaches Tea or Cocoa	Lamb Chops Broiled Bananas, Riced Potatoes Ginger Ale Fruit Salad Ice Box Cookies Tea Coffee
10 Stewed Apricots Puffed Wheat Tea Coffee Muffins Honey Cocoa	Poached Eggs on Toast Raspberries Sun Wheat Biscuit Tea or Cocoa	Boiled Salmon Fried Tomatoes Mashed Potatoes Cucumber Salad Snow Pudding Custard Sauce	26 Orange Sections Bran Flakes Tea Coffee Jam Cocoa	Baked Stuffed Onions Crackers, Cottage Cheese and Jelly Tea or Cocoa	Baked Whitefish Baked Tomatoes Potato Balls Sliced Cucumbers Gooseberry Pie Tea Coffee
11 Raspberries Roman Meal Tea Coffee Jam Cocoa	Combination Salad Rolls Baked Custard Iced Tea or Cocoa	Veal Cutlet Creamed Celery Parsley Potatoes Ice Cream Macaroons Tea Coffee	27 Red Currant Juice Liver Tea Coffee Marmalade Cocoa	Tomato and Green Pea Jelly Stewed Gooseberries Ginger Snaps Tea Cocoa	Pork Tenderloin Browned Potatoes Beet Greens Cress Salad Watermelon Cookies Tea Coffee
12 Orange Juice Cornflakes Tea Coffee Toast Cocoa	Tomato and Cottage Salad Cress Sandwiches Fresh Fruit Layer Cake Iced Coffee	Roast Beef String Beans Creamed Potatoes Radish Iced Watermelon Tea Coffee	28 Grapefruit Cream of Wheat Muffins, Black Currant Jam Tea Coffee Cocoa	Devilled Egg Salad Radishes Celery Lettuce Rolls Iced Melon Tea Cocoa	Roast Chicken Buttered Carrots New Potatoes Raspberry Shortcake Tea Coffee
13 Sliced Banana Waffles Tea Coffee Lemon Syrup Cocoa	Stuffed Peppers Rolls Fruit Salad Wafers Tea Cocoa	Bouillon Beef Loaf Sliced Tomatoes and Cucumbers Cabbage and Celery Salad Cottage Pudding Foamy Fruit Sauce Tea Coffee	29 Raspberries Scrambled Eggs Tea Coffee Toast Cocoa	Chicken Salad Brown Bread, Chocolate Junket Tea Cocoa	Liver and Bacon Green Peas, Creamed Potatoes Black Currant Roly-Poly Tea Coffee
14 Grapefruit Poached Egg Tea Coffee Marmalade Cocoa	Salad of Greens and New Vegetables Bran Muffins, Blackberry Tart Tea Cocoa	Liver and Bacon Summer Squash New Potatoes Blanc Mange with Fruit Juice Sponge Cake Tea Coffee	30 Orange Puffed Rice Tea Coffee Marmalade Cocoa	Creamed Dried Beef on Toast Stewed Red Currants Gingerbread Tea or Cocoa	Beefsteak and Kidney Pie Carrots Boiled Potatoes Tea Lemon Sponge Coffee
15 Raspberries Cornmeal Mush with Dates Tea Coffee Jelly Cocoa	Crisp Bacon Scalloped Tomatoes Cake Iced Tea or Cocoa Celery	Iced Consomme Vegetable Dinner of Green Peas, Mashed Turnip, New Potatoes, Buttered Beets Creamed Cauliflower Ice Cream Fruit Sauce Tea Coffee	31 Cherries with Powdered Wheatena Muffins Honey Cocoa Tea Coffee Cocoa	Lobster and Vegetable Salad Currant Pie Tea or Cocoa	Steak Boiled Onions Lettuce Salad Raspberries Tea or Coffee Potatoes Cake
16 Sliced Bananas Grapenuts Tea Coffee Scrambled Egg Cocoa	Jellied Tongue Tomato Salad Gingerbread Hard Sauce Tea or Cocoa	Lamb Chops Green Peas, Boiled Potatoes Rhubarb Tapioca Tea Coffee	The Meals of the Month, as compiled by Helen G. Campbell is a regular feature of The Chatelaine every month.		

The CHATELAINÉ PATTERNS

Price 25 cents

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from Paris and
New York
Styles

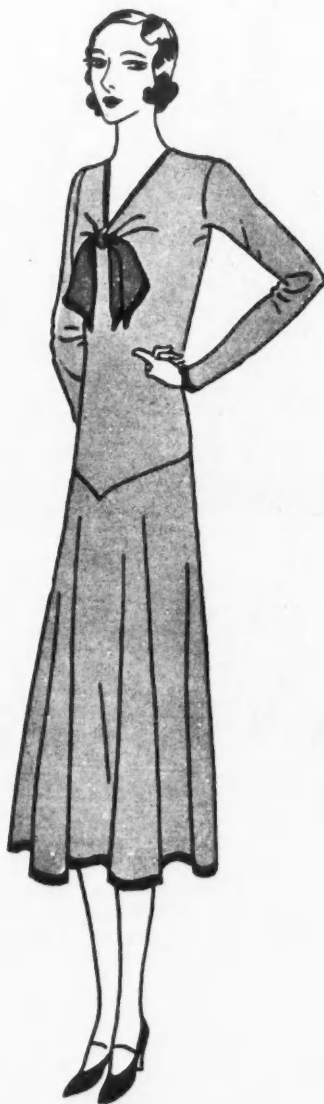


431



383

No. 383—Slightly bloused dress, can be worn with long or short sleeves. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material.



321

No. 321—A smartly fitting dress with flaring skirt joined to a pointed waist. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 36 requires 3 3/8 yards of 39-inch material.



463

No. 463—A French sports vogue. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 36 requires 3 1/8 yards of 39-inch material with 3/8 yard of 39-inch contrasting.



The CHATELAINÉ PATTERNS

Price 25 cents

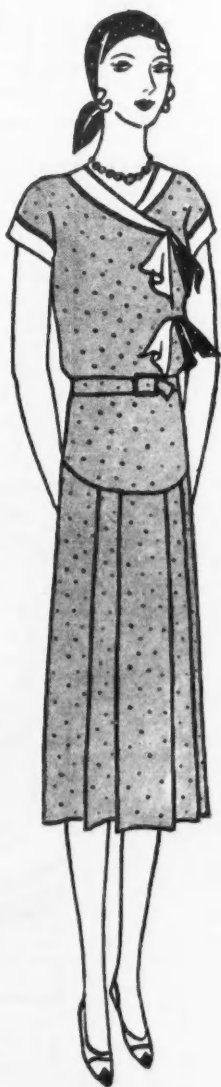
Made in Canada
from Paris and
New York
Styles



449

No. 449—Outstandingly smart is this frock with circular skirt. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 39-inch material with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

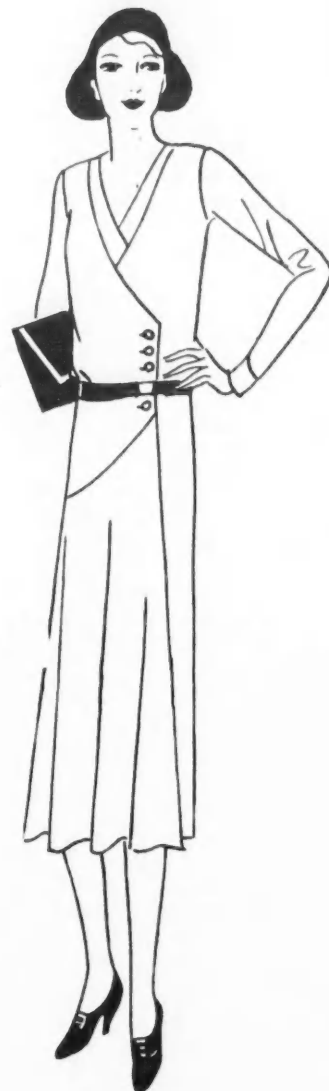
No. 420—Slip-on dress with kimono sleeves and skirt pleated in front. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 36 requires 2 $\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 32-inch contrasting.



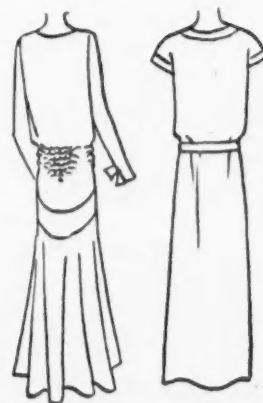
420

No. 494—A smart tailor-made with flaring skirt section, in the popular wrap-around style. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 36 requires 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 39-inch contrasting.

No. 435—Graceful dress with a flattering hip-line. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 36 requires 3 $\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material.



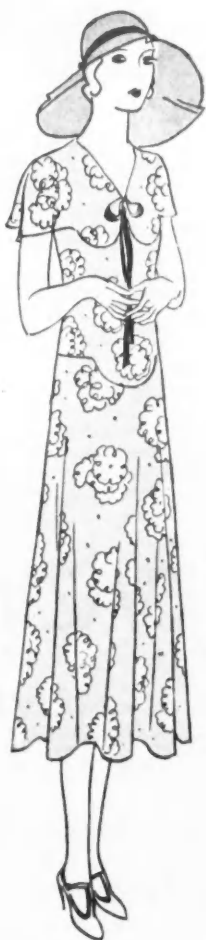
494



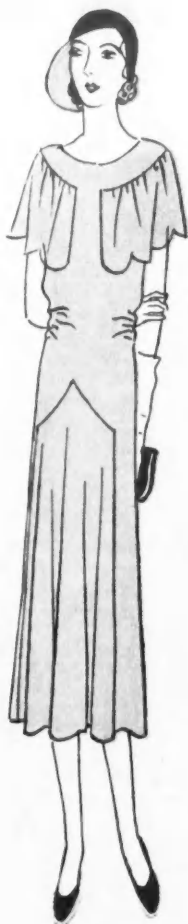
435

The CHATELAIN PATTERNS

Price 25 cents



297



426

No. 612—A house dress which is comfortable and different from the usual. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust. Size 36 requires 2½ yards of 39-inch material with 11 yards of binding.

No. 617—This sun suit may be made in three different styles. Sizes 1, 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 2 years requires 1¼ yards of 27-inch material and 2½ yards of binding.

No. 573—A youthful yoke and shoulder posy adorns this dainty muslin frock. Sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 6 requires 2 yards of 39-inch material.

No. 795—Play dress and bloomers. Sizes 2, 3, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 2¾ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 406—A smart and practical little costume is this blouse and suspender skirt. Sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 1¾ yards of 36-inch material for the skirt and 1¾ yards of 36-inch material for the blouse.



612

No. 297—A frock which is cool and dainty for summer weather. Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 2½ yards of 39-inch material with ¾ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 426—The Bertha collar effect and the tucks on the hipline give grace and slenderness to this frock. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards of 39-inch material.



573



617



795



406



297



426



612



573



617



795



406

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The CHATELAIN PATTERNS

Price
25 cents

To Wear Beneath
Summer Skies



246

161

No. 246—A dress which is suitable for any occasion. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material with $\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch contrasting.

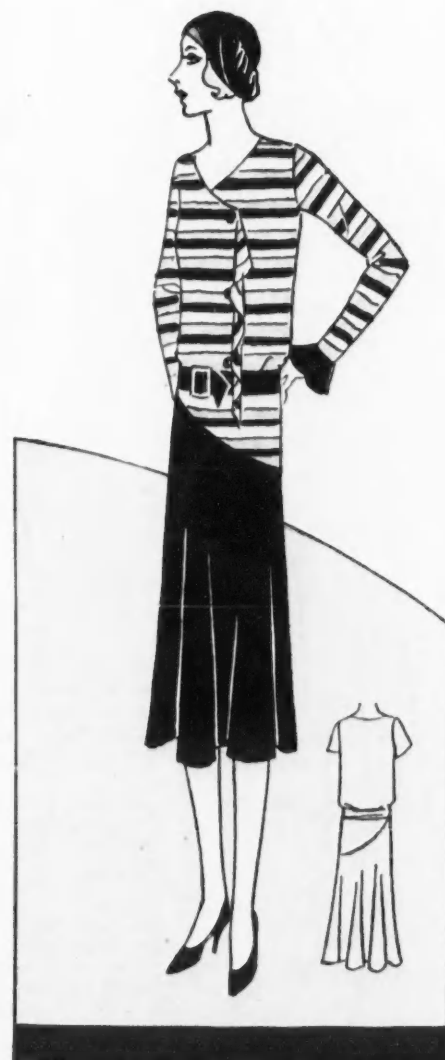
No. 161—A frock designed in the graceful princess type. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 39-inch material with 1 yard of 39-inch contrasting.

No. 616—Practical enough for any summery occasion, is this frock with the interesting yoke. Sizes 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 39-inch contrasting.

No. 263—A particularly attractive frock for sports or street wear. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40 inch material, if made of one material.



616



263

The Chatelaine Patterns

Frocks and
other details
for the young
wardrobe



221

No. 221—This layette pattern comes in one size only and consists of a dress with bishop sleeves, gertrude petticoat with or without gathered ruffle, nightgown, kimono that is perforated for short sack, and a bib. Dress and petticoat require 2½ yards of 36-inch material and 4 yards of edging; flannel petticoat 1½ yards of 27-inch material; sack ¾ of a yard of 27-inch material; kimono 1¼ yards of 36-inch material; nightgown 1½ yards of 32-inch material; bib ¼ of a yard of 10-inch material. Embroidery transfer No. 11127.

Price 25 cents



6 to 12

378

No. 378—A slip-on dress with either long or short sleeves. Waist closes at left side-front and has V-shaped neck with attached collar. Sizes 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 years requires 2¼ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 334—An attractive slip-on dress for the school girl. The bolero is very youthful. A two-piece circular skirt joins under the tie sash. Sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 requires 2½ yards of 40-inch material and ¾ of a yard of 40-inch contrasting.



8 to 14

334

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The Chatelaine Patterns

Milady's Lingerie is snugly form-fitting



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223

34 to 42

No. 535—Ste-j-in combination. The brassiere is designed in camisole style with an opening at the left side, attached to two-piece knickers in pointed outline. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 36 requires 1 1/8 yards of 39-inch material.

No. 223—The circular lower part of this new combination provides sufficient width of hemline, to take the place of a slip. Sizes 16, 18, and 20 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards of 40-inch material. Embroidery No. 11135, 15 cents extra.

No. 567—Dance set consisting of bandeau shirred at centre-front and closing at back; abbreviated shorts with pointed yoke in front and elastic casing at back, reinforced at legs and trimmed with applied leg-bands. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 36 requires 1 3/4 yards of 39-inch material and 1/2 yard of 39-inch contrasting, or 1 1/2 yards of 39-inch all plain material. Fashionable Details for the Young Wardrobe. 25 cents

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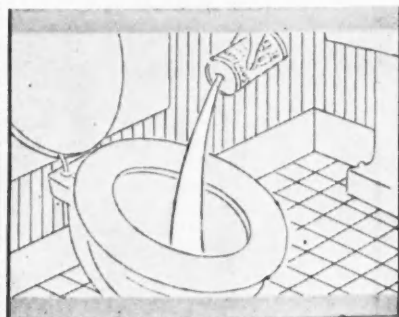
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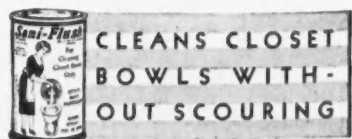


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Vogue Patterns



Ensemble No. 5240
(Second from left) It is a chic and feminine fashion this season to wear the collar of one's dress outside the coat, and the sleeveless jacket is collarless to conform to this fashion. It has a belt tied at the normal waist-line. Sizes 14 to 20.
Price, 75 cents.

Ensemble No. 5240
(Extreme left) Printed silk crêpe is used for this very smart one-piece frock and jacket. The dress has a shaped cape collar, and the seven-eighths length sleeves are new and extremely smart. The skirt flares slightly. Sizes 14 to 20.
Price, 75 cents.

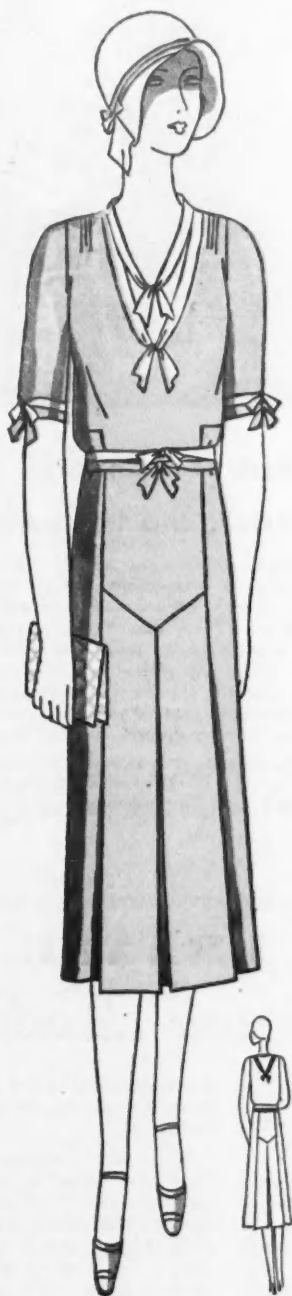
Ensemble No. 5237
(Two views, above) This double-breasted frock of tweed-patterned silk crêpe is trimmed with a bias fold of piqué at the neckline and cuffs and has a belt at the normal waist-line. The circular cape has a straight collar. Sizes 14 to 20.
Price, 75 cents.

DAINTY DRESSES FOR SUMMER DAYS

Linen and Dotted Swiss

Frills and Boleros

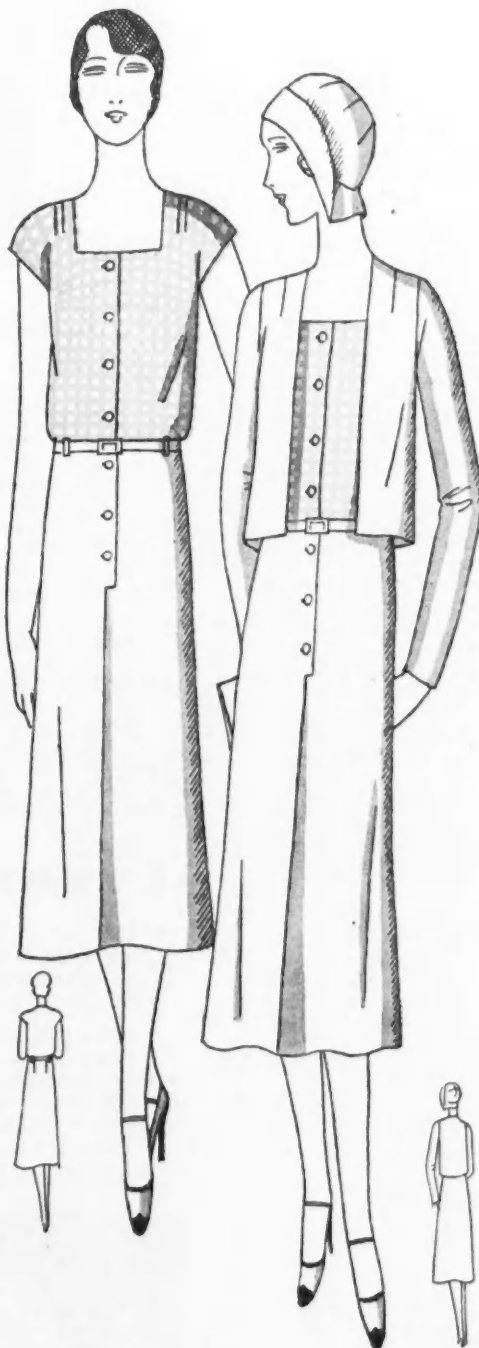
Vogue Patterns



Frock No. 5220

(Above) Tied ends of self and contrasting fabric trim this frock of flat crêpe, which has the new short sleeves. The box-pleated skirt, front and back, joins the upper section in a pointed line. The side sections continue above the belt; 34 to 44.

Price, 50 cents.



Ensemble No. 5221

(Centre) Linen forms the jacket and skirt, and dimity is used for the sleeveless blouse of this little suit. The unlined, collarless coat has set-in sleeves, and the slightly flared skirt is belted and has buttons like those of the blouse.

Sizes 14 to 20.

Price, 50 cents.



Frock No. 5224

(Right) The crispness of dotted Swiss lends a quaint charm to this simple one-piece frock, with a triple-tiered skirt. The drop-shoulder armholes are finished with ruffles, and a narrow belt is tied at the normal waist-line. Sizes 14 to 20.

Price, 50 cents.

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THE NEW THREE-WINDOW FORDOR SEDAN



HOW curious are you about the men and women who work for your interest in *The Chatelaine*? Do you read your magazine casually, or do you wonder sometimes about the personalities behind the printed names?

The work of so many artists and writers is gathered between the pages of one issue alone. Many of the stories and illustrations have travelled hundreds of miles to the office before they travel back again to you in the published magazine. During the past year, for instance, 129 authors wrote for your entertainment in *The Chatelaine*. In noting this figure, remember that all our departments and many of our features, such as the children's cut-outs, are written for you month by month by the same contributing editor. For in every department of our magazine *The Chatelaine* has secured the services of a Canadian specialist to give you absolutely authentic information.

Over sixty-seven artists have illustrated your stories and articles during the past twelve months. Artists whose work appears in the leading magazines of the continent are constantly at work for *The Chatelaine*.



LET'S look at the artists in this issue, for instance.

A number of them live in Toronto, since, as the centre of the publishing business in Canada, most of the artists find it better to live within a street-car ride of the editorial offices. For whereas a manuscript can slip to and fro in the mails, if the editors do not like the shape of the heroine's nose or the slant of her eyebrows, it is impossible to ship a large canvas across the country merely to have her face lifted. Among the Toronto artists present this month is John F. Clymer, who came from Vancouver to live in Toronto for the above reasons, and whose work many of you can probably recognize at a glance. His cover this month with the vivid bathing girl is very effective, don't you think?

E. J. Dinsmore who sketched the alluring Fleur in "Miss Henry the Eighth" is a very well-known Toronto

The Chatelaine for July

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Editor

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Cover Design by John F. Clymer

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artist. Harold W. McCrea, who left the haunts of New York for his old home in Toronto, illustrated "The Deeper Vision." Elsie Deane, who has illustrated stories in scores of magazines, is an American who prefers to live in Canada.



WE HAVE reproduced two more distinctive Canadian paintings in the small size which so many women have found particularly attractive when grouped on the wall, or used as decorations for gifts. Herbert Palmer, A. R. C. A., who has made a specialty of painting sheep, was born in Toronto, where he studied at the Central Ontario School of Art.

Robert Ford Gagen, R.C.A., whose painting of the seacoast is one of his most popular, was born in London, England, but came to Canada with his parents in 1862. He has been Commissioner of Fine Arts at the Canadian National Exhibition since 1912.

Edward Woodward, who wrote "The Deeper Vision," is another Englishman who is writing many stories in his Oxfordshire home. So is F. E. Bailey, who has been rousing the ire of many of our readers with some of his ideas.



AT THE time you are reading this, Miss Eustella Burke, who is representing the editorial staff of *The Chatelaine* in England and the Continent, will be in Paris, where during the next few weeks, she will be one of the privileged few who are able to "sit in" at the big designers' openings. Miss Burke who is going to write fashion letters for you, will have some more first hand information as to what the new styles for late summer and autumn are going to be. We have sent Miss Burke over, as a writer who knows Canada thoroughly, to report on the phases of Paris styles that will particularly interest our readers.



if you want to please Men - Serve Dishes like These !



Charming women, who have studied the art of pleasing men, know that one of the easiest ways is to give them tasty, good things to eat.

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Nearly every man acclaims dishes like these, particularly the light wholesome kind that can be made with Magic Baking Powder.

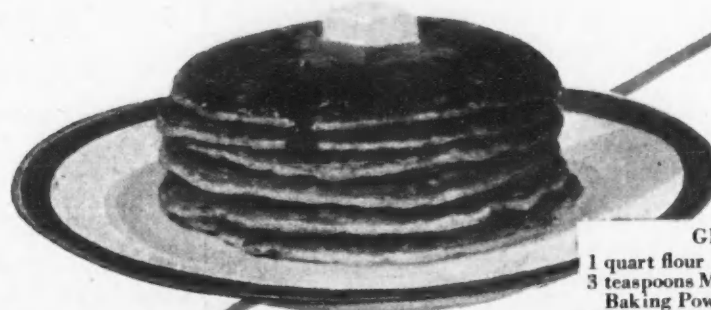
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*This fact was revealed in a recent Dominion-wide investigation.



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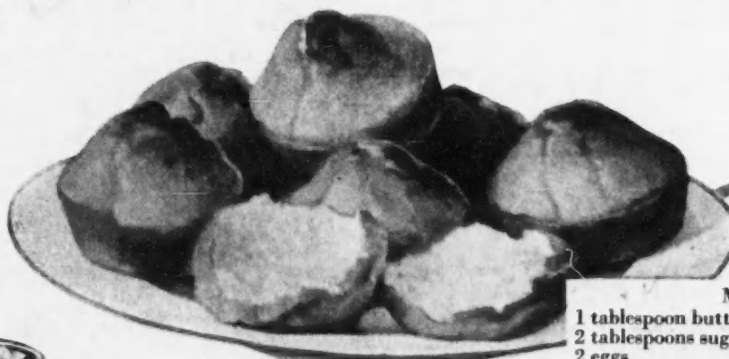
GRIDDLE CAKES

1 quart flour 2 tablespoons short-
3 teaspoons Magic ening
Baking Powder 1 egg
1 teaspoon salt 2 tablespoons molasses
2 tablespoons sugar 1 pint milk
Mix and sift dry ingredients; beat egg, add milk and molasses, pour slowly on first mixture; beat well. Add melted shortening. Cook at once on hot, well-greased griddle. Serve with Maple, Caramel, or Brown Sugar Syrup



TEA BISCUITS

4 cups flour 2 tablespoons butter
1/2 teaspoon salt 2 cups milk (or enough
3 teaspoons Magic to make a soft dough)
Baking Powder
Sift together two or three times, flour, baking powder and salt. Rub in butter with tips of fingers, then add the milk to make a very soft dough. Do not roll out, but drop into well-buttered tins and bake in a hot oven.



MUFFINS

1 tablespoon butter 3 teaspoons Magic
2 tablespoons sugar Baking Powder
2 eggs 1/2 teaspoon salt
2 1/2 cups flour 1 cup sweet milk
Cream butter and sugar. Add eggs one by one, beat well. Sift dry ingredients together and add to first mixture alternately with milk. If batter not stiff enough, add a little more flour. Put in well-greased muffin pans and bake for 20 minutes in a quick oven.

If you bake at home, the new Magic Cook Book will provide you with a wealth of practical time-saving baking suggestions. It contains over 200 interesting tested recipes. Just sign and send the coupon and a copy will be mailed to you.

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